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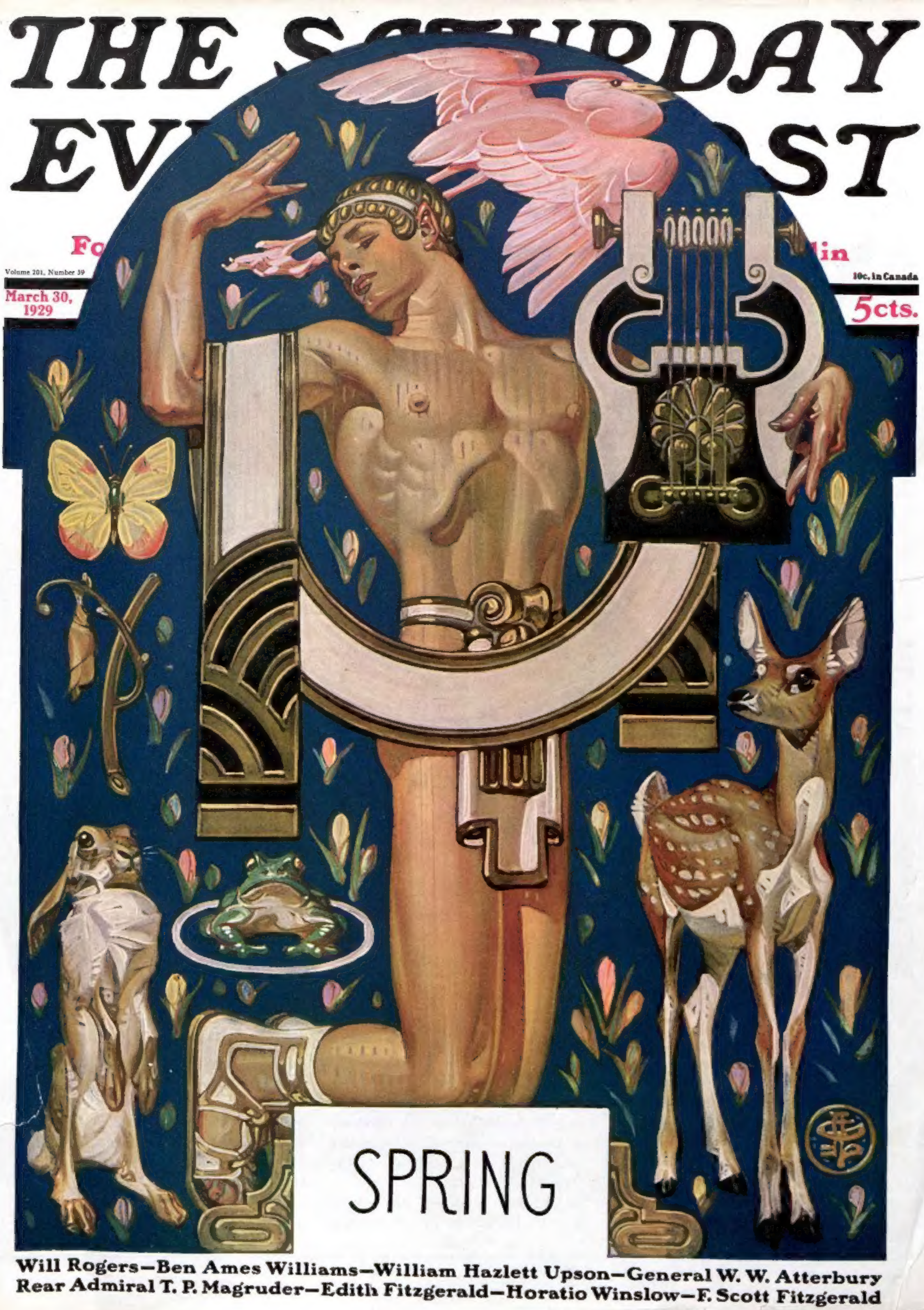

Will Rogers—Ben Ames Williams—William Hazlett Upson—General W. W. Atterbury
Rear Admiral T. P. Magruder—Edith Fitzgerald—Horatio Winslow—F. Scott Fitzgerald

Muffets! Muffets!...we want *Muffets!*

There's a crunchiness to them, there's a crispness, a crumbling in your mouth.

And there's a new taste that does resemble fresh pecans, yet a taste that's all their own.

Oh, they have individuality, these Muffets! Just look at the one in the picture. That crinkly round top, so richly browned—what does it say to you?

Toasted! And the lacy, open texture of those yellow sides—what do you make of that?

Lightness! Thousands of tiny spaces to absorb cream and sugar, fruit juices, to produce a thorough blending in many combinations, each a brand-new Muffet dish.

Add that Muffets are whole wheat, that they give you bran roughage, calories, minerals. That they've been cooked, baked and toasted, making them easy to digest.

No wonder people are saying Muffets! We want Muffets! You will too, once you've tried them. Serve them, whole or crumbled, tomorrow morning.

The Quaker Oats Co., Chicago; and Peterborough, Canada.

MRS. STUYVESANT FISH MORRIS

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smart new sunburn shades for her spring ensembles...

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish Morris, née Madeleine White, in whose keeping is the social heritage of one of the most illustrious of New York's original Knickerbocker families. Mrs. Morris' gracious charm as a hostess and her unfailing taste in dress combine to give her an enviable place in Long Island's younger smart set.

"I adore shopping for my clothes in Paris. What fascinating and smart frocks . . . hats . . . shoes . . . jewelry one sees in the salons on the Faubourg St. Honoré . . . at the Place Vendôme . . . on the Rue de la Paix.

"But when it comes to hosiery, I feel I do not have to travel so far. I find French color subtleness . . . French clarity and sheerness in Holeproof Hosiery.

"I sensed the perfection of Holeproof shades the first time I saw them. They are French-born . . . the creation of Lucile of Paris who epitomizes for me true color harmony in fashion.

"This Spring I have made my choice from the subtle, clever sunburn shades in Holeproof. They are perfect with my new Spring ensembles."

Madeleine W. Morris

AGAIN and again the smart Parisienne and the American elegante are turning to Holeproof for the Lucile-created hosiery shades that correctly interpret the mode. In America's smartest shops and stores, these piquant colors appear simultaneously with the Paris openings.

And now for Easter and the Spring, Holeproof presents an enticing array of the new sunburn shades . . . perfect counterparts of the season's sun-tan complexions . . . tonal echoes of the new colorings in the smartest fabrics and shoe materials. Created by authority and approved by authority, Holeproof assures you for your Easter costume, or that of any smart occasion, the true Parisian accent.

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NEW YORK CITY AND LONDON, CANADA

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Mr. Toastmaster and Democrats

By WILL ROGERS

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

MR. TOASTMASTER AND DEMOCRATS: I want to thank the previous Speakers, before they get out of here, for what they said about me. There is a few peculiarities that apply to the Democrat that don't apply to any other sex. One is, they will always leave as soon as they are through listening to themselves, and the other is they won't come unless they can speak. So I will direct my remarks to the rest of the audience that are left in the hall waiting to speak, and to the unseen Radio—that pronunciation is correct—audience who we, fortunately, can't see at this moment. We have no personal desire to know "How the other half lives." We are here gathered in festive array at Chili Joe's Greasy Spoon, celebrating my appointment as Manager and Supervising Director of the great old Democratic Party. In taking over this position I feel that I am replacing no one, or knocking anyone out of work; as it has been years since there has been either head or tail to the party. Now I am not doing this entirely out of the goodness of my heart. I have various reasons; among them is Sportsmanship. I think one of the greatest causes for the early hold that Politics had on our primitive Fathers and Grandfathers was the fact that it was a real race every four years, and they wagered money back and forth on it. There was even times in its early career that its affairs were so well managed that even-money betting was not uncommon. So it's my ambition and dream to try and return elections to that great speculative stage. As it's been run in latter years, it's a good deal of the same nature as the Stock Market. Betting on the Republicans has been like being a Broker—you couldn't possibly lose. Now that is what the economist will tell you, "is not a healthy condition." There must be some semblance of equality, or where does our whole structure of Government go? Why should the World's Series, Why should the Prize fight, Why should the misguided Greyhound persuing a Rabbitt that was sired by Edison, and who's Dam had a One-track mind—why should those things dwarf in speculative value the great National game of "Post Office; Who's got the Post Offices?" No, Sir, I want to see elections brought back to the good old days, when a man would not only argue with you that you was voting for the wrong man but he would put up what should be the legitimate end of any argument, and that was the old Do, Re, Me. Back your judgment with Bat Hides—that's what you had to do in those days. And that's one of the main reasons I am taking over the Stage Management of this troop. I want to see elections made a gamble, and not a ratification.

Now, in order to not be misunderstood in this matter, I am taking the whole thing over, and relinquish all salary. I don't want a cent for the handling of the whole thing. I am taking it on a Commission basis. If I don't take the Party and make something out of it, I don't get anything. I know that that is very unusual; it has never been done in Politics before. Everybody always had some kind of a guaranty, but I am willing to gamble. I may be like an old-time Miner that has nothing to back up his claims but optimism, but I believe that we can take the old thing, work on her a good while, and make it go.

MAKE OURS THE UP-TO-DATE PARTY

Not on account of any Traditions. I would have rather had the thing without tradition. That thing, Tradition, has held more things back in this world than a Red Traffic light. That's what hurts Harvard and Yale and Princeton; they are always having the Old Tradition drilled into 'em, instead of some forward passes. In the old days those colleges looked good because they didn't have to play nobody but each other, and thinking what their Forefathers did handicapped one of them as bad as it did the other; but when they commenced having to meet colleges that didn't know whether they had a Forefather, and cared less, why, that marked the decline of Tradition. Now I don't know what the Tradition of the Old Democratic Party is. I have heard of it all my life; for I was raised in what was sorter referred to as a Democratic atmosphere. It was in the Indian Territory, where we wasn't allowed to vote. That was principally on account of being Democratic that we was not allowed. In those days we had nothing but happiness and plenty; not only plenty to eat but plenty of happiness to accompany the eating. We were Cherokees, or whatever your Indian ancestry might be.

New Schemes to Buy Votes

THEN the Whites got to sneaking in from the North in such numbers that it looked like, if we got Statehood and a vote, that the thing would go Republican; so we got it, and it was our biggest blow to Liberty and Justice that we had ever received. Well, as a young Boy I didn't know a Republican from a Democrat, only in one way: If some man or bunch of men rode up to the ranch to eat or stay all night, and my Father set me to watching 'em all the time they was there—what they did and what they carried off—why, I learned in after years that they was Republicans; and the ones I didn't spy on—why, they were Democrats. For Democrats were loyal that way—they never took from each other. You see, we was on the lower side of the Montgomery Ward line during the Civil War between the Democrats and Republicans. And them Yankees from up in Kansas, such as William Randolph White, Senator Capper—who was even then relieving the Farmers of Kansas—and William Allen, and all of that Gang—we were the first ones to begin to doubt 'em. You see, we was Democrats, but we wasn't allowed to work at it. And even then I used to hear 'em talk about Our Glorious Tradition, but the Speaker would never explain what it was, and even the ones today never tell you what it is. "Jeffersonian Principles" has always been a big sales argument with us Democrats. It seems that Jefferson was for the poor; well, that strikes me as being mighty good politics in those days; for that's about all there was. Nowadays, with everybody rich—or at least not wanting to be considered poor—now it would be political suicide to take the side of the poor. Coolidge solved it better than anybody when he said, "I am for Capital, but Not against labor." In other words, I love carrots, but I am equally fond of Spinach. Now, take the Jacksonian Democracy that has been used by more Democratic Orators than a bad cold has been used for an excuse to take a drink. The Jacksonian Democracy consisted of inventing the plan of giving everybody jobs according to how many votes they delivered to Jackson. "If he ain't of your Party, give him nothing. Charity begins at the polls." Then he would go back home, if he had happened to have been defeated, and pounce on the Indians and take it out on them. An Indian had no more right to live, according to old Andrew, than a Republican to hold a job during a Democratic Administration. So, as I say, that's about all I have ever been able to find out about our Traditional principles. So we are not going to do much along the Tradition line under my Czarship. It just looks to me like Democratic Tradition has about consisted of Running Second. We have spilled more oratory and convinced less voters than any party I know of, outside the Socialists.

Tradition is nothing more than saying, "The good old days," and what you mean by anybody's "good old days," is days they can remember when they was having more fun than they are now. So you can no more bring back your Tradition than you can "those good old days"; for no two things ever happen the same way twice. So never mind what has happened; we got to get out and figure "what's going to happen"; not only figure on it but buy enough votes so it's got to happen. I don't mean to buy all of 'em with money. We will just buy what we can afford to that way, but Buy 'em some other way—with facts, with Issues, with new schemes. No voter in the World ever voted for nothing; in some way he has been convinced that he is to get something for that vote. His vote is all that our Constitution gives him, and it goes to the highest bidder. He jumps the way his Bread looks like it's buttered the thickest. So what I am going to do is to figure out a sales Campaign that will prove to him that we can offer him more butter than the Republicans. Just look at this, for instance: The Republicans have run the Government and made money out of it for themselves. Now what we got to do is to show the people that we can run it cheaper for them. In other words, we got to cut the Republicans' price. It's simply a mercantile business in a town—that's all the Government is. Now the Republicans are established, they got the main store there. We got to come in, open up, and show the people we can give 'em as good or better goods at lower prices. Now, we, in order to do that, might not make as much out of it for ourselves as they are making, AT FIRST, but we have all got to kinder sacrifice immediate profits to what we can get when we really get going good. You see, they are bound to have people in this town that, while they are buying from them now, and have been for years, yet they are not satisfied. They would go to somebody else quick if somebody else had something to offer them. But we can't come in and open up the Store with the same old goods we used to have when we used to run a little Store years ago. We can't sell 'em cotton stockings, button shoes, calico, Horseshoe Tobacco and snuff; we got to sell em scented Cigarettes now. There is not five homes in any town now with a place for a fellow to spit. So we either got to swallow our tobacco juice or change with the times. You can no more sell a man Jeffersonian Principles than you could sell him a Croquet Set. He don't know what they are. If it happened that many years ago, and you have to explain 'em, why, they couldn't 'a' been much good. A Jug of Apple Jack and a chaw of Tobacco don't interest him along the hospitality line now. What he wants is a couple of shots of Rye, a niblick and the address of a friend.

When the Last Election Was Won

THEN your Women vote is a-coming in today. So can that old long-Underwear stuff and show em some Step-Ins that are prettier than the Republicans'. You think they are a-buying "Glorious Tradition" at the polls? No, Sir, they want to know what kind of a break they are going to get in Commerce and Industry. If they have to make the living for the family, they want to know what kind of inducement the Government is going to make to them for doing it. They are no smarter than their Mothers were, but they think they are. So what we got to do is to make 'em think we think they are. Somebody humorously told them that they "swung this last election," and they foolishly believed it. So that will just whet their appetite for the next one. But Lord, the last election was won six years before, when Coolidge Just Let Nature take its course.

The Nineteenth Amendment—I think that's the one that made Women humans by Act of Congress; in fact all the Amendments from along about the second or third, could have still been unpassed and Hoover would have made the same trip to Nicaragua. Women, Liquor, Tammany Hall—all had their minor little contributing factors one way or another in the total, but the whole answer was: We just didn't have any Merchandise to offer the Boys that would make 'em come over on our side of the Street. Our Store was open, but we just didn't have any Sale advertised. Our Ads consisted of enumerating the the poor quality of the goods of our opposition, but we wasn't offering any longer lipstick for the same money than they was.

For Louder and Funnier Bridge Parties

LOOK what the Automobile Industry did. They took out some of the Cylinders and put in Vanity cases, Cigarette Lighters, soft cushions. Who cared whether the thing would run or not. With present traffic conditions, you sit in a car hours, where you don't really ride in it minutes. And that's about the way with a Political Party that's in power; they stand, month in and month out, where there is not days that they are moving. So what we want to do is take the old thing and Doll it up. Make it look attractive to Women, put some pretty upholstering in there and show em that it's the Party for The Home. Never mind the Monroe Doctrine; promise them "we will solve the Servant Problem." "No Servant can leave without taking it up with the League of Nations." Tell em we are the Party that will observe the Sanctity of the Home. If we discover a Husband that says he is going "away on Business," we will look into his business and see that he don't take in too many Side lines. In other words, we will let the Women write our Platform; that's one of the oldest forms of Political Witchcraft, is to let some Society or Organization dictate some Plank that is to go in the Platform. That's in trade for the votes of that Organization; then, in return, not only their Plank or anybody else's is ever even walked on, much less used. A Congressional Record, Dictionary and Political Platform is the three least-used things in existence today. Oh, Yes, Sleeve holders comes in there too. Let us promise the Women Cabinet positions in proportion to the number of votes they give us. Show 'em some bargains. Get 'em a lot of Clubs and Societies they can belong to—they love that. Even get 'em some Uniforms. You know, next to the Darkies there is no one loves to get on some kind of an official Uniform like a Woman does. Study 'em, see what they want, and promise it to 'em. Why should the Republicans be the ones that have a monopoly of lying to the Women?

But quit trying to win their votes on the Tariff. What do they know or care about the Tariff? Ninety-seven and a half per cent of not only the Women of the Country but the men don't know what it is. It ain't worth the Broadcasting tolls. You might as well try to sell a Woman a Petticoat as Tariff. Make ours the Up-to-Date Party. Let em know that the whole thing has not just been renovated, but it's been rebuilt. Make it look like it's kinder fashionable to belong to it. That's what will bring the trade. We are the biggest Apes, or imitators, in the World of somebody that's doing just a little better than we are. If we can get a couple of bell Mares started, the whole Cavyyard will follow. So we will grab off a couple of Social Lions and Subsidize 'em, and we can land the Women like Mr. Coolidge shooting Turkeys. Never mind offering the Farmer something; offer the Bridge Player something. Also advertise: "Join the Democrats and stay out of the Bunkers." Don't drag in the howl about "The old Dinner Pail." Nobody has eat out of a Bucket since Big Bill Thompson fell out with King George. Drug Stores retail more meat than a Butcher shop does.

So what we will do is advertise a Sale, give em a bargain. You see, the trouble with the Democrats has been up to now that they have been giving the people "What they thought they ought to have," instead of "what they wanted."

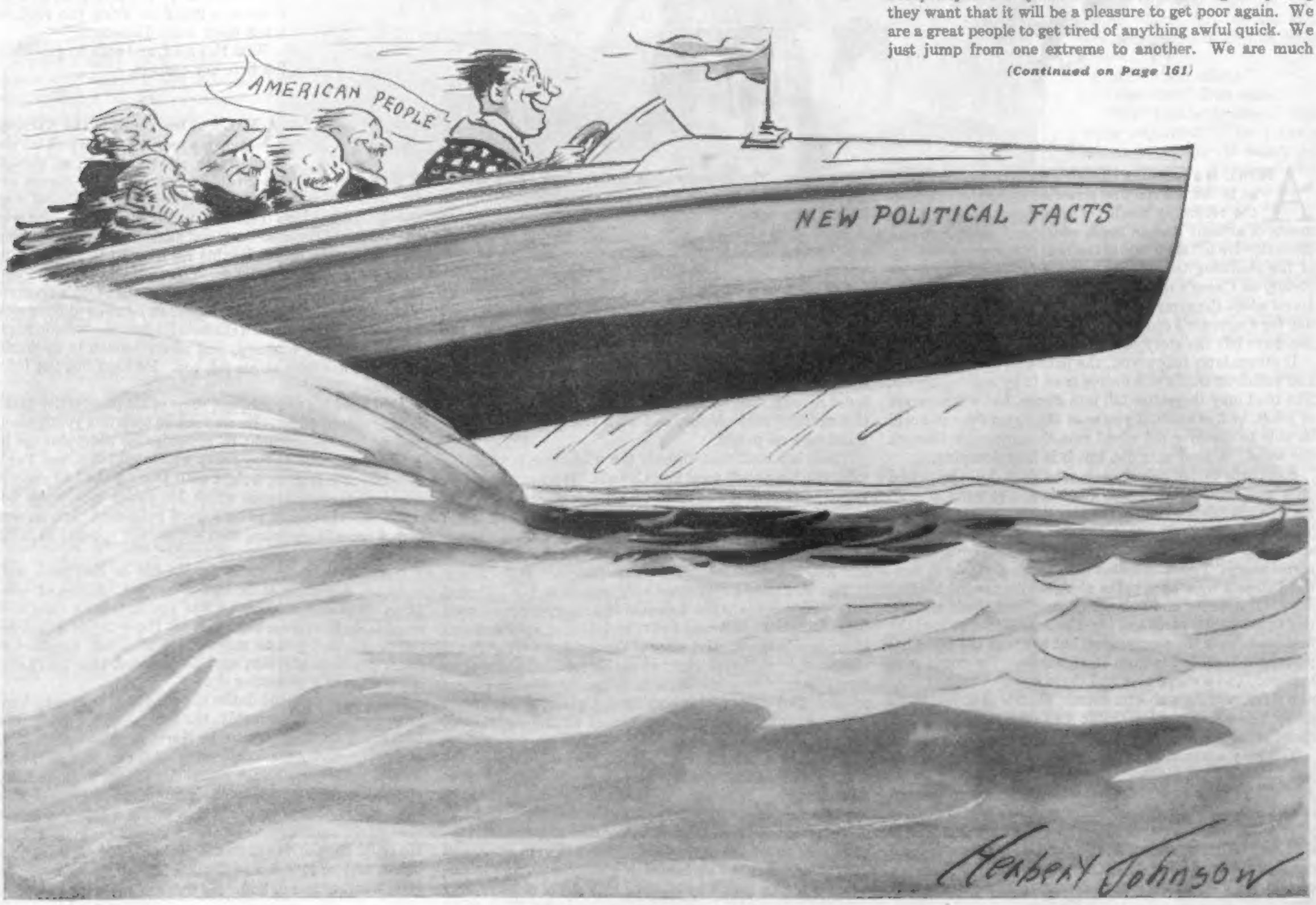
Now I don't say for sure that I will start a Candidate in 1932; it all depends. If I am going to coach this lay-out, why, I will go into a Huddle with myself along in the summer of '32, and see what's doing. If there is rust in the wheat, Chinch Bugs in the Corn, Boll weevil thriving off the Cotton, Suckers slack in Wall Street, Price of Liquor less than cost of Production, Mellon declaring he is too old to serve again, Rockne leaving Notre Dame, Peggy Joyce settling down, Oklahoma impeachments at low ebb, Bad year for Babe Ruth, Dempsey refusing to come back that year—Let, as I say, all these above things happen in the spring and summer of 1932, and then I would get a training table ready and send in a Candidate. Mind you, I wouldn't do it if all these had happened the year before or in 1931. You can have a Famine, Heel flies, and an Epidemic of the itch, all through the first three years of a Political reign, and then kinder pick up on the last year, and you can walk in. No voter can remember back a year. What happened in the last six months is as far as his mind can grasp. So that's why I couldn't possibly tell you in these next three years just what I will do; it all depends on that last summer. Napoleon said one time an Army traveled on its stomach—must 'a' had stomach trouble at Waterloo. Yet he was always noted more for his odd size than his apt remarks. Well, anyhow, I don't know what Soldiers do, but I know what voters do in regard to their stomachs. They go to the polls, and if it's full, they keep the Guy in that's already in, and if the old Stomach is empty, they vote to chuck him out. So, as Coach of the great Democratic Party, I am just going to sit and keep an eagle eye on the Stomach of the registered voter.

Watching How the Electorate Shapes Up

IF I MEET you and don't look you in the face, you will know why. Don't think it's because I don't want to recognize you; it's because I am watching your waist line. I will hold a Clinic over the not Body Politic but Body Human and see what's happening just south of the Diaphragm. In other words, along about June or July, 1932, I will put America to a tape-measure test, and if I find the center section NOT protruding, you will see a real Race in the coming November. But if I tap the public's stomach and it sounds like a Watermelon, we will just crawl back in with the Ground Hogs and won't come out as long as their middle makes a shadow. But the minute we see it receding toward the backbone, why we will pick up hope and be ready. In other words, you just can't beat a Party when the people are reducing PURPOSELY. But you let 'em start getting thin through lack of Nourishment and you can defeat the Party in power with nothing but a Congressman.

Then here is another thing that I have always claimed: You give the Country four more years of this Unparalleled Prosperity and they will be so tired of having everything they want that it will be a pleasure to get poor again. We are a great people to get tired of anything awful quick. We just jump from one extreme to another. We are much

(Continued on Page 161)



THE HIGHROAD

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

He Lighted a Cigarette, Offered One to Don. Don Shook His Head. "I've Got to Move On," He Said

A ROAD is a record, a chronicle as exact and accurate as is the uneven line scrawled upon the chart by the recording needle of a barograph. The fragments of ancient Roman roads which in Britain here and there survive tell their tale of the beat of marching feet and of the shuttling troops that wove a far-flung empire, as vividly as Cæsar's narratives. By the same token, if you travel afoot the same course through a pine wood day by day for a summer's span, you will find in the fall that your feet have left the story of their passing there.

If others later follow you, the path will become deeper, and sufficient traffic will evolve from it by and by a road. The road may thereafter fall into disuse, but after a score of years, or five score, if you scan the forest floor you will be able to discover old wheel ruts that meander through the wood. A road may die, but it is long decaying.

But roads thrive on use, as most things do; thrive and grow and mature. A young road is apt to wind at will. He who has followed one of the thoroughfares loggers leave in their haulings will remember this. Sometimes circumstances fix these windings and bestow upon them a certain permanency. Your Bostonian likes to assert that his wayward streets were once paths along which tended homing cows. But times and seasons change, and roads change, too, to keep their place and function. In New England the first roads took the easy grades, but to speed the galloping posts that threaded leagues of wilderness those roads were bettered, and a curve here and there was blotted out, just as a river, seeking a shorter course, abandons at length its ancient sinuosities. Slow traffic may meander at will, but speed seeks the shortest way.

You may see nowadays the results of this tendency. If you travel a main highway and your pace is not too swift, you will remark now and then where an old and disused road turns aside from the concrete ribbon which invites your wheels, and by and by, a hundred yards, or half a mile, or five miles farther on, the old road will, in a fashion curiously shamed and reticent, rejoin you again. There is a certain road on which I have driven to and fro this half score years. The journey used to be a matter of ten or twelve hours; it may now readily be accomplished under eight hours' span. For the distance is shorter by better than a score of miles, with long time-saving sweeps of concrete where once there were meandering and narrow ways.

Everywhere a similar change is afoot; everywhere the pressing stream of passing cars, like the current of a river at flood, seeks shorter courses. Those in whose care the highways lie must humor these passengers; must, by the same token, curb them, too, lest their speed run wild to their own destruction. So with one hand these custodians build a boulevard which offers no hindrance to any pace the motorist may choose, and with the other set there a watchman on patrol.

There is a road that threads the wilderness for mile on mile, reaching northward into Canada. It traverses at first the cities that cling like beads on a necklace along a certain river; leaves the last of these behind and plunges through a succession of dwindling towns. So enters presently the portals of the forest, where even solitary dwellings are few and widely separated.

This was an old wilderness way, and though it followed with some accuracy the valley of the river, the road used to climb a ridge here and there, and drop steeply down to the riverside again. But some of these old ascents were too steep for pleasant motoring; so as this road has changed to meet the new demands upon it, it has reversed the usual process, and instead of becoming straighter, it has grown more tortuous, choosing easy grades at the sacrifice of distance.

From the town of Chapman to the defile called the Narrows, it runs now within a stone's throw of the river all the way, and since the river winds through a chain of lesser mountains, the road perforce winds too. In some places it is strait, so that meeting cars must halt while one backs to let the other pass. Its curves are acute and dangerous. But the surface is of good gravel, and in fine weather a man that way inclined may drive more rapidly than he wisely should. Men have thus driven to their own destruction. So now there is a guardian along the road to teach them some discretion.

With this road, and with its guardian, lies here our concern.

I

A MILE or two south of the Narrows there is a reach of road which curves regularly to right and left, as though it were the trail of a great serpent; but these curves are not difficult, and a car may take them at almost any speed. Young Don Tomson, on his motorcycle—he was the warden of the road—amused himself this day by taking these curves at speed, leaning far over to right or left to balance himself as he did so. The road was of gravel and the motorcycle held its footing well, so that Don's progress was like a grave and stately dance as he swayed from side to side. He moved like a skater who does the outside edge. The motorcycle was new, just nicely broken to its work, and Don was new at his job too. Perhaps not yet fully broken.

Don liked his new job, but some of his prospective tasks faintly daunted him. He was not an assertive young man, and he had been taught to recognize his shortcomings in this respect. It was Peg Barry who taught him, and Peg's instruction had great weight with Don; so he had not yet acquired the confidence which his duties sometimes demanded. He meant to be a good policeman, but he was one of those large young men whose bulk appears to carry with it a certain lethargy of temper.

Once or twice or thrice in his life he had been well aroused, and the results had somewhat frightened even Don; so that nowadays he was apt to wear a calm and reasonable tone even beyond what the occasion might require. He had yet to make his first arrest, summon to court his first offender, and he dreaded this inevitable incident with a persisting dread.

But if Don's official duties did thus faintly dismay him, he enjoyed, and thoroughly, the routine of his days. His beat ran from Chapman to the Narrows. The road wound along the river, no intersecting highway for its whole length, not even a bridge across the stream in these forty miles. Don, born in Chapman, familiar by long usage with the countryside, knew every foot of the way, even before it became his domain, as well as he knew his own backyard. He could have driven it on the darkest night, and without lights, and he rode it now, back and forth twice a day, in good weather and in bad. He was seldom in a hurry, and

it was not unusual for him to spend two hours or so in covering the forty miles.

He had begun his patrol in the spring, when the road was still pocked by frost emerging from the ground, and on his first few trips it was necessary to dodge honey-pots and mudholes. Then the road hardened and the birch buds opened and the marshy ground between the road and the river turned from dun to green; and presently the woods were in full leaf and the road was smooth as a boulevard and an increasing stream of cars went to and fro. Strange number plates began to appear; at first from near-by states, then from those more remote. Early in June he saw a California car.

This afternoon it happened that there were not so many machines as usual upon the road, but by and by a car overtook him from behind and dropped its speed to match his gait. Don realized that the driver must be cursing him, yet not daring to pass. Don did not want to hurry, but he was uncomfortable at the thought that he was delaying the man behind. The other had a right to go somewhat faster if he chose, and Don pulled up and stopped beside the road and let the car go by. He waited where he was till the other was out of sight before starting on again. The driver would scarcely risk any dangerous speed so long as he knew there was a motorcycle officer behind him. Don had used this device before.

He used it again a little later on, when he met an open roadster with a young man at the wheel and a girl beside him. The roadster swung around a curve at a speed which Don estimated at fifty miles an hour, checked with a scrape of brakes in the loose gravel, and passed Don sedately at thirty or thirty-five. Don knew quite well that the youngster at the wheel, once out of sight, would press the throttle down; so he turned and followed the roadster for a little way, half a mile behind, taking care that the driver should see him thus pursuing and be warned. Later, when the other was temporarily out of sight, Don swung once more and returned toward Chapman.

Ten miles or so below the Narrows there lay in a bend of the road a rocky knoll closely grown with hemlock and with spruce; and a hundred yards or so from the road, in a hollow behind this knoll, a spring of cold water bubbled through the pin gravel to form a lovely basin about which ferns bowed their graceful heads. Because the water was so cold this fountain was known locally as the Hot Spring; and here Don liked to stop, when he was not driven for time, to drink and sometimes to smoke his pipe and to sit idly for a little while.

He stopped thus this day, pushing his motorcycle off the road so that it was somewhat hidden among the trees, and leaving it there while he climbed to the spring. He was lying prone, his face dipped to drink, when he heard the sound of an approaching car, and he lifted his head to listen. The car went roaring by toward Chapman, and though Don could not see it for the intervening trees, the sound of its passage was sufficient evidence that it was moving at a dangerous speed. He stumbled to his feet and trotted down to the roadside and mounted his motorcycle and slid after it in swift pursuit.

He overhauled the car within the mile and followed it a little way. The offending machine was traveling between forty and forty-five, thus demanding discipline; but Don shrank from the necessity. Instead of stopping the speeder, he lifted his own pace a little and at the first opportunity passed the car and dropped in ahead of it. He gave no glance toward its occupants, but having passed it, he slowed down to thirty-five, and the other machine could not but imitate his discretion.

Almost immediately, however, the car behind blew its horn, and repeated this signal till Don, doubtful and uncertain, slowed and pulled to the side of the road. The car passed him and stopped, and when he came up beside it again he saw Jasper Given, chief of the state police and so Don's superior officer, at the wheel.

The chief was a middle-aged man with a quiet and unassuming manner, who habitually wore civilian clothes, spent all his time upon the road, turned up at unexpected times and places, and seldom appeared twice in the same car. He had known Don's father, who was the town constable down at Chapman for a good many years; used to stop sometimes for the night with them. And he had known Don since the latter was a youngster still in school.

He said now, agreeably, as Don approached, "Hello, son!"

Don nodded. "Afternoon, sir," he replied.

"That the way you do it?" Chief Given asked, with a faint smile; and Don said doubtfully:

"I didn't know it was you."

"Folks up here have been pretty well behaved since you took hold," the chief remarked. "You haven't taken anyone to court yet."

"That's so," Don ruefully confessed.

"You're the kind of man I want," Chief Given assured him. "It doesn't do much good to arrest a man, unless he's so dangerous you've got to get him off the road. But there hasn't been an accident here this summer."

Don nodded again. He was never an articulate young man.

"There's no point to pulling people into court unless you have to," the chief continued. "Thirty-five is the legal speed limit, but when a man's car is working smoothly he's apt to let her slip up to forty now and then. I never bother about that, as long as a fellow drives carefully and doesn't cut curves. Of course, if you see one of these nuts that go roaring along at fifty or sixty miles an hour, you've got to pull him in; but you aren't here so much to arrest people as you are to make them drive safely, Don."

He meshed his gears and drove away, and Don stood watching until the car was out of sight, then turned back to where his motorcycle was propped upon its rest. He was suffused by a warm glow of pleasure at the chief's praise as he resumed his homeward way.

II

THE afternoon was waning and the sun would soon drop below the wooded crest of the western hills, high above the valley there. Thrushes must be singing in the wood, and Don thought of stopping for a moment that he might hear their silver note, but he went on. The road made a great half circle, with the river on the inside of the arc, and half a mile away, downstream, he saw a car stopped beside the road, a man standing there.

Someone in trouble, he decided, and rode more swiftly, and so came presently to the spot. The car was a good one and capable of speed, but its left front tire was flat and the driver was fumbling with a jack.

At Don's approach the man stood up and hailed him with a lifted hand. Don saw a tall, slender chap with a hooked nose and faintly stooping shoulders, well dressed, a cigarette dangling from his lips. Don stopped and kicked the rest under the rear wheel of his motorcycle, and the other approached him, said cheerfully:

"Afternoon, officer."

"Flat tire?" Don asked.

"My jack's broken," the other explained. "Or I can't get it to work. It won't go under the axle. I thought you might send someone up from Chapman with a new one, or one that will work anyway."

Don in such mechanical matters was more at home than with his professional responsibilities as a minion of the law.

"I'll look at it," he suggested, and picked up the offending implement.

The man watched him, asked curiously:

"That part of your job, is it?"

The jack was not seriously disordered, as Don saw at once. Probably this chap was used to being driven by a chauffeur, not accustomed to make his own repairs.

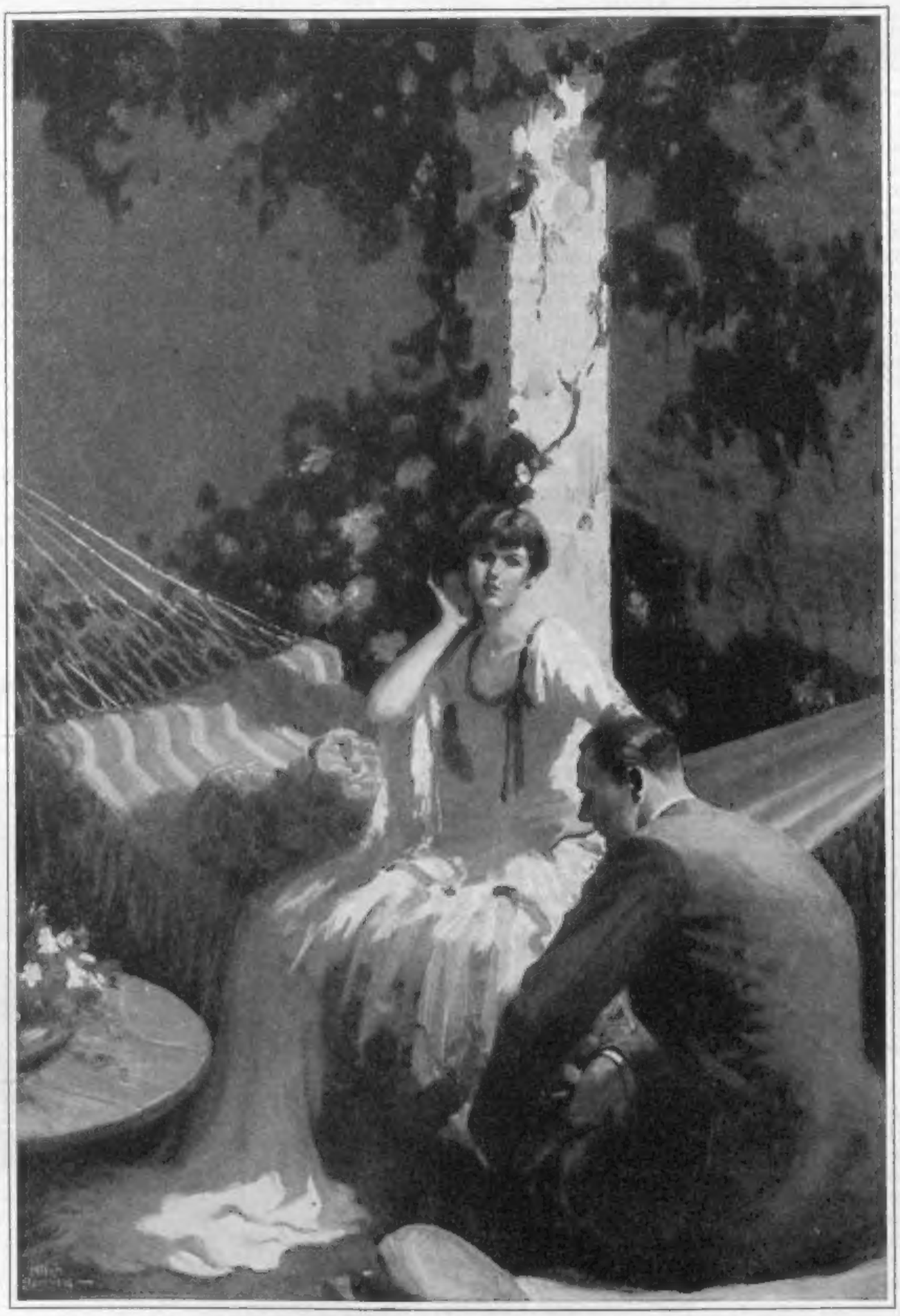
"We help out when we can," he said abstractedly.

He found a peen hammer and tapped at the trigger which reversed the jack's lifting mechanism. It had been jammed, but submitted readily enough to this treatment.

"Fixing tires and the like?" the other persisted. "I should think you'd have enough to do without that."

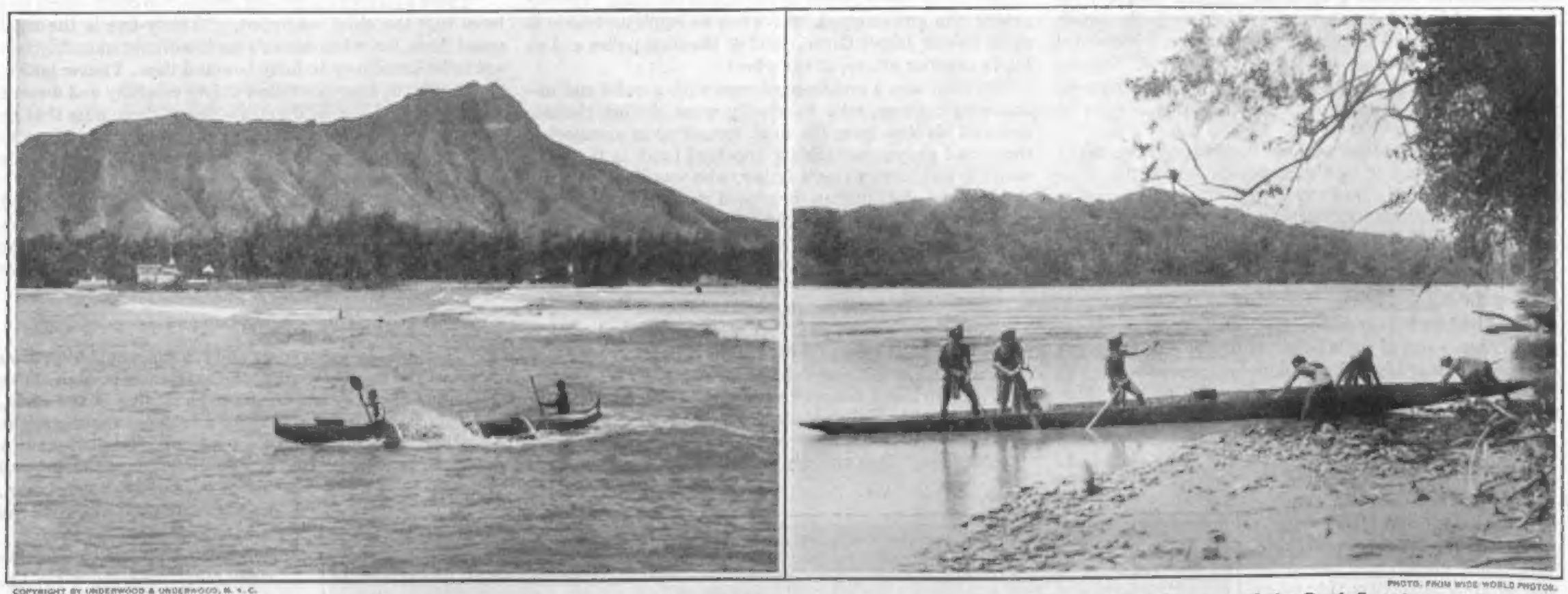
Don set the jack under the axle. This fellow seemed a decent sort, pleasant and friendly; probably a good driver, so long as the car did what he asked of it.

(Continued on Page 65)



"It Isn't That I Don't Feel Like I Like You, Don," She Told Him More Than Once. "I Do, and I Know That. But I Don't Know What Kind of Man You're Like to Be"

TREASURES AND SECRETS



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The Crossing of Flooded Rivers and the Adventuring of Rapids in Launches or Canoes is One of the Greatest Dangers of the Back Country

By Beatrice Grimshaw

PAPUA is a treasure house, but its treasures are hard to get. Nobody is very rich in Papua, despite the fact that the small white population—only 1200—lives within touch, almost, of precious metals, gems, orchids worth more than their weight in gold, and other valuables the existence of which is guessed at, though unproved.

Concerning the precious metals, I shall have something more to say. The flowers of the country—many of them valuable—are amazing and beautiful, but contrary to common opinion, they do not decorate roads, forests, clearings, with the blaze of splendor that most people expect in the tropical world. It is in the temperate regions that you must look for masses of brilliant wild flowers lying open to the sun. The huge forests of equatorial lands keep their flowers, for the most part, where no one sees them but the birds—up on the top of the dense ocean of leafage that spreads far above the damp, entangled growths on the ground. Strange jetsam from this sea finds its way to the world below—a handful of gorgeous flowers, like butterfly-blue gladioli; a bit of thorny creeper, with weird blossoms like gobbets of red flesh; a mass of something white, trailing, scented with an exquisite, nameless perfume. The D'Alberti creeper, said to be peculiar to New Guinea, is, however, a flower that may be seen, with luck, in a good many places, and it is surely one of the most sensational flowers in the whole world.

It is a parasitic plant, and climbs the tallest trees of the forest, wrapping them from root to crown in a robe of the most vivid scarlet. I have seen it thus on a river bank, sending a hundred-foot column of flame up to the blue, burning sky, as if the forest were on fire. I have seen it, too, flinging itself from side to side of dark green forest arcade, making a bridge of fairy beauty from nowhere to nowhere. It is in detail very like wistaria, colored scarlet. There are blue and white varieties, but they are rare and by no means so lovely as the red. Being a parasitic plant, it is difficult to rear away from its natural home; so difficult, in fact, that up to the present no one has made it grow for more than a few weeks. The D'Alberti, queen of tropical flowers, is haughty, as a queen should be, and will not bear captivity.

Candles at the Water's Edge

ORCHIDS grow by the cartload in all the bush country. Clearing with my boys—a gang of native axmen—I used to watch closely the process of felling of any old rugged tree, as it is on these trees that the best orchids are found, and some of the boys were quite clever enough to strip off the plants and hide them until they could find a chance of going into the settlement on steamer day, when they used to take the roots to the steamer and sell them to travelers at ten shillings a kerosene tin. As the kerosene tin holds four gallons, it is obvious that the purchaser must have received good value.

Almost nobody in Papua, save an occasional collector sent out by some scientific institute, knows one orchid from another; the flowers are used only to decorate verandas and to plant about walks and avenues. An orchid house is the commonest of ornaments on some small plantation, owned perhaps by a half-caste Malay or an impecunious trader, and many houses in the settlements have pergolas covered with orchids. White orchids and pink, yellow orchids and brown, the butterfly orchid and the star-shaped—these are the names given to blossoms that perhaps are worth hundreds of pounds apiece, and perhaps not. Nobody troubles.

There are other strange flowers, little known. Camping on the top of a mountain near Port Moresby I saw, one day, in the bed of a creek, what looked like a daylight illumination. Rows of candles seemed to be burning on the rocks near the water. I climbed down and found a strange flower in full blossom—the month was August. It was shaped somewhat like an arum lily, but was rather narrower and heavier. Its length was ten inches; the spathe, as thick and soft as morocco leather, was folded about a pistil as big as a banana, and both were vividly yellow. These flowers stood upright, set stiffly among large leaves upon their long green ropes of stem. They "made a splendor in that lonely place," the like of which I had not seen before and have not, elsewhere, seen again. I photographed the flowers and, later, showed the picture to a high authority in Sydney Botanical Gardens. He told me that the flower was not known to botanists; he could only guess vaguely at the family to which it belonged. Still, in August, it blossoms on the top of Wariarata, and anyone who cares to take the trouble may find it.

Papua is full of good things about which no one troubles. This is not to say that the good things are for the taking of anyone who comes. Far away though the country may be, difficult to reach, supremely difficult to get about in, it is no Tom Tiddler's ground, where one may pick up gold and silver, or their equivalents. If there are valuable things as yet untouched, it is because difficulties stand in the way, and because most residents of the country are too busy or too poor to spend time and money in ventures that may never return a profit. Also, things that lie at one's own door are never very interesting; it is, proverbially, the distant field that is greenest.

Still, what about the diamonds?

There are diamonds in Papua; most people know it, after a calm, unenthusiastic fashion that rather deprecates any fuss being made over such a storybook, picture-show idea. And indeed, the history of the rumored field is painfully like the cheapest sort of film plot.

PHOTO BY BROWN BROS., N. Y. C.

Their Incredible Houses Bracketed Onto Needle-Shaped Peaks

Too Difficult to Disprove

IT WAS in the days of the east-end gold fields, some twenty-five years ago, that men who had been in South Africa first began to remark the formations seen about the Aikora River district. Blue clay, of the same kind as the clay of the great Cape diamond fields, is common in those parts. Further, the men who know diamond country say that the lie of the strata in general carries out the prophecy of the blue clay. And every geologist who has ever made a survey of the known parts of New Guinea has the same tale to tell—a typical gem country. Prophecies of big gem discoveries have not been few.

Why, then, was the Aikora never prospected?

It was, thoroughly, and with fair success, for alluvial gold. The natives in those parts at that time were exceedingly treacherous; you have to "mind your step" in the Aikora, even today. But in spite of attacks, the miners went through the country, found what gold there was, exhausted the field, and moved away again.

I asked one of them, years after, why he or others had not followed up the diamond trail.

"Because," I was told, "it's so difficult to prove that diamonds are not in any place. Prospecting for gold is

comparatively simple. You can quite soon prove that it's not there and go on till you strike better luck. But with diamonds that isn't the case. Prospecting is longer and more expensive, and if you wish to do the thing properly, it will take you quite a good while to prove that the diamonds aren't there. Most of us prefer to go after gold."

You May Know the Strange Experience of Looking, as Over a Precipice, Down the Long, Long Rise That Your Race Has Mounted, Step by Step

Today no one lives on the Aikora. It is a river difficult to navigate, difficult to follow, it leads through feverish country, and you cannot rely on getting any food save what you bring with you. The whole district is buried in immense tropic forest. There may be diamonds there, and there may not. No one has tried to find out—no one now living, at least.

Old residents think that someone did once prospect for diamonds, or else chanced to find them. There was a miner, at the beginning of the century, who came down to Samarai very ill, lingered there for some months, and died. To a friend who had nursed him he left a bag containing various odds and ends. Among these were one or two diamonds and a sapphire or so, of good quality. It was supposed that he had found them somewhere up in the Aikora country, and that he had intended to go back and develop his find when he was recovered. But he did not recover. His grave is one of those that lie in the tiny, superseded graveyard of Samarai Island, looking out toward the palms and the sea.

Somebody Must Have Tried It

THE heir of his effects tried to find the source of the diamonds, but did not succeed. Others tried later on, following up the course of the miner's various journeys, which seemed to point to Cloudy Bay as a likely place. But nobody was very much in earnest and the matter dropped.

Sapphire Creek, seventeen miles from Port Moresby, and on the high road to the hills, has always been something of a puzzle. Nobody knows how it got its name. People have suggested that the blue color of the water had something to do with it; this seems plausible, until one discovers, through close acquaintance with the creek, that it never looks blue at all. Everybody is quite certain that the place must have been searched for gems, but nobody knows or has heard of anyone who ever did prospect it. Its gravels are very much like those of gem-bearing country; that is all one knows. But sapphires don't show as such till you hold them to the light, and they take some finding in any case. The name may yet justify itself.

"There's Whisky Creek near it; no one knows how that came by its name, but I never found any whisky in it, worse luck—nor anyone else either," suggested an ancient miner, when asked if he thought there might be gems in Sapphire. Well, in twenty-one years, to my certain knowledge, nobody has tried to find out.

There is typical opal country about Port Moresby, but no serious prospecting has been done; because almost everyone is convinced that somebody else must have done it.

Lumps of true opal have been accidentally found more than once. Port Moresby thinks that if somebody hasn't looked, somebody ought to. Then it asks the latest price of copra and when the boat will be in.

Gold was for many years the chief treasure of Papua, and it is supposed, by those who ought to know, that there is a good deal of it yet to be found; though all the well-known alluvial fields have been worked out. The recent sensational Edie Creek discoveries took place just over the border of the mandated territory formerly German New Guinea; they have brought nothing to Papua except the certainty that we have not yet exhausted our own gold deposits. It may not be long before more is heard of this.

Close to the Settled Districts, in the Towns About the Coast Line Here and There, the Traveler Can Find Amazing Native Art and Architecture

Visiting and staying on some of the older fields, one saw much of the Papuan miner and his life. Nothing could be less like the typical rowdy, lawless field of fiction than the real gold mine as found in Papua. A Papuan gold field is the sort of place to which any man, completely weary of the world and desirous of perfect peace and solitude, might confidently retire. Claims are usually far apart, separated from one another by dense forest. The field is always difficult to reach, always a long way from civilization. Often, on the older fields, each mile of the way was marked in blood; the pioneers died by scores of fever, ptomaine poisoning, dysentery, attack by hostile natives, sheer hard work.

The newest fields hang halfway between the extremes of civilization and its opposite, as represented by the planes that fly from coast to inland mountain, and by the wild and dangerous cannibal tribes that surround the diggings. But in any case the old bad days are over.

Rumor, of the queer dry kind that accompanies a life of hardship, was by no means absent from these older fields. The waking of Tommy-the-Clock is still remembered by those who survive the Lakekamu days.

Tommy-the-Clock was so named because of an incident which happened at the Yodda field on one of the rare visits of an Anglican clergyman. With the rest of the diggers, Tommy attended service in the little bark church, put up on the field by a kindly missionary, and commonly used as a theater for cock fights. Tommy was quite devout, but in the middle of the prayers he caused, unintentionally, a serious disturbance by the explosion of an alarm clock which he had stolen from the store that morning and concealed down the leg of his trousers. The incident took the imagination of the field, and he was never called anything but Tommy-the-Clock thereafter.

How They Waked Tommy-the-Clock

IN TIME he died, at the Lakekamu, and his mates proceeded to bury him. During his life, Tommy had been famous, or infamous, for the variety of strong language that he could use on occasion. One admiring friend had even brought up a phonograph and taken a record of his most notorious effort. After his death, when the coffin had been taken away to the forest, and there put underground, Tommy-the-Clock's mates assembled in the barroom of the store. The phonograph was produced, the record put on, and the whole crowd, with perfect gravity, listened once again to Tommy's star shells of amazing profanity. When the record had scraped out to an end, somebody called, "One more drink for Tommy-the-Clock," and the whole room, rising, filed solemnly past the phonograph. Each man as he went said, "Luck, Tommy," and poured his beer down the phonograph. At the end the record was broken. And so they waked Tommy-the-Clock.

It must have been a near relative of Tommy-the-Clock's—if nerve goes for anything—who found traces of gold about one of these mining graveyards and immediately set to work washing out the gravel, regardless of the skeletons and skulls that turned up now and then in his wash. A set of teeth, in fair order, came to light beneath his shovel one day. The digger, who was a thrifty man, took them to the storekeeper and offered to sell them. As the storekeeper had been in need of that very thing for some time, he accepted and paid for the teeth in good whisky. With a little wire and a good deal of patience, he managed to make them fit, and, undisturbed by thoughts of the former owner, wore them for long years.

There is Plenty of Interest to be Had Out of Papua for the Most Blasé Traveler

It was, I think, a prospector of Ferguson Island who had what one may call the Adventure of the Chain Bed. The original owner of the camp had either sold or hired it to the digger and gone away for some months. He had not been popular with the very naughty little men of Ferguson, and they had made more than one attempt on his life. One night a small, wicked Ferguson chief crept underneath the piles of the house, located the bedstead and, expecting to find no resistance save a fold of canvas, thrust his spear through the slats of palm that made the floor, up into the bed. There it met, unexpectedly, with the new mattress, and the barbs of the spear, far from penetrating, were stopped and caught, so that the chief could not get back his weapon.

Wakened by fierce howls and by what sounded like sobs and tears, the storekeeper jumped out of bed, took a lantern and went down beneath the house, where he met an

(Continued on Page 178)

ALWAYS POLITE

By William Hazlett Upson

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"Some People," I Said, "Just Don't Seem to Know How to Behave in Polite Society"

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
MAKERS OF EARTHWORM TRACTORS

Western Office, Harvester Building,
San Francisco, Calif.
April 8, 1926.

Mr. Alexander Botts,
Ritz Hotel, Los Angeles, Calif.

DEAR MR. BOTTS: As you know, this company has recently decided on a change in its selling organization. The entire country has been divided into districts, in each of which sales will be handled by a local dealer instead of by traveling salesmen from the factory. In line with this policy we have just signed a dealer's contract with the Deane Supply Company, Mr. John Deane, President, of Mercedillo, California.

Mr. Deane writes us that he is going to make a determined effort to sell a tractor to Mr. Harmon Schumaker, also of Mercedillo, one of the largest lumber operators in the state. Mr. Deane is a very good business man, and the Deane Supply Company has for many years done a highly successful business in farm implements. But Mr. Deane has up to this time had no experience in selling Earthworm tractors, and he has asked us to send him one of our factory men to help in putting over the deal with Mr. Schumaker.

We want you to go to Mercedillo at once, cooperate with Mr. Deane in every way possible, and do everything you can to help him put over this sale. Very sincerely,

J. D. WHITCOMB,
Western Sales Manager.

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
SALESMAN'S DAILY REPORT

Date: April 12, 1926.
Written from: Mercedillo Hotel, Mercedillo, California.
Written by: Alexander Botts, Salesman.
Subject: Preliminary operations preparatory to selling tractor to Mr. Harmon Schumaker.

I got here this morning and have spent the day gathering information, laying plans for the future, and getting myself in strong with as many as possible of the important people connected with this deal.

First of all I called on our new dealer, Mr. Deane. He may be a good business man, but he is no salesman. He is a gruff old bird, and he is altogether too blunt and direct in his speech. He told me right off that he did not like my looks. He objected to the shine on my shoes, the crease in my pants, and to my natty appearance in general.

"You look like a city slicker," he said. "What it takes to get along with the hard-boiled lumbermen here in God's country is a regular he man."

Naturally, I was not favorably impressed by these remarks. I at once sized up Mr. Deane as a guy who would have no more respect for a prospect than he did for me. If a man came in to buy a tractor and Mr. Deane noticed that he was wearing spats, or a wrist watch, or a Phi Beta Kappa key, he would probably throw him out into the street at once. Such tactics are obviously very poor salesmanship.

I saw right away that my job here was going to require a lot of tact. It would be up to me always to remain polite, to pour on the oil, keep things smoothed down, and nurse the negotiations on to a favorable conclusion.

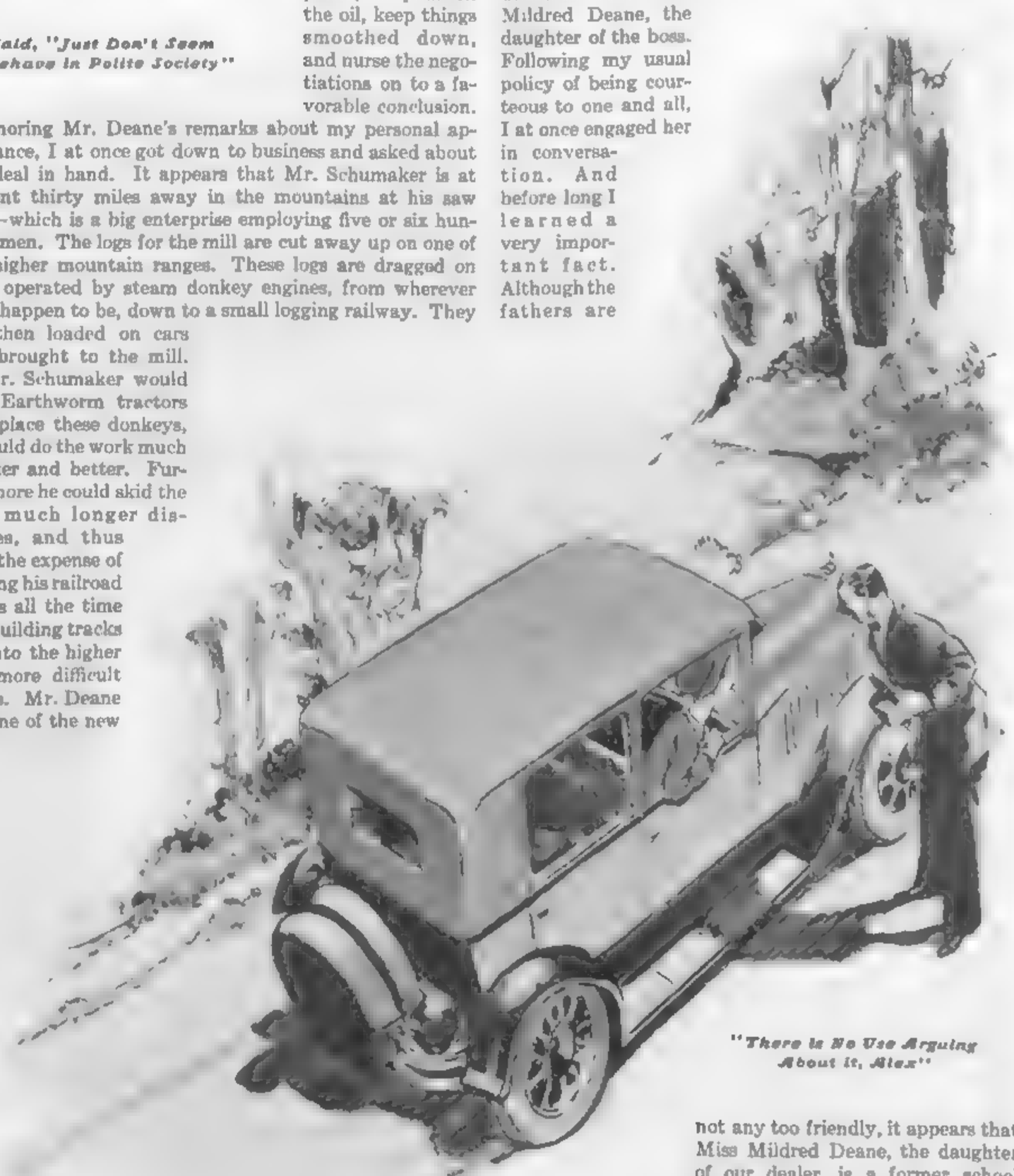
Ignoring Mr. Deane's remarks about my personal appearance, I at once got down to business and asked about the deal in hand. It appears that Mr. Schumaker is at present thirty miles away in the mountains at his saw mill—which is a big enterprise employing five or six hundred men. The logs for the mill are cut away up on one of the higher mountain ranges. These logs are dragged on lines operated by steam donkey engines, from wherever they happen to be, down to a small logging railway. They are then loaded on cars and brought to the mill. If Mr. Schumaker would buy Earthworm tractors to replace these donkeys, he could do the work much quicker and better. Furthermore he could skid the logs much longer distances, and thus save the expense of moving his railroad tracks all the time and building tracks up onto the higher and more difficult slopes. Mr. Deane has one of the new Sixty Horse Power Earthworms on hand, and he has arranged to give Mr. Schumaker a demonstration up in the woods this week.

It might seem that we had here a very simple proposition. But unfortunately, it appears that Mr. Schumaker, the lumber king, is a crabby, disagreeable old gentleman who is very suspicious of new inventions and very hard to do business with.

In fact, Mr. Deane admitted that there was a slight coolness between him and Mr. Schumaker which arose over a business deal some years ago. Since learning this fact I am more than ever convinced that my main job here is to spread the oil on troubled waters. When the dealer and the prospect are both spoiling for a fight it is especially fortunate that the representative of the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company is a man like myself who is always polite.

We may have some difficulty with a man who is trying to sell Mr. Schumaker a new make of tractor called the Mountain Goat. This machine is especially designed for logging in rough mountain country, but until I see it I cannot form any opinion as to whether or not it will be a serious competitor.

After a short talk with me Mr. Deane went out to attend to some business in town, and I stuck around the office making myself agreeable and helpful to the various assistants and stenographers. Toward the end of the morning a very attractive young lady came in who was introduced to me as Miss Mildred Deane, the daughter of the boss. Following my usual policy of being courteous to one and all, I at once engaged her in conversation. And before long I learned a very important fact. Although the fathers are not any too friendly, it appears that Miss Mildred Deane, the daughter of our dealer, is a former school chum and a very great friend of Miss Sally Schumaker, the daughter of the lumber king. As soon as I heard this bit of news I invited Miss Deane to have luncheon with me at the best restaurant in the city. I was a little surprised when she promptly accepted, but later I

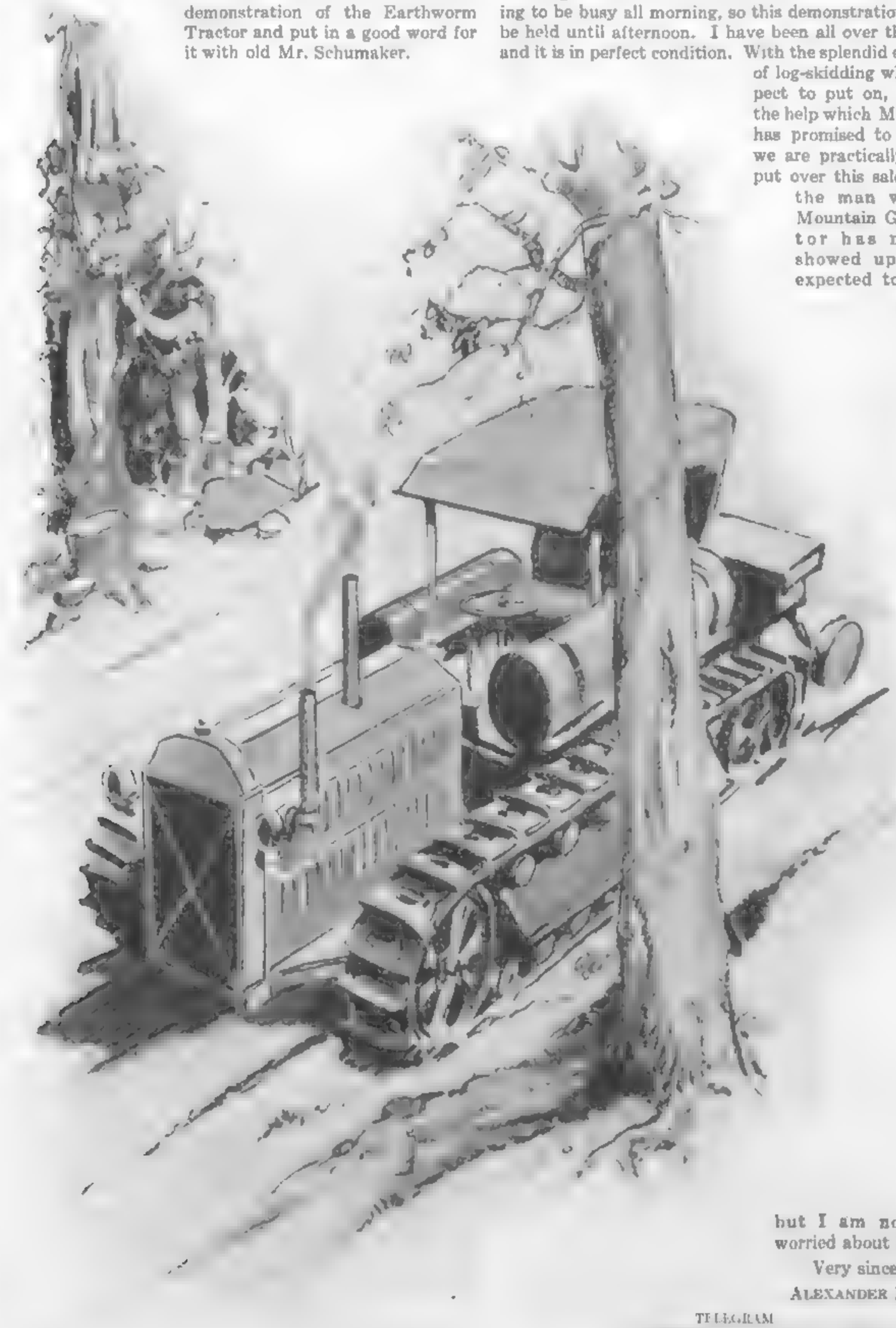


"There Is No Use Arguing About It, Alex"

reflected that Mercedillo is a rather out-of-the-way place and probably Miss Deane—charming though she is—does not get very many chances to have luncheon with a young, attractive and good looking man of the world.

We had a very pleasant meal, and later went to the movies. In the course of the afternoon I learned that she and Miss Schumaker and some of their friends are starting day after tomorrow on an automobile trip to the Yosemite Valley.

I finally persuaded her to promise that she would drive around by way of Mr. Schumaker's saw mill. She will thus have a chance to see our demonstration of the Earthworm Tractor and put in a good word for it with old Mr. Schumaker.



Late in the afternoon I returned to the office of the Deane Supply Company. As Mr. Deane seemed even more nervous and irritable than in the morning, I did not feel it necessary to tell him of the pleasant friendship which had sprung up between his daughter and myself. I stuck strictly to business and made final arrangements for the demonstration.

It appears that Mr. Deane has no mechanic competent to handle the Earthworm Tractor, so I am going to drive it myself the thirty miles to the saw mill. As soon as I arrive I will check over the machine and see that it is in perfect shape to start the demonstration day after tomorrow morning. My next report will come from Mr. Schumaker's saw mill.

Very sincerely,
ALEXANDER BOTTS.

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
SALESMAN'S DAILY REPORT

Date: April 13, 1926. 9 P.M.
Written from: Schumaker's Saw Mill.
Written by: Alexander Botts.
Subject: Tractor demonstration for Mr. Schumaker.

I started out with the tractor early this morning from Mercedillo, and shortly after noon I arrived here at the saw mill. I at once saw Mr. Schumaker, gave him a short but very snappy little sales talk, and arranged to put on a log-skidding demonstration tomorrow. Mr. Schumaker is going to be busy all morning, so this demonstration will not be held until afternoon. I have been all over the tractor and it is in perfect condition. With the splendid exhibition of log-skidding which I expect to put on, and with the help which Miss Deane has promised to give me, we are practically sure to put over this sale. So far the man with the Mountain Goat tractor has not yet showed up. He is expected tomorrow, but I am not much worried about him.

Very sincerely,
ALEXANDER BOTTS.

TELEGRAM
MERCEDILLO CALIF APR 14 1926 9 21 P
FARMERS FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
SAN FRANCISCO CALIF
BOTTS AND TRACTOR HAVE BOTH DISAPPEARED STOP FEAR LOST IN MOUNTAINS STOP SEND ANOTHER MAN AND TRACTOR STOP RUSH STOP LETTER FOLLOWS
JOHN DEANE

DEANE SUPPLY COMPANY
MERCEDILLO, CALIFORNIA

April 14, 1926.

Farmers' Friend Tractor Company,
San Francisco, Calif.

Gentlemen: I have just wired you regarding the disappearance of your salesman, and this letter will give you further particulars.

Mr. Botts drove our demonstration Sixty Horse Power Earthworm out to Mr. Schumaker's saw mill yesterday and arranged to give a demonstration this afternoon. Early this morning it appears that he told one of the men at the mill that he was going to take a ride in the tractor to warm it up and see that everything was in good shape. He cranked up the machine and drove it down the small private road which goes from the saw mill through the woods to the main highway in the valley. And neither he nor the tractor have been seen since.

I myself drove out to the saw mill early this afternoon to witness the demonstration. When Mr. Botts did not show up at the appointed time we at once instituted a search. Some of Mr. Schumaker's most experienced woodsmen tried to trace the tractor, but unfortunately there had been a brisk shower after Mr. Botts left, and the tracks left by the machine were almost obliterated. It was impossible to tell whether Mr. Botts had reached the state road or had turned off somewhere into the woods. People living along the state road report that they saw the tractor go by yesterday, when Mr. Botts drove it out to the mill, but they saw nothing of it today. Therefore we fear that Mr. Botts drove into the woods—possibly to try out the tractor over rough ground—and got lost. Searching parties, with lights, are combing the woods tonight, and the search will be continued until Mr. Botts is found.

In the meantime our chances of making a sale to Mr. Schumaker are diminishing. This afternoon the Mountain Goat Tractor Company had one of their machines out at the saw mill and put on a demonstration. The Mountain Goat is of course far inferior to the Earthworm. But it did fairly good work, and Mr. Schumaker told me that he was so much pleased with it that he had practically decided to buy. I urged him to postpone his decision until we had a chance to show him what our machine could do. He finally agreed to wait until the end of this week. If we cannot give him a demonstration by Saturday afternoon, he will go ahead and buy a Mountain Goat Tractor. As this is Wednesday that gives us only three days. Therefore, it is of the utmost importance that you rush another tractor here with all possible speed.

If we sell Mr. Schumaker one tractor this time, and if he finds that it works out well, he may buy fifteen or twenty machines later in the year. He has plenty of work for that many tractors, and plenty of money to buy them.

This is a very important deal. Rush that tractor along. And try to send a man that won't get lost in the woods.

Very truly,
DEANE SUPPLY COMPANY,
John Deane, Pres.

TELEGRAM
SAN FRANCISCO CALIF APR 15 1926 8 15 A
JOHN DEANE
MERCEDILLO CALIF
YOUR WIRE RECEIVED STOP WE WILL SHIP YOU TRACTOR NEXT WEEK STOP WIRE IF ANY FURTHER NEWS FROM BOTTS
FARMERS FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY

TELEGRAM
MERCEDILLO CALIF APR 15 1926 11 02 A
FARMERS FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
SAN FRANCISCO CALIF
SHIP TRACTOR AT ONCE RUSH STOP NEXT WEEK WILL BE TOO LATE STOP EXPERIENCED WOODSMEN ARE COMBING THE MOUNTAINS BUT SO FAR NO TRACK OF BOTTS AND TRACTOR JOHN DEANE

TELEGRAM
SAN FRANCISCO CALIF APR 15 1926 2 13 P
JOHN DEANE
MERCEDILLO CALIF
AT PRESENT NO TRACTOR AVAILABLE HERE FOR SHIPMENT STOP WE ARE WIRING OUR DEALER IN BAKERSFIELD TO SHIP YOU A SIXTY HORSE POWER EARTHWORM IF POSSIBLE AT ONCE
FARMERS FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY

TELEGRAM
MERCEDILLO CALIF APR 15 1926 4 30 P
FARMERS FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
SAN FRANCISCO CALIF
STILL NO NEWS OF BOTTS OR TRACTOR STOP PLEASE DO EVERYTHING POSSIBLE TO EXPEDITE SHIPMENT OF OTHER TRACTOR AS WE ARE SURE IN A BAD MESS
JOHN DEANE

Mr. Deane Went Into Even a Greater Frenzy Than Before

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
SALESMAN'S DAILY REPORT

Date: April 15, 1926.
Written from: Glacier Camp, Yosemite Valley, Calif.
Written by: Alexander Botts.
Subject: The beauties of the Yosemite National Park.

It gives me the greatest pleasure to

(Continued on Page 93)

FORGING AHEAD

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

BASIL DUKE LEE and Riply Buckner, Jr., sat on the Lees' front steps in the regretful gold of a late summer afternoon. Inside the house the telephone sang out with mysterious promise.

"I thought you were going home," Basil said.

"I thought you were."

"I am."

"So am I."

"Well, why don't you go, then?"

"Why don't you, then?"

"I am."

They laughed, ending with yawning gurgles that were not laughed out but sucked in. As the telephone rang again, Basil got to his feet.

"I've got to study trig before dinner."

"Are you honestly going to Yale this fall?" demanded Riply skeptically.

"Yes."

"Everybody says you're foolish to go at sixteen."

"I'll be seventeen in September. So long. I'll call you up tonight."

Basil heard his mother at the upstairs telephone and he was immediately aware of distress in her voice.

"Yes. . . . Isn't that awful, Everett! . . . Yes. . . . Oh-h my!" After a minute he gathered that it was only the usual worry about business and went on into the kitchen for refreshments. Returning, he met his mother hurrying downstairs. She was blinking rapidly and her hat was on backward—characteristic testimony to her excitement.

"I've got to go over to your grandfather's."

"What's the matter, mother?"

"Uncle Everett thinks we've lost a lot of money."

"How much?" he asked, startled.

"Twenty-two thousand dollars apiece. But we're not sure."

She went out.

"Twenty-two thousand dollars!" he repeated in an awed whisper.

His ideas of money were vague and somewhat debonair, but he had noticed that at family dinners the immemorial discussion as to whether the Third Street block would be sold to the railroads had given place to anxious talk of Western Public Utilities. At half-past six his mother telephoned for him to have his dinner, and with growing uneasiness he sat alone at the table, undistracted by The Mississippi Bubble, open beside his plate. She came in at seven, distraught and miserable, and dropping down at the table, gave him his first exact information about finance—she and her father and her brother Everett had lost something more than eighty thousand dollars. She was in a panic and she looked wildly around the dining room as if money were slipping away even here, and she wanted to retrench at once.

"I've got to stop selling securities or we won't have anything," she declared. "This leaves us only three thousand a year—do you realize that, Basil? I don't see how I can possibly afford to send you to Yale."

His heart tumbled into his stomach; the future, always glowing like a comfortable beacon ahead of him, flared up in glory and went out. His mother shivered, and then emphatically shook her head.

"You'll just have to make up your mind to go to the state university."

"Gosh!" Basil said.

Sorry for his shocked, rigid face, she yet spoke somewhat sharply, as people will with a bitter refusal to convey.

"I feel terribly about it—your father wanted you to go to Yale. But everyone says that, with clothes and railroad fare, I can count on it costing two thousand a year. Your grandfather helped me to send you to St. Regis School, but he always thought you ought to finish at the state university."

After she went distractedly upstairs with a cup of tea, Basil sat thinking in the dark parlor. For the present the loss meant only one thing to him—he wasn't going to Yale after all. The sentence itself, divorced from its meaning, overwhelmed him, so many times had he announced casually "I'm going to Yale," but gradually he realized how many friendly and familiar dreams had been swept away. Yale was the far-away East, that he had loved with a vast nostalgia since he had first read books about great cities. Beyond the dreary railroad stations of Chicago and the night fires of Pittsburgh, back in the old states, something

"I Guess You're My Cousin," Said Rhoda, Closing Her Book, Which He Saw Was "The Little Colonel, Maid of Honor"

went on that made his heart beat fast with excitement. He was attuned to the vast, breathless bustle of New York, to the metropolitan days and nights that were tense as singing wires. Nothing needed to be imagined there, for it was all the very stuff of romance—life was as vivid and satisfactory as in books and dreams.

But first, as a sort of gateway to that deeper, richer life, there was Yale. The name evoked the memory of a heroic team backed up against its own impassable goal in the crisp November twilight, and later, of half a dozen immaculate noblemen with opera hats and canes standing at the Manhattan Hotel bar. And tangled up with its triumphs and rewards, its struggles and glories, the vision of the inevitable, incomparable girl.

Well, then, why not work his way through Yale? In a moment the idea had become a reality. He began walking rapidly up and down the room, declaring half aloud, "Of course, that's the thing to do." Rushing upstairs, he knocked at his mother's door and announced in the inspired voice of a prophet: "Mother, I know what I'm going to do! I'm going to work my way through Yale."

He sat down on her bed and she considered uncertainly. The men in her family had not been resourceful for several generations, and the idea startled her.

"It doesn't seem to me you're a boy who likes to work," she said. "Besides, boys who work their way through college have scholarships and prizes, and you've never been much of a student."

He was annoyed. He was ready for Yale a year ahead of his age and her reproach seemed unfair.

"What would you work at?" she said.

"Take care of furnaces," said Basil promptly. "And shovel snow off sidewalks. I think they mostly do that—and tutor people. You could let me have as much money as it would take to go to the state university?"

"We'll have to think it over."

"Well, don't you worry about anything," he said emphatically, "because my earning my way through Yale will really make up for the money you've lost, almost."

"Why don't you start by finding something to do this summer?"

"I'll get a job tomorrow. Maybe I can pile up enough so you won't have to help me. Good night, mother."

Up in his room he paused only to thunder grimly to the mirror that he was going to work his way through Yale, and going to his bookcase, took down half a dozen dusty volumes of Horatio Alger, unopened for years. Then, much as a postwar young man might consult the George Washington Condensed Business Course, he sat at his desk and slowly began to turn the pages of Bound to Rise.

II

TWO days later, after being insulted by the doorkeepers, office boys and telephone girls of the Press, the Evening News, the Socialist Gazette and a green scandal sheet called the Courier, and assured that no one wanted a reporter practically seventeen, after enduring every ignominy prepared for a young man in a free country trying to work his way through Yale, Basil Duke Lee, too "stuck-up" to apply to the parents of his friends, got a position with the railroad, through Eddie Parmelee, who lived across the way.

At 6:30 the following morning, carrying his lunch, and a new suit of overalls that had cost four dollars, he strode self-consciously into the Great Northern car shops. It was like entering a new school, except that no one showed any interest in him or asked if he was going out for the team. He punched a time clock, which affected him strangely, and without even an admonition from the foreman to "go in and win," was put to carrying boards for the top of a car.

Twelve o'clock arrived; nothing had happened. The sun was blazing hot and his hands and back were sore, but no real events had ruffled the dull surface of the morning. The president's little daughter had not come by, dragged by a runaway horse; not even a superintendent had walked through the yard and singled him out with an approving eye. Undismayed, he toiled on—you couldn't expect much the first morning.

He and Eddie Parmelee ate their lunches together. For several years Eddie had worked here in vacations; he was sending himself to the state university this fall. He shook his head doubtfully over the idea of Basil's earning his way through Yale.

"Here's what you ought to do," he said: "You borrow two thousand dollars from your mother and buy twenty shares in Ware Plow and Tractor. Then go to a bank and borrow two thousand more with those shares for collateral, and with that two thousand buy twenty more shares. Then you sit on your back for a year, and after that you won't have to think about earning your way through Yale."

"I don't think mother would give me two thousand dollars"

"Well, anyhow, that's what I'd do."

If the morning had been uneventful, the afternoon was distinguished by an incident of some unpleasantness. Basil had risen a little, having been requested to mount to the top of a freight car and help nail the boards he had carried in the morning. He found that nailing nails into a board was more highly technical than nailing tacks into a wall, but he considered that he was progressing satisfactorily when an angry voice hailed him from below:

"Hey, you! Get up!"

He looked down. A foreman stood there, unpleasantly red in the face.

"Yes, you in the new suit. Get up!"

Basil looked about to see if someone was lying down, but the two sullen hunyaks seemed to be hard at work and it grew on him that he was indeed being addressed.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said.

"Get up on your knees or get out! What the h—— do you think this is?"

He had been sitting down as he nailed, and apparently the foreman thought that he was loafing. After another look at the foreman, he suppressed the explanation that he felt steadier sitting down and decided to just let it go. There were probably no railroad shops at Yale; yet, he remembered with a pang the ominous name, New York, New Haven and Hartford.

The third morning, just as he had become aware that his overalls were not where he had hung them in the shop, it was announced that all men of less than six months' service were to be laid off. Basil received four dollars and lost his overalls. Learning that nails are driven from a kneeling position had cost him only carfare.

III

IN A LARGE old-fashioned house in the old section of the city lived Basil's great-uncle, Benjamin Reilly, and there Basil presented himself that evening. It was a last resort -Benjamin Reilly and Basil's grandfather were brothers and they had not spoken for twenty years.

He was received in the living room by the small, dumpy old man whose inscrutable face was hidden behind a white poodle beard. Behind him stood a woman of forty, his wife of six months, and her daughter, a girl of fifteen. Basil's branch of the family had not been invited to the wedding, and he had never seen these two additions before.

"I thought I'd come down and see you, Uncle Ben," he said with some embarrassment.

There was a certain amount of silence.

"Your mother well?" asked the old man.

"Oh, yes, thank you."

Mr. Reilly waited. Mrs. Reilly spoke to her daughter, who threw a curious glance at Basil and reluctantly left the room. Her mother made the old man sit down.

Out of sheer embarrassment Basil came to the point. He wanted a summer job in the Reilly Wholesale Drug Company.

His uncle fidgeted for a minute and then replied that there were no positions open.

"Oh."

"It might be different if you wanted a permanent place, but you say you want to go to Yale." He said this with some irony of his own, and glanced at his wife.

"Why, yes," said Basil. "That's really why I want the job."

"Your mother can't afford to send you, eh?" The note of pleasure in his voice was unmistakable. "Spent all her money?"

"Oh, no," answered Basil quickly. "She's going to help me."

"Here's What You Ought to Do," He Said: "You Borrow Two Thousand Dollars From Your Mother and Buy Twenty Shares in Ware Plow and Tractor"

To his surprise, aid came from an unpromising quarter. Mrs. Reilly suddenly bent and whispered in her husband's ear, whereupon the old man nodded and said aloud:

"I'll think about it, Basil. You go in there."

And his wife repeated: "We'll think about it. You go in the library with Rhoda while Mr. Reilly looks up and sees."

The door of the library closed behind him and he was alone with Rhoda, a square-chinned, decided girl with fleshy white arms and a white dress that reminded Basil domestically of the lacy pants that blew among the laundry in the yard. Puzzled by his uncle's change of front, he eyed her abstractedly for a moment.

"I guess you're my cousin," said Rhoda, closing her book, which he saw was The Little Colonel, Maid of Honor.

"Yes," he admitted.

"I heard about you from somebody." The implication was that her information was not flattering.

"From who?"

"A girl named Elaine Washmer."

"Elaine Washmer!" His tone dismissed the name scornfully. "That girl!"

"She's my best friend." He made no reply. "She said you thought you were wonderful."

Young people do not perceive at once that the giver of wounds is the enemy and the quoted tattle merely the arrow. His heart smoldered with wrath at Elaine Washmer.

"I don't know many kids here," said the girl, in a less aggressive key. "We've only been here six months. I never saw such a stuck-up bunch."

"Oh, I don't think so," he protested. "Where did you live before?"

"Sioux City. All the kids have much more fun in Sioux City."

Mrs. Reilly opened the door and called Basil back into the living room. The old man was again on his feet.

"Come down tomorrow morning and I'll find you something," he said.

"And why don't you have dinner with us tomorrow night?" added Mrs. Reilly, with a cordiality wherein an adult might have detected disingenuous purpose.

"Why, thank you very much."

His heart, buoyant with gratitude, had scarcely carried him out the door before Mrs. Reilly laughed shortly and called in her daughter.

"Now we'll see if you don't get around a little more," she announced. "When was it you said they had those dances?"

"Thursdays at the College Club and Saturdays at the Lake Club," said Rhoda promptly.

"Well, if this young man wants to hold the position your father has given him, you'll go to them all the rest of the summer."

IV

ARBITRARY groups formed by the hazards of money or geography may be sufficiently quarrelsome and dull, but for sheer unpleasantness the condition of young people who have been thrust together by a common unpopularity can be compared only with that of prisoners herded in a cell. In Basil's eyes the guests at the little dinner the following night were a collection of cripples. Lewis and

(Continued on Page 101)

"I'm Meeting the Family in Town for Dinner and I've Got an Hour. Can't We Go Somewhere?"

The Railroads Enter Aviation

By General W. W. Atterbury

As Told to Myron M. Stearns

The Interior of One of the New Pan American Airways Airliners En Route From Miami to the West Indies Over International Lines Opened January 11, 1929

GREAT bodies move slowly. American railroads represent today an investment of more than $25,000,000,000. The exact figure, at the end of 1927, was $24,453,870,938. It is larger now. Of that impressive total the Pennsylvania is one of the largest units—in point of operating expenses and operating revenue, in fact, the largest, by a margin of more than a quarter of a billion. Its gross earnings approximate $700,000,000 and its net operating income tops $100,000,000 a year. It has grown to its present proportions gradually, decade by decade. The very organization that it has had to develop in order to reach its present size makes impossible any sudden or unpremeditated move, any decision that is not based on thorough and careful investigation. Moreover, through the mere fact of its position at the head of the list of American carriers, its acts are sometimes interpreted as being, in general terms, indicative of American railway opinion. If any far-reaching step is taken it becomes, without volition of its own, in a measure spokesman for that $25,000,000,000 of American railroad capital.

Forcing the Steam Wagons Off the Road

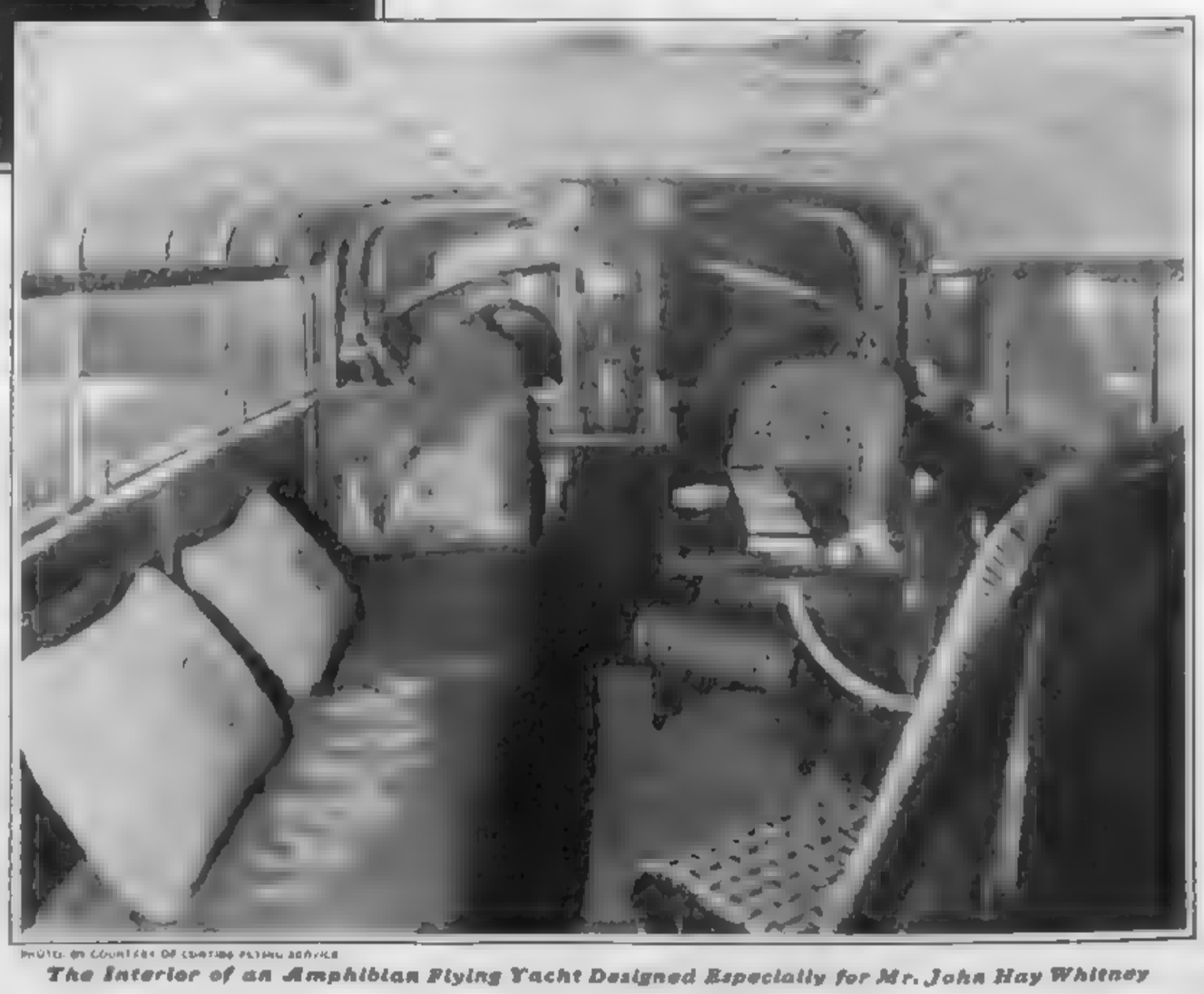
ACCORDINGLY, the announcement that the Pennsylvania Railroad has become associated with prominent aeronautical interests in the formation of a company to establish a combined rail-and-air forty-eight-hour transportation service between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts has aroused much interest and occasioned a good deal of comment.

New inventions, ordinarily, have to fight their way against the existing order, step by step. The old, established way of doing business cannot readily be changed. The stranger must first prove his superiority, and through that demonstration win popular support.

That truth can be traced through the whole history of transportation. When, more than a hundred years ago, the automotive carriage first made its appearance in the form of a steam wagon it was regarded with suspicion and hostility. By the time the new road engines had attained a speed of thirty miles an hour, with a respectable passenger-carrying capacity of a dozen or more—not particularly dissimilar in many ways from some of the big automobile busses of the present day—there was such a hue and cry against them that they were ruled off the highways entirely. In England, fostered by the big transportation companies of that period, the stagecoach lines that ran in and out of London, legislation was passed forbidding the steam-driven inventions to travel at more than four miles an hour; each of the new devil wagons had to be preceded by a man on foot waving a flag to warn horsemen and pedestrians out of the way. Forced from the main post roads and thoroughfares, promoters of the new device put down rails and made tracks across the fields. The development of the automobile was set back seventy-five years; railroads were born instead.

Before reversing the usual order and extending a welcoming hand to this aerial newcomer in the transportation field of our own day, Pennsylvania Railroad executives had to make some important decisions. Three possible courses, in respect to transportation by air, were open. The railroads could actively oppose the development of commercial aviation; at least in all those phases that pertain to transportation, as the English post-coach lines of the early nineteenth century opposed their foreign-born parent, the steam road engine. They could hold themselves aloof and indifferent, as they have for the most part remained during the recent unprecedented development of the automobile. Or they could extend their active help and powerful coöperation.

Finally, in this last event it was necessary to decide how long to wait for aviation to become popular before venturing capital in an enterprise bound to fail unless general approval and support for it should be forthcoming from the public it was designed to serve.



The Interior of an Amphibian Flying Yacht Designed Especially for Mr. John Hay Whitney

The first course open—of active opposition—received scant consideration. A hundred years ago such an expensive, shortsighted and selfish policy may have passed as good business. Today it is almost inconceivable. Modern civilization has become altogether too interdependent to leave room for active warfare, open or secret, between agencies, each in itself of definite value, and all serving particular, and in part entirely different, fields.

Next we come to what many would doubtless consider the natural course—indifference. We could go ahead with our own business and let the aviation interests develop their own as they saw fit, as the various ramifications of the automobile industry had before them. We can see how that worked out.

On Thanksgiving Day, 1895, the railroads around Chicago were hauling spectators to see a four-wheeled Benz Motorcycle race a Duryea Horseless Car. Few railroad men of the time, laughing over the outcome—the main event had to be postponed because no other entrants were ready; the Duryea was driven into the ditch by a frightened horse; so that the Benz won the preliminary brush by default—realized what that contest foretold. The exceptions—if there were any—failed to do anything about it. There were just fourteen motor vehicles registered in the United States by the end of that year. By 1900 the number had grown to 8000. By 1910 it was 468,500. In 1920 it was 9,231,941, of which 1,006,082 were trucks. The registration figures for 1927 were 20,230,429 passenger automobiles and 2,896,886 trucks.

Fear of Competition

AS AUTOMOBILES increased in number bus lines began to appear in many parts of the country. Some of them, being well routed and conservatively operated, were successful. On the Pacific Coast and in some of the North Central states they did very well.

But in other instances they failed. In such instances there was usually direct railway competition. The appearance, competition and eventual disintegration of these different bus-transportation companies meant, in the aggregate, a very considerable loss both to the railroads they competed against and to the investors who backed them. As, later on, long-distance trucking came into existence, the same rule held true. Where the operators coördinated their activities intelligently with those of already established rail lines they often succeeded. On the other hand, where there was inexperienced competition, it often meant only loss to both sides.

For a good while after automobile registration had passed the first million mark, I believe, railroad men were a little inclined to be afraid of the increasing competition. That fear, perhaps, as much as anything else, continued the early attitude of aloofness on the part of the railroads and precluded any whole-hearted coöperation. It postponed from year to year the day when railroads, bus lines and truck operators could get together in real earnest and offer a fuller, more effective set of transportation facilities to the public. How groundless, however, the fear really was can be illustrated by turning to the statistics involved.

In 1900, when there were still only a few thousand automobiles in the whole country, there were 193,346 miles of railroad. There were 1,017,653 railroad employes, receiving an average yearly wage of $567.25—in all, $577,264,841. The railroads carried 576,831,251 passengers and

PHOTOS. FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

The Cabin of a de Luxe Plane. In the Rear the Kitchen is at the Left and the Washroom at the Right

hauled 1,081,983,301 tons of freight. Their passenger revenue was $323,715,639 and their freight revenue was $1,049,256,323. Their net income was $252,760,482. Only 45.66 per cent of the railroad stock paid dividends, at a rate of 5.23 per cent. The average return on all railroad stock was 2.39 per cent.

In 1927, after the automobile registration had increased steadily to the amazing total of 23,127,315 trucks and passenger cars, the railroad mileage, also ascending steadily, had reached 249,131. There were 1,735,105 employes, receiving a total in wages of $2,910,182,848—$1677.24 a year apiece, instead of $567.25. They carried 840,029,680 passengers and hauled 2,510,054,113 tons of freight. Passenger revenue had almost trebled, going to $980,528,000, and freight revenue had more than quadrupled, with a total for the year of $4,728,884,886. Where total passenger mileage in 1900 was 16,038,076,000, in 1927 it had increased to 33,797,754,000. The average length of each passenger's trip had increased from 27.80 to 40.23 miles. The net income of all the roads had increased to $794,923,916. The proportion of dividend-paying stock had risen to 70.25 per cent, yielding an average of 8.47 per cent. The average return on all railroad stock was 5.95. Total dividends declared increased from $139,597,972 in 1900, to $567,280,717 in 1927.

Instead of reducing railroad usefulness, automobiles and better highways have enlarged it. As automobile and interurban electric traffic have increased, steam-railroad traffic has increased also, sharing the general prosperity. The bettering of transportation facilities of every sort has meant a constant growth of prosperity, with more travel and greater business, and in that greater prosperity, with its greater amount of travel and business, the railroads have played their part and secured their share. Cities, counties and states now spend sums that run annually into hundreds of millions of dollars in improving roads for automobiles. At the same time the volume of both freight and passenger traffic of the railroads increases, not in spite of this expenditure but because of it. It is the application of the old business axiom that motion makes money, and the faster the motion the more money can be made.

Different Means for Different Purposes

LOOKING back over the past thirty-five years of railroad history, no fact stands out more sharply than the almost limitless ability of the American public to absorb a constantly increasing volume of transportation service. Even the freight and passenger traffic that automobiles and airplanes may take directly from the steam railroads is probably more than replaced by the added business, in shipments of raw materials and parts, the transportation of salesmen, employes and customers, that they bring.

Recently an official of a Pacific Coast air-transport line was watching a trimotor plane discharge passengers at the Oakland airport.

"I suppose," he said, "that after a while all the passenger traffic up and down this coast will be coming that way."

If the railroad growth during the development of automobile transportation is any criterion, his guess is wide of the mark. The greater the volume of air passenger traffic becomes, the greater, in all probability, the volume of railroad traffic will be also.

That brings us to the third possible course—of active railroad coöperation in the development of air transportation. Provided the railroads have nothing to fear from that development, there is nothing to deter them from assisting to the fullest extent in their power.

Let us suppose railroads had coöperated in the development of motor-car transportation. Unnecessary duplication of lines, waste of capital, and many of the expensive lessons of ignorance and inexperience might have been avoided. Bus and truck lines could have been built up systematically as feeders through territory too sparsely settled or too remote to justify the construction of branch railroad lines. Bus and trucking facilities could have been further developed at terminals and junction points for inter-rail communication. We can even imagine long-distance bus-transportation lines coöperating with railroads running parallel to their chosen routes, with passengers given the choice of transportation by train or motor, or with tickets that would permit leaving the railroad to travel by motor over the more scenic portions of the route, returning to the steam road for speedier travel farther on. A certain amount of local traffic could be handled by bus, allowing the railroads to eliminate minor stops and to make better time with a larger proportion of their trains. Way freight could be handled by trucks to an even greater extent than at present, giving through freight a chance to come through more freely. Clearly such coöperation, developed in the interest of the public, that, ultimately, is alone responsible for all profitable transportation operation, is preferable to either indifference or blind opposition. Sooner or later it is bound to come.

Another View of the Cabin of One of the Most Modern Passenger Planes in the World. It Can Carry 20 Passengers 4000 Miles and its Top Speed is 145 Miles an Hour

It is no exaggeration, I think, to ascribe this view to nearly all the leading railroad executives of this country. The automobile lesson has been widely read and understood. When 110 general passenger agents convened at Colorado Springs last fall, ninety-five of them were immensely interested in a Ford trimotor plane of the National Air Transport that was flown to the convention, and readily announced their acceptance of the principle and policy of coöperation in the development of air transportation. Nearly all went up for at least a short flight, and several returned to Chicago by air when the convention was over.

The Danger of Deterioration

EACH kind of transportation should be developed in coöperation with the others, with the understanding that each has its own special field in which it particularly excels. The public should have the best form of service that each can produce, or which can be rendered jointly by two or more in combination.

Nor does this mean that railroads need seek control of air-transportation lines. Full coöperation between different forms of transportation can be developed without that. In some cases single ownership might even prove a definite handicap, leading to the neglect of one or the other branch of the service and paving the way for deterioration and decay.

Having decided upon a definite policy of coöperation with aviation interests as soon as the right moment arrived, the next problem was to determine when conditions

(Continued on Page 139)

PHOTO BY EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

Passengers Entering a Take-Off Runway for a Cruise to Cleveland

THE TWO-A-DAY

By Edith Fitzgerald

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

WHEN Bert Connelly, billed as Vaudeville's Nut Wonder, and Jewell Dody, billed as its Sweetheart, were joined in holy matrimony on the stage of the Kansas City Mainstreet, between the afternoon and evening performances, it made the front page of the Variety, Billboard, Zits and the Vaudeville News, besides being one of those occasions sentimentally remembered by the lucky ones who happened to be playing on the same bill.

It was a real romance—the kind every vaudeville actress dreams of until she finally gives up and marries her piano player. Jewell and Bert met in the wings on an opening Monday afternoon, while both were peeping through the cracks in the set of the dramatic sketch that starred Mona Rosa, a film star who, though long forgotten in the films, could still stand them up in vaudeville. Bert stepped aside to renounce his peephole, which was a more advantageous watching place than the crack in the door which might open at any moment. He liked Jewell's profuse and embarrassed thanks and set her apart at once from the other vaudeville dames, who don't know a gentleman when they meet one and, the minute a fellow happens to ask them any little thing like "What act is on?" or "Where do you play next week?" expect him to check their baggage or make offstage noises for them. And Jewell's first impression of Bert was that he looked every inch a headliner.

"Just Think of All Our Friends, Bert, Havin' to Work These Hot Days in Cheap Vaudeville Houses. And Us Sittin' Here in God's Glorious Sunshine. Don't You Feel Sorry for Them?"

After their first meeting they appraised each other again from the wings, Bert determining that Jewell was "big time," not only by the way she put her numbers over, which needs no description, but from the speech she made to the audience after her act, beginning with "Dear, kind friends," and ending with "I love you all. May God bless you." Bert concluded that she must be a nice, religious girl and pulling down a good five hundred at least.

Jewell, watching Bert as he lay on the floor getting friendly with Al, the orchestra leader, and wringing a laugh a second from the willing audience, concluded that his billing was not exaggerated. She liked the way he flung his wavy hair back with one motion, the way he skipped off boyishly, the way he leaned very low when he bowed, one leg crooked gracefully. She had heard he was a bad baby with the women, but watching his winsome manner, she concluded it might not have been his fault. Maybe they were the wrong sort and hadn't understood him. It must be as hard for a single fellow to find the right girl as it is for a single girl to find the right fellow. Not that Jewell had not had opportunities to marry. Being a girl who had worked steady for ten years, there had been temptation enough. But a girl who is refined and can hold her head up with the best of them wants a man who can do the same. And from her first impression of Bert, he certainly looked as though he would never suffer from comparison with the best.

She made up a refined little speech while she watched him:

"Mr. Connelly, it isn't every day I can sincerely tell a performer that I like his work, but I'm here to tell you this is one time I can say it straight from the heart. Believe me, Mr. Connelly, you've got a million-dollar personality."

Bert was ready for this. He had watched her from the corner of his eye as she stood in the wings, and had bowed lower for her benefit.

"Listen, girlie, I got nothing on you. You've got them all beat. Fannie Brice, Belle Baker, Irene Franklin ——"

Jewell had long thought so herself, but she acted girlishly embarrassed.

"Now, Mr. Connelly, you say that to them all."

He stopped her with one gesture.

"Listen, girlie; get me right if you want to be pals with me. When I say something I mean it, and I say you've got it. The way you put that cabaret-girl number over—with the tear behind the laugh; you know what I mean—well, it was great, and don't give me any 'Now, Mr. Connelly' stuff, either."

He said the last laughingly, and with a manner. Jewell knew right away he was masterful.

They exchanged compliments for quite a while and then he invited her to eat with him at the Statler, which was certainly a novelty, as the nearest most of the fellows in vaudeville approach an invitation is in recommending a joint down a side street where they serve a good meal for fifty cents, adding insult to injury by reciting the amazing amount of food that is included in the meal.

They found, over the dinner, that they had a lot in common, being that a girl's life is hard when she has to fight the world alone, and all these cheap agents take advantage of you, and if a girl has worked hard and saved she don't want to throw it away on a cheap small-timer; and a fellow's life is hard when he's got no one to work for and he needs some little woman—the right kind—to make him save, and a fellow can't marry just anybody, even if he does get plenty of chances, especially when he wants a girl with class, one that don't booze like most of the partners he gets, and after he picked them out of the gutter and put them where they are and all.

It wasn't a long way from the fillet of sole to just a piece of apple pie and coffee, but they were very well acquainted at the end of the meal—well enough for Jewell to insist on paying her share of the check. She wanted to show him she wasn't a girl who spent a fellow's money freely.

"Now, Bert, I'll be mad. After all, we're both performers."

"Keep still. . . . Here, George; keep the change. . . . Whadda you mean, pulling that stuff?"

"Well, I won't feel like coming again if you don't let me pay my own."

"Listen, Jewell, don't class me with the rest of these small-timers. I got to have company, haven't I? If it wasn't you, it would be somebody else. If there's anything I can't stand, it's eatin' by myself."

"Me, too, Bert. Many's the night I sat starin' at my four walls, all alone, and askin' myself is it all worth while. A girl's not like a fellow, Bert. She can't just go out and eat with any man. You know how it is. If a girl lets a fellow spend money on her he thinks he's got a right to insult her. It ain't every day a girl meets a gentleman like yourself."

"I got a mother, Jewell." That was all. But from that time Jewell thought of Bert as One of God's Noblemen, a subtitle in a Milton Sills picture at the Fox Majestic.

Bert took her to the door of her dressing room, by this time feeling very tender toward little girls who have to attend to their own bookings and fight with house managers over their billing. And Jewell removed the little mink coat she had been able to eke out for herself, and made up thoughtfully, telling herself that a man is just a baby and needs someone to be there when he comes home nights. After that she went out and knocked her audience cold, knowing he was listening.

Later, that evening, over supper, they really understood each other.

"It's empty, Bert—just empty," Jewell said sadly.

Bert looked round, thinking she meant they were alone.

"I mean fame, Bert, and all that goes with it. Where does it get us? Livin' in hotels and trains and theaters, throwing our lives away on people who don't appreciate us." Remembering the four hundred and fifty she pulled down every week, she amended: "I mean your real worth, Bert. They see the smile and hear the song, but they go away and forget. Little they know of the aching heart underneath. You know what I mean, Bert?"

Bert knew. His heart had ached too.

"Do I?" He asked it bitterly, thinking of the tough season he had had with that whole week's lay-off in

Denver, and that low-life Benny Gold charging him double commission the week he doubled at the Palace and the Riverside, not to mention that long jump he had had from Chi to New Orleans, with two nights' Pullman fare.

"I don't know how we stand it, Jewell," he said sadly.

"We don't live like humans, Bert. No regular hours, no home cooking, sleeping on trains, never a chance to be in God's great outdoors."

"It's awful, Jewell," Bert agreed dolorously, remembering that time in Akron when he had wanted to get up early and play golf with the Rooney boys, but just couldn't make it after the tough night on the train playing poker. When he was able to get up, the sun was going down and he just had time to make next to closing. It was all unfair.

"For two cents I'd leave it flat, Jewell."

"Me too, Bert."

"Yeh, me too. I always wanted to go in a regular business."

"Many's the time, Bert, I laid awake nights, planning to give it all up. I'd do it tomorrow if ——" She hesitated, embarrassed.

"If what, Jewell?" he encouraged.

"Well, I mean if I ever met somebody I liked and we decided to settle down some place, in a little house in the country—one of those cute little houses with a big yard and trees and flowers ——"

"And a little car to run around in. A 1929 sport model."

"And a cute little kitchen where I can cook, Bert."

"Maybe a garden to grow our own vegetables."

"Yeh, Bert, and ——" She lowered her eyelids and softened her voice.

"And what, babe?"

"And kiddies, Bert."

Kiddies! Cute little tricks that came on for your encore or phoned to papa in No Man's Land, whose arms, smiles, kisses and prayers, sung of in a sentimental number, were guaranteed to bring the house down.

Tears came to Bert's eyes. "Jewell," he said reverently, "you're different from the rest of these booze hounds a fellow plays on the bills with. What do you say we double up?"

And Jewell was agreeable.

That was the opening day, and on the closing day they were married, the management cashing in on the publicity by giving them a wedding supper and inviting the press. The wedding proper was held on the stage in the presence of the other performers, the crew and orchestra and as many performers from the other houses as could make it. The table was decorated with a huge horseshoe of rosebuds and lilies of the valley, underneath which stood a silver cup engraved with the names of all those who had donated two dollars. Underneath the names were two large flatulent hands in a placid handclasp. The bride was married in the gown of white sequins she wore in her operatic number, and the groom wore the Tuxedo he had bought when he was made honorary member of the Green Room Club. They encountered some difficulty in finding a minister who would consent to marry actors on a vaudeville stage, but one of the crew finally helped them out by suggesting a friend of his who was justice of the peace out his way, and who would be grateful for the honor, as he always regretted not becoming an actor, having played a mean guitar when he was a boy.

So, everything considered, the wedding party turned out to be a huge success. It got a little lively toward the close and the manager began to worry about his evening performance, but this was remedied when the speeches started, for performers take their speeches seriously and everything else is forgotten while they are thinking them up.

Buddy Olsen, of Olsen and Flo, who had boasted all week to Flo that he was doing Bert's stuff ten years ago, started the ball rolling.

"I knew Bert for ten years," he said importantly; "in fact, I knew Bert in the old days when he wasn't the headliner he is now, and many a cup a coffee I bought for him in those days. Eh, Bert?"

"You were a real pal, Buddy—true-blue." Bert couldn't remember the cups of coffee, but he wished he had loaned Buddy that hundred he had asked for that time.

"And Bert's a real pal, folks—one of the finest pals a man ever had. Believe me, I knew him in the days when vaudeville was vaudeville and a split week was a split week and no Sunday concerts. Those were the happy days, eh, Bert?"

"You said a mouthful, Buddy."

Jewell Dody, Billed as Vaudeville's Sweetheart

"As for Jewell, folks, I knew her, too, back in the days when she was roughing it in tabloids, and I never as much as heard a rough word outa her or ever seen her do a thing a real lady wouldn't do in her own home. And believe me, folks, nowadays when a girl is clean she deserves all the breaks, and that's why I say, 'Good luck to my pals, Bert and Jewell, and may their cup of happiness overflow.'"

Bert and Jewell clasped hands under the table.

Then Miss What-Is-It, Fanchette, of Fanchette's cannes, and four of the Five Dancing Fools, all rose at once, but Mona Rosa talked them down:

"Folks, as you all know, I haven't been in vaudeville very long and I don't expect to be with you more than a few weeks, as I just took a test for the talkies and it turned out marvelous, but just the same I want to tell you that I never met a finer bunch of people in my life than the vaudeville performers, in spite of all that's said against them. I'm proud to be one of them. If I do say it myself, I'd rather be in vaudeville than in the movies, where your friends all knife you in the back and there's no such thing as a real pal. Believe me, folks, this wedding makes me sad when I think of the true friends vaudeville performers are to each other and remember all the dirty deals they give you in the movies. In vaudeville, a girl can hold her own, year after year, and her audience is loyal, but in the movies the minute she shows her years they cancel her contract. Not that my contract was canceled. I quit because I had a nervous breakdown, but believe me, there's many a girl who's lost her contract that way; but anyway, folks, I'm proud to throw in my lot with performers and proud to be in on this little party, and I want to wish the bride and groom all the happiness they so richly deserve, I am sure, and I only hope she never gets the dirty deal I got."

Then Mona collapsed into her seat, wiping her eyes, remembering the dirty deal owing to which she was now a headliner. The party was getting a little sad, with all the performers talking straight from the heart, but the real tears flowed when Bert and Jewell, at the close of the party, offered the pièce de résistance of the evening.

Jewell began it, in that low, refined voice Bert had first fallen in love with:

"Friends"—a long pause while the word sank in—"Friends, I guess you know how I and Bert feel tonight. I'm sure no words that I can express can make you understand how deeply and sincerely we appreciate the way you have shown your fellow feeling for us, and it will be many a long day before we will forget this happy little occasion. It will always be a beautiful memory to guide us through the rough highways of life and will cheer and comfort us when the paths

(Continued on Page 152)

Jewell, Watching Bert as He Lay on the Floor Getting Friendly With Al, the Orchestra Leader, and Wringing a Laugh a Second From the Willing Audience, Concluded That His Billing Was Not Exaggerated

The Call of the Pack

By Horatio Winslow

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

TO THE three men on the after deck it was just a disagreeable potashy smell altogether too pungent; in Yark, crouching beside the chair of Lieutenant Lemaitre, it roused unsteady visions of beach and floe and wild matings under the Pacific moon. He swayed his sleek black head, straining to hear the hook-hook-hook of seal calling to seal.

Lieutenant Lemaitre, director of Yagerboom's Gigantic Agglomeration of Trained Seals and Sea Lions, continued his thesis: "Yessir, a circus is no place for anybody that ain't wise and that can't make good. When you join a circus you make good or you get out. And there ain't much outside the white tops but hicks, boobs and rubes. . . . Ain't I right, Mr. Bellows?"

Ringmaster Bellows nodded as he twirled thoughtfully at his waxed mustaches.

Signor Pepiglossi, the operatic trapezist, added his testimony: "That's why a circus man likes the circus. He could make good outside easy, but he can't stand for the dumb people he'd have to associate with."

Yark's head and neck continued their rhythmical weaving. The odor of the seal bank had driven the present from his consciousness. His mind no longer concerned itself with the Star of Avalon, now conveying Yagerboom's Colossal Consolidated Five-Ring Circus from San Francisco to points north: it was painfully piecing together ancestral memories—inherited visions of the pleasures of the pack.

"Now, take Yark here." Lieutenant Lemaitre indicated the animal. "That shows you what circus training does. Born in the menagerie and right now the greatest clown seal* in the world, bar none. Yessir, many a time I read him my literchoor and I could see by his eyes he understood it. Wise. Why? The circus done it. And I let him come up on deck with me because I know he's wise; because I know he's got no use for a lot of boob seals swimming around in the ocean. He couldn't stand for 'em. But if Yark ever had to go out among 'em, he'd make good all right. He'd be elected king of the pack the same day. He'd have 'em eating out of his flippers. Now, take ——"

The lieutenant became silent as a brutal, coatless figure showing red flannel shirt sleeves strolled past the three chairs. His knuckles were skinned, his face scarred. The back of his neck was red and rough and criss crossed into little lozenges. He was Yagerboom's boss canvasman, and a symbolic artist seeking a model to represent Reality would have looked no farther. The boss canvasman expectorated a stream of tobacco juice and passed on.

The lieutenant continued in a lower voice: "Now, take me. More'n once I've thought if I could stand for mixing with all the rubes and boobs and hicks, I'd get out of the circus and go into politics."

Yark took a preliminary lurch toward the rail. He had no definite intention in making the move. Rather he seemed drawn irresistibly by a hitherto obscure impulse. No one noticed him.

"I had a dumb pal that went into politics and what is he right now? Congressman. If he got into Congress I'm wise enough to have got into the President's chair. I'd have made good all right."

The two listeners perked up.

"Wall Street," observed Ringmaster Bellows, a contemptuous smile curling his upper lip. "It's pretty soft for some of the big fellows I never decided to quit the circus and go in for finance. I know enough to make a lot of 'em jump through hoops."

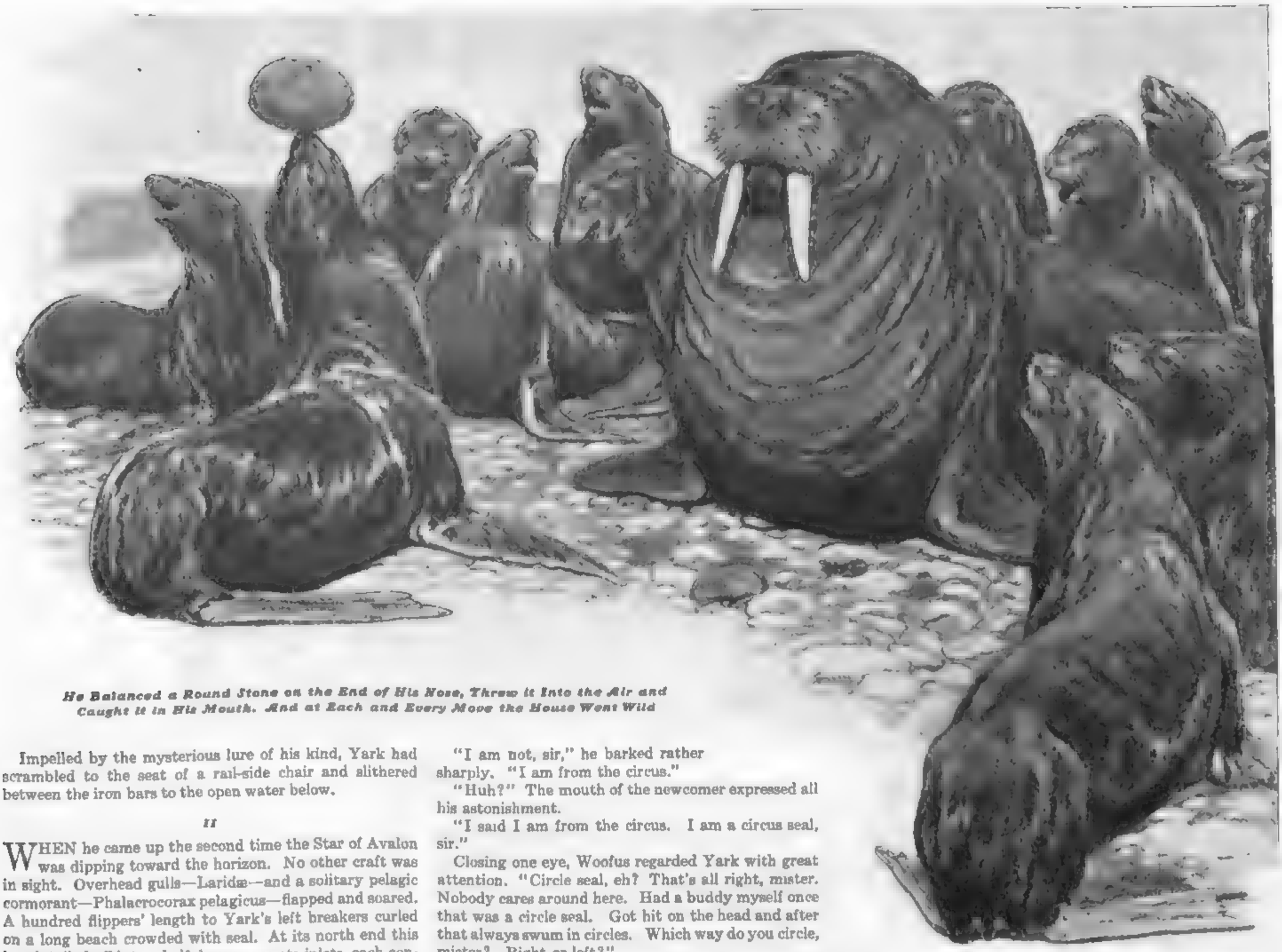
Signor Pepiglossi contributed his mite: "Take automobiles—there's my dish. The people making 'em now are boobs. But I worked out a design for a little car ——"

It was the raucous voice of the boss canvasman which cut short the conversation: "Look at your adjective-adjective seal!"

Lieutenant Lemaitre sprang forward, but it was too late.

*Though in this narrative Yark and his kind are called "seals" because of the common acceptance of the term, it should be remembered that there is a vast difference between the Phocidæ and the Otariidæ. The seal proper is a short-necked, fat-bodied, low-lying animal of high moral integrity, but distinguished neither by intelligence, activity, nor sense of humor. The "trained seal" of circus and vaudeville is commonly a sea lion—Zalophus californianus, for example. Such was Yark.

She Looked at Him With the Frankness of the Younger Generation. "You May Call Me Oolah, if You Wish"



He Balanced a Round Stone on the End of His Nose, Threw it Into the Air and Caught it in His Mouth. And at Each and Every Move the House Went Wild

Impelled by the mysterious lure of his kind, Yark had scrambled to the seat of a rail-side chair and slithered between the iron bars to the open water below.

II

WHEN he came up the second time the Star of Avalon was dipping toward the horizon. No other craft was in sight. Overhead gulls—Laridæ—and a solitary pelagic cormorant—Phalacrocorax pelagicus—flapped and soared. A hundred flippers' length to Yark's left breakers curled on a long beach crowded with seal. At its north end this beach tailed off into a half dozen separate inlets, each containing one or more Otariidæ sunning themselves.

It was while surveying the shore line that he became conscious of the fact that directly before him was one of his own kind. Long neck, small pointed ears, front flippers with neither hair nor claws, all marked that the individual belonged to Yark's order in the animal kingdom. But there was a gawkiness about the poise of the head and a wondering stare in the wide-open eyes, unmistakable indications of a life led far from the complexities and problems of inland civilization. The newcomer, Yark observed, had come directly from one of the smaller beaches where he had left a companion.

There was a bark of greeting. "Pleased to meet you, mister. Woofus—my name. From near here, are you?"

The calm assumption that Yark was a habitant of the local seaboard, though having a comic quality, was on the whole less diverting than irritating. Yark's reply was not untinged by his reaction.

"I am not, sir," he barked rather sharply. "I am from the circus."

"Huh?" The mouth of the newcomer expressed all his astonishment.

"I said I am from the circus. I am a circus seal, sir."

Closing one eye, Woofus regarded Yark with great attention. "Circle seal, eh? That's all right, mister. Nobody cares around here. Had a buddy myself once that was a circle seal. Got hit on the head and after that always swum in circles. Which way do you circle, mister? Right or left?"

Yark's flare of resentment passed as, amusedly, he realized that he had come among beings for the most part unaware of the higher manifestations of culture. Speaking rapidly and finding less difficulty than might be supposed, for the vocabulary of the Otariidæ has almost as wide a range as that of the English language, Yark described the great institution of which he had been a part. His phraseology was that of Lieutenant Lemaitre's literature—a collection of programs and press notices.

"My circus, sir," he concluded, after briefly sketching the fundamentals, "is the realization of a lifelong ambition, a mammoth and stupendous enterprise, all presented for the price of one single admission ticket. Personally, I am the leader and mirth-provoking clown of a hundred marvelously schooled seals and sea lions."

The expression on the visage of Woofus left nothing to be desired. Yark could not help contrasting the awkward gape with the poise of the female companion whom Woofus had left on the isolated inlet. The coquettish tilt of the snout and the light grace of every movement showed beyond a doubt that she was one of the younger set, playfully known in the seal world as flippers. Somewhat distrait by the discovery, he resumed:

"Twice a day, sir, I am introduced to an admiring public in the following words: 'This lordly animal is distinguished by his majestic bearing as well as by the bushy mane which clothes his neck and shoulders. The gait is noble and imposing, indicating both strength and courage, and he is appropriately called the King of Beasts. The voice is a deep roar and the victim remains rooted to the spot as if paralyzed by terror.'" He had raised his bark and wondered if perhaps the young female had overheard.

"Gosh, mister, do they say all that about you?"

"They do, sir. Moreover, as you doubtless know, all the world loves a clown, and I am the only genuine clown seal in existence. 'Quizzical merry-andrews, madcaps and funmakers of all nations may exert themselves as they please, but Yark, the clown seal, is funnier than all of them put together.' That is what one disinterested critic said of me."

The flipper had turned her head and was looking at him with obvious interest.

"Go on, mister." [Phonetically: *Wooch ooch oof.* The "ch" is pronounced as in German and is distinctly guttural.]

Yark did not need the exhortation.

"And it is only one of a thousand similar clippings which my secretary, Lieutenant Lemaitre, has at his disposal. 'Screaming pantomimes, travesties, farces and droll stunts are a commonplace with Yark. The individual who can watch Yark, the clown seal, without a smile had better see a plumber and have his face thawed out.' That is from the Minneapolis News."

"I never heard of anything like it, mister. Tell me some more."

By this time the young female was staring frankly. It occurred to Yark that he was wasting time on inessentials.

"Sorry, my friend," he answered with a *soupçon* of patronage, "but I've another engagement. By the way," he added, in order to post himself on local manners and customs, "when do we eat?"

"Huh?" The sudden bark suggested that Woofus had experienced a shock. His mouth opened while his eyes became like twin clamshells.

"I say, when do we eat? When do they throw us iced fish?"

Woofus seemed to have swallowed some salt water. "Iced fish," he repeated when he had stopped strangling—"iced fish. They'll be throwing us iced fish most any minute now, mister."

"See you in the privilege car," cracked Yark, plunging toward the shore, his veins atingle as a laughing chorus rose from a group on the larger beach:

"*Arf-arf-arf!*
'Twixt you and me,
That's the funniest fish
I ever did see."

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THE NAVY IN THE WAR

By T. P. Magruder, Rear Admiral, U. S. N.

Admiral Rodman's Squadron Putting to Sea, Firth of Forth, 1918

FOR the Navy, as for the Army, France was the focus of American wartime activities. At French seaports were landed the majority of American soldiers and supplies; off the west coast of France steamed a great number of convoys, submarine fighters and mine sweepers; on French soil operated the two very effective land units of our naval forces—the marine brigade and the naval railway batteries.

It was my privilege to serve in France from September, 1917, until April, 1919; first as chief of staff to Rear Admiral W. B. Fletcher, until his detachment as commander of the naval forces in France on October twentieth, then as commander, pending the arrival of Rear Admiral Henry B. Wilson, who assumed command on November first; later as commandant of the District of Lorient, one of the four naval districts corresponding with the French maritime *arrondissements* into which the coast had been divided. Before proceeding to Lorient, I acted as chief of staff for Admiral Wilson, until his officers became familiar with the situation at Brest. I have served under many admirals, but from none have I received more courtesy, consideration and confidence than was accorded me by Admiral Wilson.

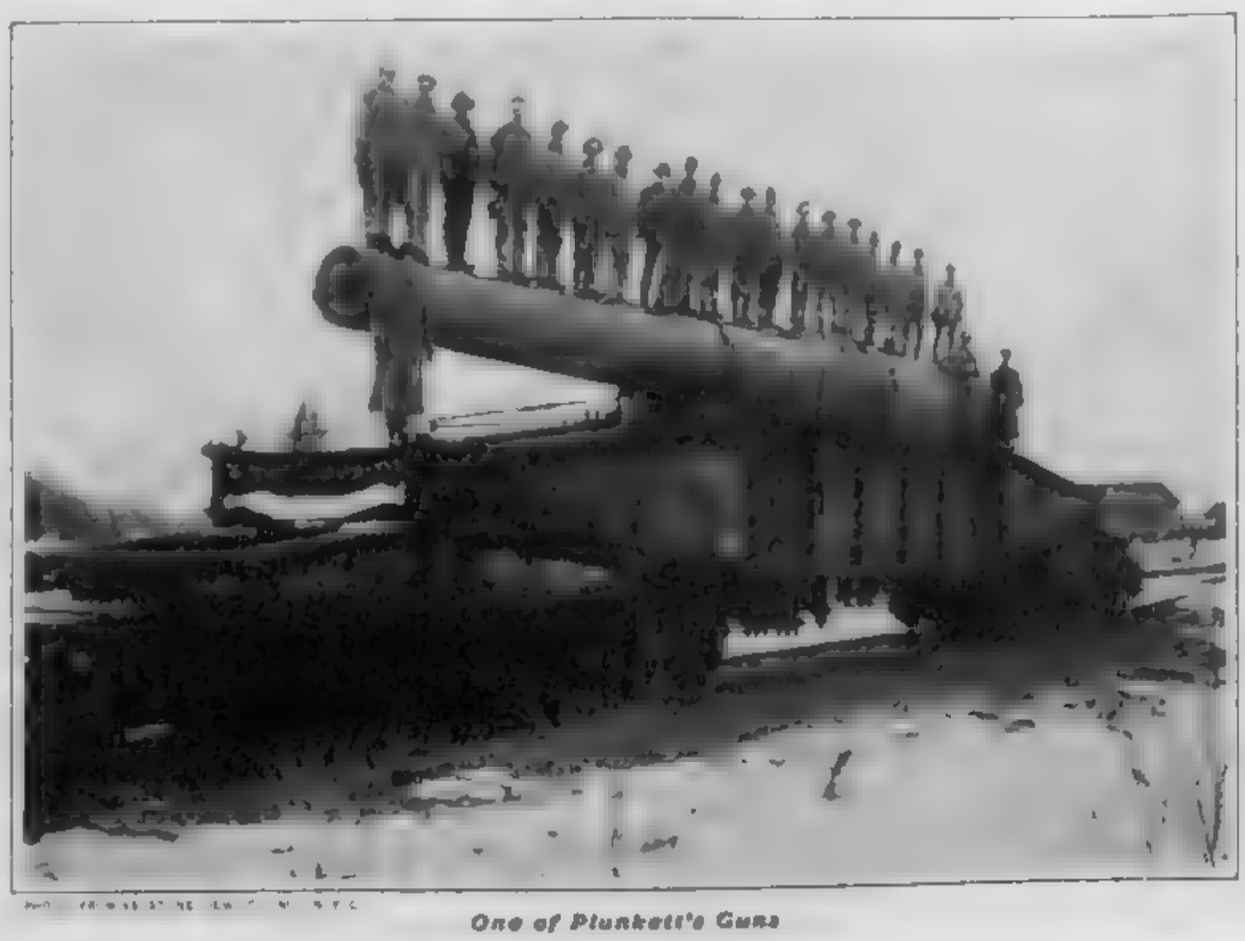
Business Before Pleasure

THE war mission of the American naval forces based along the French coast was, of course, the protection of troop and cargo transports and the destruction of submarines. With these ends in view, a complete organization with headquarters at Brest and widespread lines of operation and command was established as soon as practicable after our entrance into the war. As a result of the recommendations of the French Mission, which visited Washington in April of 1917, the Navy Department determined to send patrol ships to the French coast immediately. This was doubly important because the French had found it necessary to keep a great part of their active antisubmarine forces in the Mediterranean, and U-boats, therefore, were operating boldly in the Bay of Biscay.

Since the greater number of available American destroyers had been sent to Queenstown, Ireland, to cooperate with the British forces against submarines in waters surrounding the British Isles, it was, at first, difficult for the United States Navy to find effective antisubmarine ships for service along the French coast. The problem was solved by using yachts taken over at the outbreak of the war for conversion into armed auxiliaries, and such steam fishing boats as promised to make the long trip across the Atlantic and to perform the arduous duties which were sure to follow. The first division of armed yachts sailed from the United States on June 9, 1917, under the command of Rear Admiral Fletcher, reaching St. Nazaire June twenty-seventh, and Brest July fourth. A further detachment of smaller yachts followed, and my own squadron of fishing craft converted into mine sweepers and of submarine chasers built for the French arrived on September twenty-second. On this meager force of converted yachts and fishermen, rented, purchased or requisitioned from private owners, fell the burden of performing the American Navy's part in protecting the coast of France during the early months of our participation in the war. Naturally, the ships coöperated at all times with French naval vessels. Later they were reënforced by additional yachts and destroyers sent from the United States.

Theirs was a difficult duty for more reasons than one. Originally designed for pleasure cruises, with comfort rather than utility in view, the converted yachts were in constant danger from the heavy seas which from time to time rolled into the Bay of Biscay. Despite their smallness, they operated steadily and effectively throughout the war, maintaining the highest traditions of the American Navy.

When I arrived at Brest, our antisubmarine forces on the French coast consisted of seventeen converted yachts of varying size and speed, engaged in escorting convoys between Brest and St. Nazaire and patrolling in areas where submarine activities were suspected. So urgent was the need for ships to fight the U-boats that attempts were made to use the converted fishing vessels of my squadron for escort and patrol duty. Their evident unfitness for this work was soon demonstrated when one foundered in a moderate gale off Ushant on October fourth. Thereafter they were detached from this duty and fitted out as mine sweepers. Before the war ended, however, reënforcements arrived in such numbers that the naval forces in France had employed in all forty-three destroyers, twenty converted yachts, twelve submarine chasers, eleven trawlers—used as mine sweepers—eleven tugs, four tenders, two barges, a supply ship, a salvage vessel and a gunboat.



One of Plunkett's Guns

An Effective Check on U-Boats

APART from protecting troop and cargo transports from the United States, these vessels escorted foreign convoys sailing to and from French harbors and all other vessels passing the coast of France on their way to English or southern ports. Five ships of the force were lost in the performance of duty. The converted yacht, Wakiva, was sunk in a collision at sea. The Guinevere suffered shipwreck on the rocky coast, and the Alcedo was torpedoed. The trawler Rehoboth foundered in a storm, and the Bauman sank after striking a rock. The effectiveness of their service is demonstrated by records which show a marked reduction in the number of ships sunk by submarines along the west coast of France after the American forces went into operation.

In October of 1917, for example, twenty-four vessels fell victim to the U-boats in that area. In November the number was reduced to thirteen, in December to four, in January to nine, in February to one. In March none was lost, and thereafter the total was, indeed, low, as the ships maintained their constant guard over vulnerable convoys.

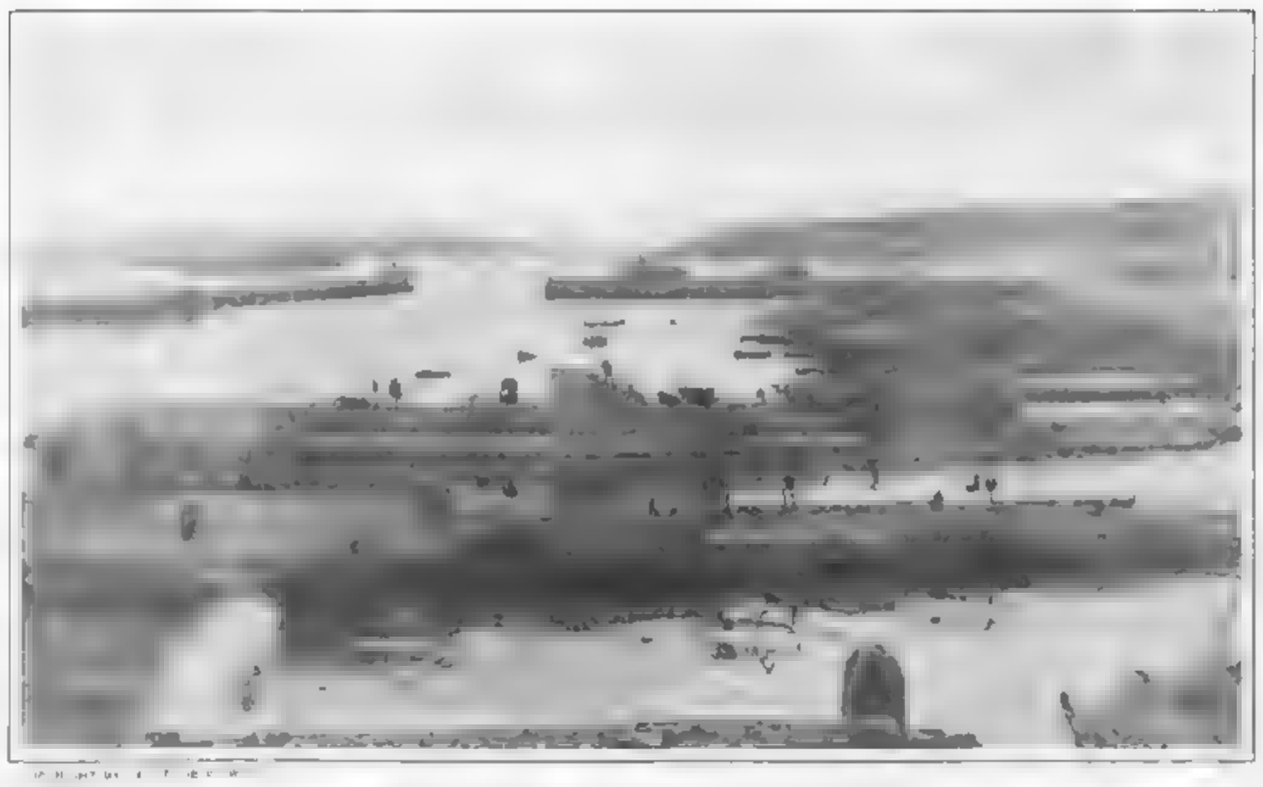
As the war continued, a complete American naval organization was built up along the French coast. The area was divided into four districts, corresponding to the French *arrondissements*. The Cherbourg district reached from Cape Antifer to the boundary of the Brest district. The Brest district ran from Cape Bréhat south to Penmarch Point; the Lorient district, which I commanded, from Penmarch to Fromentine; the

Rochefort district, under Captain N. A. McCully, U. S. N., from the boundary of Fromentine to the coast of Spain. Port officers were stationed at Brest, Havre, Cherbourg, Rouen, St. Malo, Granville, St. Nazaire, Nantes, Quiberon Bay, Sables d'Olonne, Bordeaux, La Pallice, Rochefort, Royan, Verdon, Pauillac and St. Jean de Luz, to coöperate, under the direction of district commanders, with Army officials and shipmasters in the rapid and safe movement of vessels and cargoes. After November 1, 1917, all the districts were operated under the command of Rear Admiral Wilson, with headquarters at Brest, who was in turn responsible to Admiral Sims at London, and to the senior French naval officer in the area, as provided in agreements between the Allied naval forces. Vice Admiral Moreau, *préfet maritime* of the Second Arrondissement, with headquarters also at Brest, exercised this authority during the greater part of American naval activity in France. Under him was Vice Admiral Schwerer, *commandant supérieur* of the divisions of Brittany, who commanded most of the French cruising forces in the Bay of Biscay. These forces were based chiefly at Brest, with detachments of mine sweepers, small torpedo boats and gunboats, known as the Défense Mobile, at Lorient and Rochefort. Throughout the war, coöperation between American and French forces was both harmonious and effective.

Even the civilian fishermen of war-stricken Brittany reflected the spirit of their naval forces. One day, in the midst of the antisubmarine campaign, an American patrol vessel off Belle Isle sighted a small French fishing schooner homeward bound from the Newfoundland Banks.

"Isn't that fisherman afraid he will be sunk by a U-boat?" the destroyer captain asked his Breton pilot.

The Frenchman shrugged. "*Oh! 'Y a un canon*," he explained with an air of complete confidence.



The French Submarine Base at Brest

Putting the District in Order

THE pilot was right. From the deck of the schooner pointed an old-fashioned, two-inch revolving cannon. The schooner crew apparently felt itself adequately armed to meet submarines mounting modern five or six inch guns.

Satisfactory performance of the important duties assigned to the American naval forces required a complete shore establishment. Before the end of the war repair ships were active in several districts, and repair shops had been established at Brest, Pauillac and Lorient; a salvage vessel was answering emergency calls from ships damaged by submarines or in accidents; hospital facilities were provided to care for the sick from ships basing on the French coast, and from the transports, as well as survivors and wounded from torpedoed craft; a receiving barracks with a capacity for 2300 men and mess accommodation for 5000 was established; patrol forces were organized to maintain order and discipline among the naval personnel on shore, and extensive communication systems, including telegraph and telephone lines and radio stations, were installed. Among the most important of these lines was a leased wire directly connecting the Brest headquarters with Admiral Sims in London.

The duties of the American forces in the four districts consisted throughout the war principally of patrol and convoy work. In my own district a mine-sweeping division—my old Squadron Four—was assigned to keeping clear the approaches to St. Nazaire. The Wakiva, my former flagship, was needed for escort duty, and in its place I was given a converted yacht, the Guinevere, which, though small and slow, made a satisfactory flagship for a squadron composed only of converted trawlers.

Arriving at Lorient with the squadron on December 14, 1917, I received a rather discouraging reception from the French vice admiral in command of that district. He suggested that we base at the small fishing village of La Trinité on Quiberon Bay, a port lacking all facilities. After vigorous representations I obtained permission to base at Lorient instead, and maintained headquarters there during the remainder of the war. This officer was later succeeded by Vice Admiral Aubry, with whom we had coöperated at Brest and from whom, after his arrival, we enjoyed the most helpful coöperation, as was the case with virtually all French officers in the district. Captain Jolivet, the officer commanding the French forces afloat, whose duties corresponded with mine, won our particular regard. I recall explaining to him on one occasion the difficulties I had met in trying to obtain facilities from the first *préfet maritime*.

Captain Jolivet sighed. "*Ah, mon commodore*," he finally commiserated, "*la vie à terre est bien compliquée*."

Through Mine Fields

COMPLEX, indeed, we found it, as our work progressed. On January 12, 1918, the Bauman struck a rock near Concarneau. The Anderton, Lieutenant Muller commanding, went to the rescue and attempted to tow the mine sweeper to port. The ship foundered, however, just before arriving at Lorient and its executive officer, Ensign P. J. Ford, with a boat's crew that had been left aboard, narrowly escaped drowning. Shortly after, on January 25, 1918, the Guinevere ran on the rocks while returning to Lorient in a fog. The vessel was a total loss, although the French authorities used every effort to salvage her. With it sank many papers and mementoes collected in the course of long naval experience; a loss keenly felt.

Meanwhile, the activities in the District of Lorient increased in volume and in number. With the helpful cooperation of the French naval authorities, arrangements were made to erect a machine shop with American tools; concrete foundations for oil tanks were constructed by prisoners of war; orders were placed for the tanks; hotels were requisitioned for the accommodation of the personnel required at the various stations in the district; a villa and a casino on the seashore near Lorient were converted into a naval hospital, and other additions to the shore establishments were undertaken. In addition to these, I had the supervision of five air stations in my district. One at Paimbœuf, on the Loire River, was the only American Naval lighter-than-air station in France. The headquarters organization, when finally completed, consisted of Captain T. P. Magruder, commandant of the district; Commander L. M. Stevens, U. S. N., senior aide; Lieutenant Commander F. G. Blasdel, aide; and Lieutenant Commander J. B. Will, communication and intelligence officer. The hospital was commanded by Lieutenant Commander R. Duval Jones, U. S. N. R. F., and the supply department by Lieutenant C. G. A. Johnson, reserve force, who by his ability, energy and zeal kept the activities in the district supplied with all necessary material facilities. I was fortunate in obtaining a capable and efficient staff.

As far as the Lorient district was concerned, mine sweeping represented a most important activity. For almost a year the converted trawlers dragged for mines placed in the convoy routes, cleared the older mine fields around Belle Isle and the entrance to the Loire River, and guided troopship convoys through freshly swept channels to the port of St. Nazaire. This was not spectacular

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A Mine Sweeper Preparing for Action

WARNING HILL

By John P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

VI

THE thing about it all that hurt Tommy most in the years to come was the certain knowledge that everyone in Michael's Harbor knew everything, though, of course, he was the last to hear. He could imagine the whispers and the shrugging of shoulders, for, of course, no one could understand that anything was fine. They knew his father for a weak man, and perhaps they all were right, but Tommy loved him still.

In the hall of the Michael house there hung a wretchedly executed portrait of a man past middle age, which seemed to Tommy to explain everything much better than words. It was the picture of his grandfather, Thomas Jefferson Michael, ruddy-faced, with gray eyes frowning from under heavy brows and with the white mutton-chop whiskers of the traditionally benevolent old gentleman. Poorly done as that portrait was, those whiskers were something of a travesty, because it was a hard old face, despite its hearty ruddiness. The eyes and mouth were hard. The nose was pointed and straight. No wonder Thomas J. Michael made money at the law. Relentless patience and courage were all translated to the canvas, even by the inept hand of that forgotten artist—those and a self-importance which set better with the whiskers. Though that energetic old gentleman had vanished a decade and more before, wafted to glory on the wings of apoplexy, the spirit of his self-importance seemed hovering restless still, to crop up sadly before one's eyes. The summerhouse by the shore, and the coach house and all the jig-saw scrolls upon the eaves spoke of Thomas Michael's efforts. The very frame of the portrait was like him, immense and golden, and as heavy with balanced and disproportioned decorations as the Fourth of July addresses he once delivered by the soldiers' monument upon the green.

"I'll Hold Him, Tom. I Want to See You Go. You Tell Me What It Looks Like, Tommy, When You Get Back Home"

There were many moanings at the bar when that bold figure which had so long adorned it passed away. There were echoes which Tommy heard that demonstrated a spirit beyond a country lawyer's scope, capable of traveling beyond the Summer County Courthouse and the Summer County Bank, if a thick neck and heavy dinners had not sent it to still rarer distances. There were stories. He was vital and incisive enough to be the hero of local stories, told in the heavy aroma of cigar smoke when hotel chairs are reared up on their hind legs and tired old feet are propped upon the front of veranda railings and the ashes trickle like glaciers down the vests to mingle with the pins of fraternal orders.

There was the sort of man that Thomas Michael was, and Tommy knew the type—a successful small-town gentleman who headed the directors of the local bank and was counsel for the trolley company. Now why should he have had a son like Alfred? It must have been a penalty ordained by a tempering Providence.

Tommy could see it clearly as time allowed him to look back. Of course old Thomas could never have known what Tommy's father meant. He had no sympathy, surely, for the curse of facility that lost itself. He had no friendliness for failure. He gave no help. He only watched with contempt, tinged with his own self-pity, a phenomenon which he could not understand. They must have had words, for no one with Thomas Michael's face would have stopped with thoughts; and it must have been rather terrible when those two got down to words. Tommy could fancy the old parlor ringing with words until the heavy laces before the windows shook and Thomas Michael's face went purple. He could imagine his father's adroit irony clashing with the fire of an old man's invectives, though all the while poor Alfred must have known that Thomas was dead right. He was useless—not fit to carry a corkscrew in his key ring or to have a bank account. What had Thomas done, under the blue heaven, to be cursed with the burden of a shirker? What in the devil's name was the use in reading books if it didn't get you anywhere? What the devil was he going to do—nothing and watch the lilies grow? Did he think he was a rich man's son? He'd find out some day he wasn't so blank-blanked rich.

Yes, he would! He'd find out some day, when it was too late, that you couldn't get something for nothing. What was the use in heaping advantages on a blank-blank rotten apple? What good had college done? Hadn't it cost five thousand dollars to get Alfred home again? And could he settle down and work in the city? Not by a blank sight, he couldn't. How the blazes could a man get on messing around in bucket shops? What was he going to do? He was getting too blanked old for nonsense, and what was he going to do? What had he done up to date except, by some pertinacity of error, to fall in love with a girl no one ever heard of. He hoped by blazes she'd make him dance. He hoped ——

Aunt Sarah told Tommy often enough about those scenes. She'd sat through them in the parlor. She'd even said a word now and again when Alfred had walked out and slammed the door.

"It's your fault, Tom," she told him once when Alfred slammed the door. "Haven't you got sense to see he isn't like you?"

"Why isn't he like me?" roared Tom Michael. "Isn't he my son?"

"It's your fault, I tell you," said Aunt Sarah. "Have you ever let him do anything he wants? You know you haven't, Tom."

"Why the blazes should I?" roared Tom Michael. "Don't I know best?"

"Well, well, well," Aunt Sarah said. "Break his spirit if you want to. You'll have him thinking he isn't worth anything and then he'll never be."

"You're wrong," said Tom, biting off the end of a cigar. "When he knows he isn't worth a continental he'll brace up and get to work—and I'm the man to make him know."

And they both were right. Alfred Michael knew he was not worth a continental and he never was, and Tommy knew it too. Try as he might not to know, he knew it. Yet there was strength somewhere behind that failure, Tommy also knew. There was a magnificence, as vague and intangible as phosphorescent light, gleaming resplendent in that shadowy man, which often made his eyes grow dim, because Tommy loved him.

The sun was setting over Michael's Harbor, and the sky was a deep fine red. Tommy could remember the exact color, because ever after he was troubled and distressed when such a redness in the sky heralded other dusks. The wind was winking with the sun, leaving in its wake that evening silence across which sounds could travel much more clearly than at any other time. Though the bridge over Welcome River was half a mile away, Tommy could hear the occasional clatter of hoofs and wheels, and across the river, snatches of laughter and the shouting of children in the streets, gentle always, half stifled by the distance.

Tommy was standing by the gateposts of the Michael drive, looking toward the elms as well as he could, which was not very well, for his right eye was puffed so that he could hardly see. Nevertheless, he could notice how dark the leaves were growing, approaching in darkness the shadows on the lawn, and he knew that soon everything in the world outside—the house, the trees, the bushes, would be nothing but one vast shadow until morning came. He did

not notice Mr. Street approach until he was close beside him, which was not strange, because Mr. Street walked gently in spite of his great height.

"Tommy," he said, "is your daddy home?" Tommy shook his head.

"Where'd he go?"

"He went for a walk," said Tommy, "up toward Warning Hill. I'm waiting for him now."

"Ha!" said Mr. Street. "Why're you waiting—a little shaver like you? Isn't your daddy often out nights?"

"I don't know why," said Tommy, "but I'm waiting."

"Well, put this in your mouth," said Mr. Street, and gave Tommy a little paper bag with red and green stripes on it. Inside was a piece of yellow candy on a stick. "It's an all-day sucker," Mr. Street explained. "You got it coming to you."

"Thank you very much," said Tommy.

"You ain't got much to thank me for," said Mr. Street. "At that you ain't, but next time you see Mal he won't do what he done to you again."

"You tell Mal," said Tommy, "I'm going to lick him some day."

"Huh," said Mr. Street, "who told you so?"

"My—my father did."

"Your daddy's a good man," said Mr. Street, "but he's awful optimistic. Huh, here he's coming now."

Sure enough Alfred Michael was walking down the road, staring at the red sky, and the last of the sun was on him; it gave him a reddish-golden glow and his walking stick was like a bar of gold. But when he reached the gate and the sun was off him it seemed to Tommy that his father must have been walking a long time.

"Ah," he said, "break the news, Jim."

"Alf," said Mr. Street, and cleared his throat, "she faded out, Alf."

"The deuce, you say!" said Alfred Michael. "Well, it isn't your fault, Jim. Remember that—not your fault a bit."

Jim Street coughed. "Seen Jellett?"

"Yes," said Tommy's father. "Jellett faded too—balked right at the barrier. Why, Tom, you here too? How's your eye?"

"It's all right," said Tommy. "I don't mind it now."

Mr. Street nodded gravely. "He's a sport," he said, "just like his daddy—a dead-game sport."

Tommy always remembered how pleased his father was. It seemed to Tommy that he had never looked so happy or so proud.

"That's something," he said. "That's something, isn't it?" And he dropped his hand on Tommy's shoulder.

Mr. Street coughed and cleared his throat. "Alf," he said, "I've known you since we were kids, and you only have to look in the mirror to see a dead-game sport."

Later Tommy knew that Mr. Street's recommendations were of as doubtful value as Mr. Street was himself. But it only made the pathos stronger. He looked up at his father proudly.

"There're some things that stay bright, Tom," he said. "Don't be forgetting that."

"Daddy," said Tommy, "here's mother."

His mother was hurrying down the driveway, slender in her gingham dress, and, though her mouth was half open, it still seemed to be a thin straight line. Though her face was still like a flower of wax, her cheeks were redder and her eyes were very bright.

"Get off of this place," she said to Mr. Street, and caught her breath. "Get off, you coward."

There was something dreadful in her anger. Even Tommy knew that. It was the first time he had ever seen anger rise in a woman beyond all reason and restraint. It was frightful—that change from a bent and narrow figure with a duster in her hands, into sublimated fury.

"Now, ma'am—now, ma'am ——" began Mr. Street.

"Get off this place." The voice of Estelle Michael was shriller. "How dare you come here, you gutter scum, after what you did to my boy? . . . Tommy, fetch the riding crop. It's over the mirror in the hall!"

"But, ma'am ——" began Mr. Street, holding out his hands.

"Estelle!" Tommy's father spoke sharply. "I told you it was my fault; I told you I'd take the blame!"

"You!" Tommy's mother whirled on him with a half-raised hand. "Of course you'll take the blame. Did you ever do anything else? Can't you stand up and be a man for once? If you can't, I can! . . . Tommy, did you hear me?"

"Before God, ma'am ——" Mr. Street's face was white. "Get your riding switch if you've a mind to ——"

"Jim," said Tommy's father, "you'd better go away."

"Yes," said Estelle Michael, "he'd better go—and you, too, for all the good you are. What have you done to help us? Must I always be the one?"

"I've tried, Estelle." Tommy looked up, startled, because his father's voice was so very queer. "I swear I've tried, Estelle. Won't you remember that?"

But his mother did not answer. She had turned and was running toward the house with her hands before her face.

"Daddy," said Tommy—"daddy, what's the matter?"

For surely something was the matter. Tommy knew it, even when Alfred Michael took his hand, because he said the strangest thing:

"Your mother's tired, Tommy, but you mustn't blame her for anything she says. I hope that you'll be like her, if you don't grow too hard."

Tommy looked up at the elm trees, and it seemed to him that he had never seen the leaves so dark; and the sky, too, was growing darker, because the red was leaving it, now that the sun was down.

VII

HIS mother did not come down to supper. It was the first time that Tommy had known an evening meal go by without her sitting at the foot of the table in the golden-oak dining room that old Thomas Michael had built. There was no one to correct his manners. Aunt Sarah usually supped upstairs on her dark-wood sewing table, and Tommy was not sorry. It was a great deal pleasanter to be alone with his father, waited on by Nora, the Irish maid, just as though Tommy also was a man. The conversation, too, was pleasanter, for it did not deal with the price of things, or bills or bits of village gossip, and there were no complaints about dirty hands or the natural drooping of the spinal column above a plate. Instead, his father talked to him exactly as though he were a man.

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"You've Seen Me?" Stammered Tommy, and it Seemed a Most Peculiar Thing That She Should Have Ever Seen Him

ANDREW JOHNSON—The Rail-Splitter's Running Mate

By John Trotwood Moore

The Old Tailor Shop of Andrew Johnson, at Greeneville, Tennessee

WHEN Andrew Johnson, military governor of Tennessee, with headquarters at Nashville, received the message that he had been nominated for Vice President of the United States on a ticket with Abraham Lincoln at the National Union Convention at Baltimore in June, 1864, he remarked with cynical humor:

"What will the aristocrats do with a rail-splitter for President and a tailor for Vice President?"

This is the key to the psychology of Johnson—his scorn for those he termed aristocrats.

In the historical museum of the State of Tennessee is a faultlessly assembled black broadcloth coat made by Andrew Johnson when he was governor of Tennessee, in 1853, for his friend Judge W. W. Pepper, of Springfield, Tennessee. It is the only coat ever made by a governor of his state who was also Vice President and President of the United States. It is a most remarkable exhibit, illustrating the poor boy's chance to rise in America from poverty and obscurity to greatness and honor.

This coat fits both the Rail-Splitter and the Tailor, as it has many other great Americans. Today history is repeating it; the President of the United States today has already acclaimed the same beneficent possibilities in the great country of his birth.

Gifts of the Heart and Hand

IT SEEMS that Judge Pepper had been a blacksmith before studying law and being later elevated to the circuit bench. When his friend Andrew Johnson was elected governor of Tennessee, Judge Pepper went into a near-by blacksmith shop, selected iron to his own liking, and with forge and hammer made a substantial pair of shovel and tongs for his friend's gubernatorial fireplace. Not to be behind in courtesy, Governor Johnson got a tailor to give him Pepper's measurements, selected the best piece of black broadcloth in town, and sat cross-legged on the governor's table in the state capitol behind closed doors at night till he finished the garment. His letter to Judge Pepper, covering two long pages, is typical: He reminded his friend that he was "a mechanic, a plebeian mechanic, and not ashamed or afraid to own it, in or out of office." He cited a list of great artisans and mechanics "from Adam and Tubal-Cain down to the present time," and showed how much more praiseworthy they were than those "who have no merit of their own and rely on those who have gone before, preferring empty shadows where all merit has run out or ends . . . leaving themselves to be reproached by being likened to the potato plant, the best part of which is always underground."

Andrew Johnson's pride in proclaiming that he was a plebeian is only equaled by his contempt for the class he called the aristocrats.

Environment wields the heaviest mallet that hammers out the statues of our souls. A slave-bound boy for six years to a journeying tailor, holding horses of the rich for a silver tip, chained from morn till night to a table and a pair of shears, with no chance for play or school while he saw other boys playing or idling all around him—this shackling environment struck deeply into every seam of his life.

There are only four kinds of office that may be attained by a citizen under the Constitution of the United States—legislative, judicial, military and executive.

Andrew Johnson is the only man in American history who attained to all these and was both Vice President and President of the United States. Since he never went to school a day in his life, there must have been ability, talent, courage, integrity and statesmanship of the highest order to have reached this mark. Surely no ordinary "ignorant and uncouth demagogue," as some of his enemies called him, ever could have attained by chance or accident such a record as this.

Mrs. Andrew Johnson

Though mythhood has claimed many of our heroes, some of them have escaped. Their rugged earthiness has held them among us. Their varied lines of strenuous achievements have so nearly filled the imagination of men while they lived, that, dead, there is nothing left to hang a myth upon. Old Israel Putnam, Mollie Pitcher, John Paul Jones, George Rogers Clark, Andrew Jackson, U. S. Grant, Stonewall Jackson, Farragut, Forrest—these live today as when they died, with no glamour of mythiness over them.

Imagine the potentiality of the influence of mythhood, when today, it is said, there is a movement on foot to erect a monument in Missouri to Jesse James. This mythhood sometimes works in awful reverse—an inconsidered act, a chance word, an accident, even a phrase, and it is fixed!

It was so with Andrew Johnson, seventeenth President of the United States, more trusted and relied upon by Lincoln than any other member of his official family, and who, next to his great chief, did more to preserve the Union than any other civil official of his day.

A Bad Slip

"NO MAN has a right to judge Andy Johnson in any respect who has not suffered as much and done as much for the nation," said Lincoln in 1864. And when they told him that Andrew Johnson was drunk when he was sworn in on March 4, 1865, as Vice President of the United States, the kindly Lincoln said with emphasis: "Don't you bother about Andy's drinking. He made a bad slip the other day, but I've known Andy Johnson a great many years and he's no drunkard." Yet half those who have heard of him believe he was a drunkard who disgraced his seat in the White House. And half the others still believe that he was a Republican elected with Lincoln and betrayed his party. They will scarcely now believe the truth—that he was not even a habitual drinker, that he was not a Republican but was a Democrat, elected with Lincoln on a war ticket of both parties known as the National Union Party, and that instead of betraying his party, he stood impeachment, ostracism and ruin rather than betray his own and Lincoln's principles.

Andy—that is the term of endearment that the great Emancipator loved to call him, and that is the term the people of Tennessee love to use to honor and revere his memory today.

Drunk, impeachment—these are the two awful and unjust reversals we must face in gauging Andrew Johnson's place in history. Let us settle the first error right here. It was, indeed, a cruel prank of Fate that monkey-wrenched the cog of his destiny the day Andrew Johnson was inaugurated Vice President of the United States and gave his political enemies their chance to magnify this "slip," as Lincoln termed it, before the world.

The Vice President was not drunk. He was never drunk in his life, as his record, public and private, and the evidence of men and women still living who knew him in his home town and state, will testify. Parson Brownlow, courageous, fanatic and honest, Johnson's bitterest and most vindictive Whig opponent in the old days, and who rose at last to the senatorship of Tennessee on Johnson's impeachment, said of him in the scandal following the vice-presidential scene: "I have never failed to denounce Andrew Johnson, but I never charged him with being a drunkard. In fact, nobody in Tennessee ever regarded him as being addicted to the excessive use of whisky."

It happened this way: When the last week of February, 1865, came to Andrew Johnson, elected in the preceding

November Vice President of the United States, but at that time military governor of Tennessee, he was living at his official home in Nashville. For three years he held this perilous position on the very border of the bitter fighting of contending armies—much of it guerrilla warfare. Not a day but his life was in grave jeopardy. No soldier on the firing line ever risked more than he. Three times the city was attacked. If captured, he would have been shot without prayers.

Johnson, at the beginning of the war, as United States senator, was in a war-proof seat in Washington. He might have stayed there and thundered only with oratory, as so many others did. Lincoln, realizing his courage and his fitness for the perilous post, importuned him to act as military governor of Tennessee. This he did. But in February, 1865, he was a worn, broken, and now a very ill man from three years of it—flu, perhaps, now; almost pneumonia then. His physicians told him that to go to Washington for this inauguration would doubtless be fatal. Johnson wrote Lincoln, stating his condition and asking that the oath be administered to him in Nashville. Lincoln wired him to come on if humanly possible. Lincoln's wire was almost a command. He left his sick bed, risking his life to make the long journey of three or four days to the national capital. The one preventive of pneumonia in that day was whisky. Johnson's physicians kept him stimulated with it during the long journey. There, on that memorable cold day of March 4, 1865—memorable in that Lincoln uttered his last message of "malice toward none; with charity for all"—they bundled his sick running mate off to the Capitol in a closed carriage with Hannibal Hamlin, the outgoing Vice President. He had taken no stimulant when he had left his rooms at the old Kirkwood Hotel, and complained on the way, to Hamlin, of feeling faint and that he feared he would be very ill and not able to speak.

Mrs. Martha Johnson Patterson

Forgiveness

THE outgoing Vice President, so the story goes, happened to have his flask with him, and Johnson, not knowing it was 100 per cent French brandy, gauged it to the standard of his own 60 per cent mountain dew, which he, like nearly every public man of his day, knew so well how to handle. Not knowing this, when Johnson arrived in the Vice President's room, still complaining of being ill, John W. Forney, secretary of the Senate, went personally to the bar and brought him a tumblerful of the same deadly French brandy and "was amazed and aghast" to see Johnson toss off the full tumbler as if it were water! When he arose to accept his office, it was noticed that he had no manuscript in his hand and in a short time it was seen from his speech that he was overstimulated—not so greatly that his speech did not at last ring true to his many others that had carried him from his tailor shop to the presidency. His greatest offense appears to have been directed at the gold-braided diplomats in the gallery, when he reminded them with becoming earnestness that they were as naught—uniform, gold braids and all—compared to the plain people of the land!

It has been smiled off by the world since then, but not among his constituents in Tennessee. To them it was more serious than impeachment and is still pointed out as a stern example of retributive justice. Old Squire Jeff Coleman, noted wag and justice of the peace, of Columbia, Tennessee, summed up that view to the writer forty years ago: "We can forgive Andy for takin' a nip too much an' tellin' them gold-braided fellows what they were, but we can never forgive Andy's lack of judgment an' raisin' in mixin' their furrin licker with hisn."

Johnson, it is true, drank—as did practically all public men of his day—and sometimes too freely. The war years of 1860–1865 were especially prolific of overindulgence. Men facing death and the brutal hardships of war have always used whisky to disillusion, in part, its horrors, and brace them for the conflict. Recognizing this, when serious complaint was made to Lincoln that General Grant was drunk at Shiloh, the President turned it off by asking for the brand of liquor that Grant used—he wished to recommend it, he said, to some of his other generals!

The life lines of Johnson and Lincoln are strangely paralleled. Lincoln's father, Thomas, was "a thriftless farmer," perhaps, but he was a handy man at most any kind of manual labor. Johnson's father, Jacob, was porter at old Casso's Inn at Raleigh, North Carolina, sexton for the church and porter in Colonel William Polk's bank. He was the one reliable handy man in the little town, and "having the requisites of vigor, docility and fidelity, he was the best-loved person in town," according to one of the state's most eminent historians.

Both Mary McDonough and Nancy Hanks were women of great good sense, turning a willing, hefty hand to any kind of work, including weaving and spinning. Mary McDonough was a woman of all work at the inn and also did the washing for some of the gentry.

There was little schooling for either Lincoln or Johnson. They taught themselves from books, from men and the world. Johnson's greatest good luck was marrying Eliza McCardle, at nineteen. It is interesting to note that Mordecai Lincoln, Abraham Lincoln's kinsman, tied the knot. It was she who taught him to write, directed and guided his reading. His devotion to her in their long life is his one minor chord of tenderness and romance.

Both Lincoln and Johnson left home early and became citizens of newer states. Both fought their way to honors and fame by sheer courage, character and intellect. But Johnson won his in a harder field. Lincoln left slavery and its aristocracy for the only environment in which he could have won—a free state. Had he remained in Kentucky he would have been a country lawyer and perhaps a circuit judge or congressman, and if he had prospered he most assuredly would have owned a few slaves.

Andrew Johnson

Johnson's rise is the more remarkable. Proclaiming his plebeianship on every hand, he won his over both wealth and the aristocrats, and from the bench of the bound apprentice became their leader. Together they preserved the Union through a war that at times hung upon a thread. Both were martyrs—Lincoln, for the cause; Johnson, a martyr to Lincoln.

They are the two colossal political figures of the greatest crisis in American history.

Naming the New Baby

ACCORDING to tradition a dance was in progress in the old Casso Inn that Christmas week of 1808 when the word was brought that the beloved porter's good wife, Aunt Polly Johnson, had given another heritage to posterity. The fiddling ceased and all the pretty girls who expected some day to see their own babies, rushed out to the ramshackle cottage to see it. The innkeeper's daughter, sprightliest of the bunch, asked the name of the lusty black-eyed youngster. There was none, and Aunt Polly, the mother, sadly bewildered on things literary and poetical, asked pretty Peggy Casso to help her out.

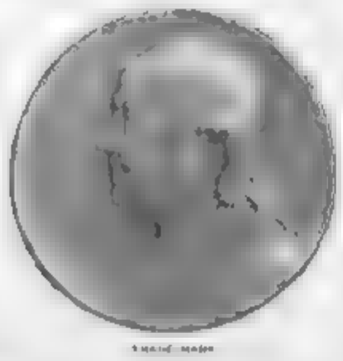
"Andrew Jackson Johnson!" cried the delighted young lady.

Aunt Polly thought it was good, but a little too much for short talking. The "Jackson" was later dropped. But it did its work. The democracy of Andrew Jackson and his slogan that the Union must be preserved became Johnson's religion. With the zeal of Peter the Hermit he preached it in and out of season, and with the stubbornness of Cato, of Carthage fame, he reiterated it from his tailor's bench to the White House. And

(Continued on Page 162)

The Home of President Johnson at Greeneville

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 30, 1929

The Right to Beauty

THE state of Nevada leads all the rest in the thoroughgoing character of the legislative means she has taken to preserve the natural beauties of her highways. Rural billboards may not be erected except upon the issuance of a permit, and such permits are not granted for any location in which they would measurably mar the natural beauty of the scenery or obscure the view of the road ahead.

Many states have billboard legislation carrying restrictions that are frankly in the interests of safety rather than for the preservation of beauty. Nevada, with equal frankness, recognizes outdoor beauty as an asset and holds that the right to enjoy it is one which should not be taken from her citizens and visitors. This is a basic principle which ought to be borne in mind not only in framing laws for the restriction of billboards but for exercising reasonable control over the character of filling stations and other vending establishments which abut on rural highways.

Connecticut has taken a forward step in requiring the licensing of all roadside filling stations and in making the issuance of the license dependent upon the location. The hot-dog stands, the soft-drink bars and the roadside lunch counters ought to be subjected to similar restrictions. The gaudy ugliness of many of these noisy monuments to bad taste ranks with the worst of the billboards as a public nuisance. It is pleasant, therefore, to note that certain of the oil companies have awakened to the great commercial truth that good taste can be made to pay.

Mr. Thomas H. MacDonald, Chief of the Bureau of Public Roads, is quite right in his contention that it is unfair to the motoring public that the very industries which depend upon the highways for their whole business should be among the worst offenders in the matter of maintaining ugly and disfiguring signs along our roadsides. He is also right in giving the credit which may be fairly claimed by the makers of many high-grade, standard products for abandoning these offensive circus methods of advertising.

Stable Money

FEW if any visions have beckoned so long and so brightly to economists, professional and amateur, as the hopeful idea of stabilizing the monetary standard and with it the general level of prices. For generations thoughtful men have realized that shifts in the purchasing power of money work grave hardships and injustice. The remedy usually proposed is to modify or even wholly to abolish the gold standard, which mankind has adopted as the result of centuries of trial and error, and which is the most stable monetary standard that we have as yet been able to devise.

In general, the reformers propose a manipulated or deliberately administered monetary standard, the changes to be made by some government bureau, all to the worthy end of stabilizing prices.

The war seriously upset price levels, and agitation in favor of a change in monetary standards has been especially insistent of late years. The reformers are enthusiastic and powerful pleaders, but the remedies they suggest are not especially new. One idea is to substitute for the present gold dollar a composite of commodities, the quantities to be altered with the shifting price level. A more recent proposal is the "compensated" gold dollar, one in which the amount of gold is to be shifted by a government bureau. Another school of thought proposes that through act of Congress the Federal Reserve Board be given increased powers and instructed to control the level of prices by open market operations, moving the discount rate up and down, and other similar devices.

So insistent and plausible have the reformers become, and so enormous is the flood of literature put out by them, that it is fortunate to have available at last to the economist and business man a searching critical study of these proposals. Joseph Stagg Lawrence, an instructor in economics at Princeton University, has written a book on stabilization of prices which focuses the objections to what to many cautious men seem extravagant and even wild schemes of monetary reform.

Even eggs have been declared by one ardent reformer to be a better standard than gold, although upon examination Mr. Lawrence declares that eggs pass through a greater cycle of values every twelve months than gold has sustained in a century and a half.

Over long periods of time the value, or purchasing power, of gold admittedly shifts. But the changes in short periods of time are not great, and there is a chance for adjustment. It does possess certain automatic qualities, as indicated by centuries of experience. One fundamental difficulty with a compensated dollar or managed currency is the unwillingness of a free people to tolerate such exercise of power by a government bureau.

It is maintained that if a government bureau had complete control in this way over the monetary standard of value, even greater unjustified gains and losses would occur than at present. It would be a monumental task to secure international coöperation, without which such a plan in one country alone might well produce chaos in the foreign exchanges.

Mr. Lawrence declares that there is danger lest the particular theory upon which most of these plans for monetary reform are based be exalted to a pedestal and worshiped as ultimate truth. "The quantity theory of money is a tenable hypothesis, an excellent intellectual tool. But it is not an adequate foundation for far-reaching plans of stabilization. Like the sands of the desert, the stones will shift. The mortar of knowledge necessary to fix them has not yet been discovered."

Plans to give the Federal Reserve Board immensely added functions and actual statute instructions to control the price level seem to us just as dangerous and just as incalculable a vagary as to substitute eggs and wheat for gold dollars or to put into the hands of a government bureau the power to change the gold dollar every other Thursday or whenever the price of ladies' lingerie rises or falls. It seems simple common sense to regard the Federal Reserve System as at most a sort of credit traffic policeman, not as the manager or operator of every automobile on the road. The System had bitter experience with attempts to affect the price level in 1920 and 1921. It can no doubt help to promote stability. With continued experience and the growth of a tradition of leadership like that of the Bank of England, it can be of great assistance. But it seems to us that those who would force upon the Federal Reserve the task of controlling price levels must be ignorant not only of practical politics but even more of human nature itself

The most severe price changes have been due to exceptional emergencies such as war and the doubtful adventures in paper currency which follow wars. But it is conceded that the best of reform plans would break under the stress of war, although those who criticize the gold standard indict it largely but illogically because of its wartime defects. Such being the case, to throw over the gold standard seems suspiciously like hitching the cart in front of the horse.

Another State Falling Into Line

PENNSYLVANIA, which has long labored under the handicap of an outworn and ineffectual criminal code, at last appears to be upon the verge of doing something to modernize it along the lines pursued in New York, California and Michigan.

In 1927 a crime commission was appointed to study the workings of the existing code and to suggest means for remedying its weaknesses. After an examination of more than forty-three thousand cases this body of able jurists has virtually completed its labors and has reported to the legislature a series of twenty-one bills calculated to hasten and shorten trials of criminal cases, to get rid of dilatory tactics and technicalities and to give rather less protection to the accused and a great deal more to society in general.

The imperative need for some such general overhauling of the Pennsylvania criminal code will be apparent when it is said that during a recent year seventy-four per cent of sixty-four thousand criminal cases never went any further than the preliminary hearings before magistrates or justices of the peace. According to the chairman of the commission, it is doubtful if convictions were secured in more than ten per cent of these cases. This record alone indicates the lamentable conditions which exist.

Pennsylvania shares with most of her sister states the unwholesome effects of our national tendency to coddle our criminals and so to surround them with statutory safeguards that conviction is often impossible, even when guilt is most apparent. According to the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of Pennsylvania, testifying before a legislative committee, virtually all changes in the criminal code since 1860 have been made for the benefit of the criminal. He further stated that in his entire experience of twenty-seven years of administration of criminal law, he had never known a single instance of conviction of an innocent person when the mistake was not almost immediately corrected by the court that had imposed sentence.

Under existing conditions, in a great majority of cases, the criminal has everything his own way. Society at large does not even begin to get a fifty-fifty break, and it cannot hope to get one until the legislature has written some sweeping changes into the current code.

One of the reforms proposed would permit the prosecuting officer to call attention to the defendant's failure to take the stand in his own behalf. A second would permit the admission of evidence to show that a defendant has been previously convicted of crime. A third would deny the right to demand separate trials in murder cases involving more than one defendant. Another would repeal the statute which provides that a minimum sentence shall not be more than one-half of the maximum. Other recommendations would have the effect of lessening the time allowed for appeals and of making certain penalties more severe; of checking the sale of firearms and of tightening up the whole parole system, as well as providing for discretionary life sentences for fourth offenders.

The best element of the Pennsylvania bar appears to be giving its support to these recommendations. There seems to be more than an even chance that they will, for the most part, be adopted; for, ever since the passage of the Baumes laws began to drive the habitual criminal element out of the state of New York, Pennsylvania, with her lax and antiquated code, has served as a popular haven of refuge. Crimes of violence, banditry, large-scale bootlegging, underworld murders and gang wars have brought about conditions that demand swift and heavy-handed remedies.

THE CASE OF CUBA

By WILL PAYNE

AMERICAN investments in Cuba are placed at somewhere from $1,250,000,000 to $1,500,000,000, by well-informed men. The island mostly lives on sugar, and they will tell you that Americans own from two-thirds to three-quarters of the sugar industry. That alone involves ownership of or a large degree of control over some 6,000,000 acres of land, or more than one-fifth of the total area of the country; a great part of the total area being still uncultivated. Here, then, we have the most outstanding example of that capitalistic imperialism in Latin America which many good people view with alarm. It seemed worth while to look over the Cuban case in order to determine, if possible, just what this imperialism comes to.

The Park and Manager's House in an American-Owned Sugar Town

To begin with, it should be said that Cubans are not worrying over their political relations with the United States. We call the instrument which defines those relations the Platt Amendment. Cubans call it the Permanent Treaty. Both mean substantially the same thing, but there is a distinction that we should pay some attention to. Thirty-one years ago, when American arms overthrew Spanish power in Cuba, pretty much all Europe and a large part of Cuba expected that, as a matter of course, we would annex the island. Instead we offered it independence; but an amendment to an appropriation bill, drawn by Senator Platt, of Connecticut, declared that Cuba should not grant to any foreign power lodgment in or control over any part of the island; that it should not issue bonds which its revenues, on a reasonable calculation, would be inadequate to pay interest on; that it should maintain and continue the sanitation introduced during American military occupation; that the United States should have a right to intervene to preserve Cuban independence and a stable, solvent government.

These terms were afterward embodied in a permanent treaty duly ratified by the two governments. Cubans accept them. But the word "amendment" suggests a sort of tailpiece tacked on at Washington, while "permanent treaty" suggests a free bargain between two independent states. Naturally, they prefer the latter designation. That verbal distinction fairly connotes whatever political difference there is now between the two countries. Cubans accept the facts, but they don't like suggestions of inferiority any more than we like them.

A Guaranty of Independence

THERE are always dissatisfied minorities everywhere on earth, and perhaps even in heaven; but if any one man has a mandate to speak for any country, President Machado is authorized to speak for Cuba. Elected to the presidency four years ago, his administration gave such satisfaction to all the dominant elements that last fall Congress amended the constitution, giving the president a six-year term and making him ineligible to reëlection. Under that amendment Machado again stood for the presidency, and was unopposed. His unique campaign consisted of a tour of the provinces, in which he explained what he had done and expected to do. November first, voters went to the polls and elected him with practical unanimity. Therefore it can hardly be questioned that he is authorized to speak for Cuba. On December thirtieth last, at the dedication of a hospital in Santa Clara, his birthplace, President Machado said:

> The permanent treaty, or as it is called, the Platt Amendment, is merely a guaranty of the sovereignty of the Republic of Cuba. It is a guaranty of its independence and solvency. There has never been a time when the provisions of the Platt Amendment have been brought to bear to cause any change in the policies of this administration.

As to solvency, it may be noted in passing that Cuba's 5 per cent bonds sell in the New York market at par or better. So Cubans are not worrying about their political relations with the United States. But about their economic relations with this country they are worrying overtime, as will shortly appear.

The casual visitor to Havana will get no inkling of worry over anything. In January, February and March last year 53,618 American tourists entered that gay and handsome city, spending, probably, at least $20,000,000, as quite a lot of them stayed at the most expensive hotels, dined, danced and tried their luck at the casino, purchased souvenirs, patronized the horse races and embraced the opportunity to buy real wine at Paris prices. Such a visitor, loitering in the Prado and thereabouts of a Junelike midwinter evening, with everybody out of doors, the band playing and French motor horns honking in every direction, may well have enjoyed a pleasing illusion of being in Paris.

Through Miles of Sugar Cane

THE Cuban capital, with nearly 600,000 inhabitants, is pleasanter to look at than any American town of that size because it was laid out more for looks than for business. There are good hotels; the largest being American-owned. American capital and enterprise, directed by John M. Bowman, have added powerful tourist lures in the shape of race track, casino, bathing beach and a big residential subdivision, facing the sea, such as any Florida town would have pointed to with pride at the height of the subdivision boom in that state. This winter's tourist trade is expected to exceed last winter's. That briskly circulating currency keeps many hands employed, and Havana draws revenue from the whole island. Out in the country they say bitterly, "A spider web that catches all the money."

But Havana, although one-sixth of the whole population of the island lives in it, is no more Cuba than New York is the United States. For a human understanding of Cuba's economic situation we must go out into the country. We take the night train from Havana and ride till after breakfast next morning.

"From this corner," said the Camaguey planter, checking his car, "you can drive fifty miles east through sugar cane, with perhaps 10 per cent of pasture." From any slight eminence you look over a pale-green sea of cane tops, with islands of rough pasturage and woods along the shores. Camaguey and Oriente provinces now produce more than 60 per cent of the total crop. But sugar culture is comparatively new there; a matter of the past twenty-five years. Mostly it was brought in by American initiative and capital.

A Field Laborer's House

(Continued on Page 133)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

"I Don't Know How I'd Last Through the Week if it Weren't for This One Hour of Beauty. And My Husband Thinks Our Dancing Class is Silly! Imagine!"
"Mine Does Too. Men Have Such Sordid Souls!"

"Aw, Come On, be a Sport! It's Your Turn. I'll be the Wolf and Let You Chase Me a While!"

Spring Poem 4982 B

THE air is warm, the skies are bright,
The earth is rousing to the light,

And in the woods arbutus peeps,
And at my door the robin cheeps,

And I must say some nasty thing
About the coming of the Spring.

The dead gray branches start to bud;
What can I say about the mud?

A new life rises from the old;
What can I say about my cold?

Let the Spring brush with green the plain,
I'll call attention to the rain.

And yet it's hard to keep complaining;
I have no cold; it is not raining.

What do you say, that you and I
The old tradition will defy,

And for this season we shall sing
No dirty cracks about the Spring?

—Morris Bishop.

Charter Member of the "Hole-in-One" Club

A Rich Joke

BLINKS: When I passed the beggar on the corner I dropped a quarter in his hat and said "Here, my good man, buy yourself a gallon of gasoline for your car." Wasn't that a good joke on him?

JINKS: Not on him—on you!

BLINKS: What do you mean, on me?

JINKS: He really owns a car.

—Bill Levine.

Positively Inspired

FIRST HEADLINE WRITER: Give me a synonym for kiddies.

SECOND HEADLINE WRITER: How about children?

FIRST HEADLINE WRITER: Thanks. I never thought of that.

—McCready Huston.

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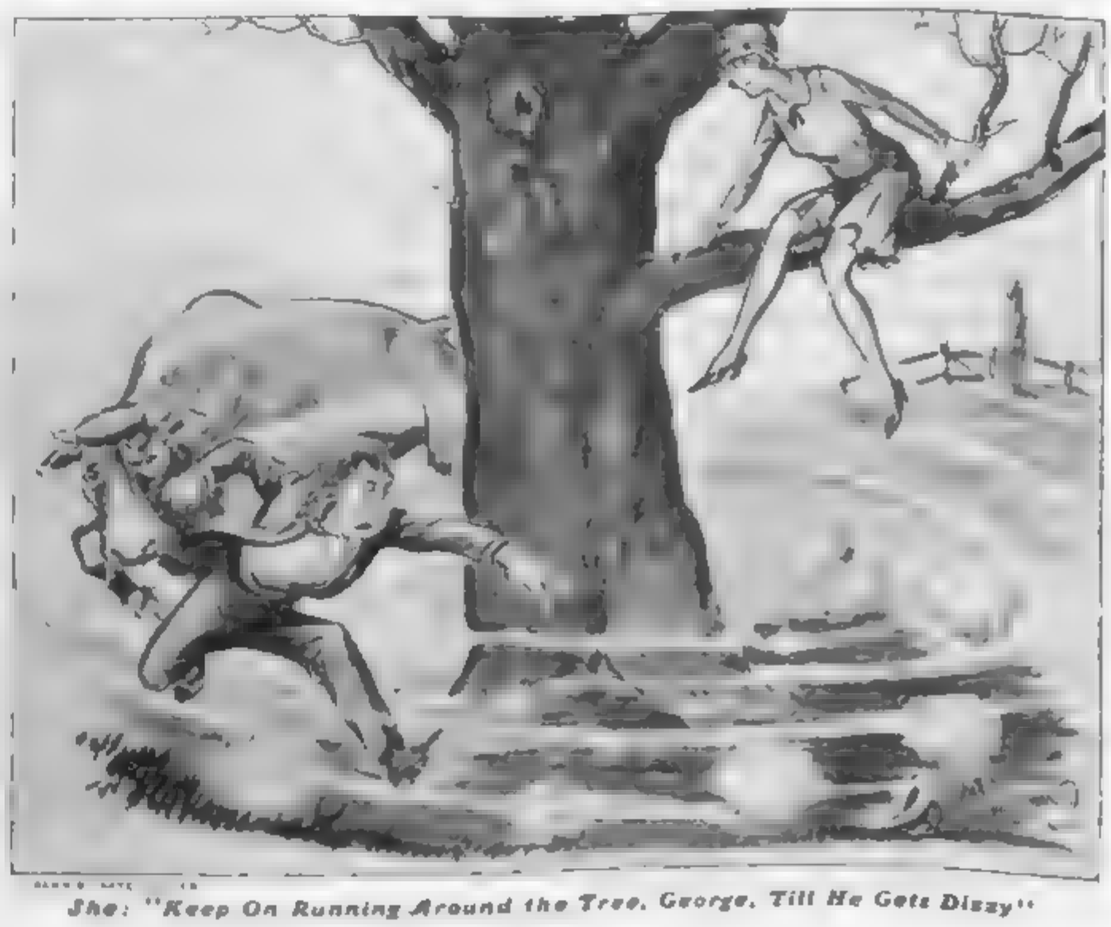
"In the Spring ——"



She: "Keep On Running Around the Tree, George, Till He Gets Dizzy"

Let us cook and blend them into a delicious soup for you!

Nor some of these vegetables—*all of them* are enjoyed in Campbell's Vegetable Soup . . . . Just think of the time and expense of selecting, purchasing and preparing all these different vegetables—15 of them—in your own kitchen! . . . Yet you delight in soup that contains them all . . . Add an equal quantity of water to Campbell's Vegetable Soup, bring to a boil, simmer a few minutes—and it's all ready—"a meal in itself." 12 cents a can.

Ask your grocer to supply you with any of these Campbell's Soups

Asparagus	Mock Turtle
Bean	Mulligatawny
Beef	Mutton
Bouillon	Ox Tail
Celery	Pea
Chicken	Pepper Pot
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consommé	Tomato-Okra
Julienne	Vegetable
	Vegetable-Beef

Isn't it dandy
How lively you feel
After a piping-hot
Soup for your meal!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

WE VISIT FOREIGN PARTS

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

WHEN I look back at the chances I've had in my time, I see where I ought to be a multimillionaire. Yes, sir, I ought to be sitting pretty. Instead of getting out of bed in the morning and shivering into my own pants, and getting the blue out of my finger nails with that old daily dozen on the furnace, I ought to be pulled out of bed by a couple of valets and carried to a warm and perfumed bath, and carefully attired and coaxed to eat something nice.

Where was I before that Florida boom started, when you could buy a township down there for twenty-five cents an acre and get tick for the twenty-five cents? Was I doing time in the salt mines of Siberia, and couldn't get away? No, I was here, right here, in Sawneyville, U. S. A. And what alibi can I offer for not getting in on that California boom, seeing that I was a grown man and already thin on top before the first intrepid motion-picture magnates climbed in their covered wagon and pointed west? None at all. Too dumb; that's the verdict of history on yours truly, Billy Patterson.

Why, I was coaxed to go to those places and fall in the butter tub! Coaxed? Say, I was ordered by the doctor. He said all this was fifteen years ago, but those words still ring in my ears whenever I count my pile and bog down in the petty cash, with my first million still twenty miles away—"Billy, why don't you take Mrs. Patterson to Florida or California this winter and give her a good rest and a change of this and that? Do you good too."

I said, "Too far from the United States, doc. Maybe I will take her into New York Saturday for dinner and the show. And what about business? Besides, I am thinking of buying an automobile, and I will take her out riding on Sunday afternoon."

He said, "What are you worth, Billy?"

"That Mansion Over There?" He Said. "That Is the Palatial Home of One of Our Most Prominent and Respectable Citizens, Mr. Patterson"

Well, this was before the income tax had more than got its nose in the tent, and a fellow could afford to brag; but then you know how doctors are, and they get a great reputation for being charitable by means of charging all their bad debts to their cash customers, so I said, "Listen, Doc, what do you care? Never mind! When you are billing me, add up your time and material, and not my money, please."

He said, "I figure you pull down five or six thousand a year at your plumbing contracting in New York. That is very nice money. But when you married Mrs. Patterson you still had your tools, and you were pulling down three and a half a day. That little woman stuck to you like a hero, cooking and washing and rearing the children; you got your start on the money she saved by coming down to the corner and getting you on Saturday night. Now you're well fixed and she's half dead. You can go on and bury her, and marry a young one for a mother to the children, and you'll agree to give her a couple of servants, too, before she signs the articles of war. Billy, for two cents I'd punch you in the nose."

Well, of course, Doc Benfey isn't punching me in the nose. He has just a jolly way of talking. Why, that old fellow brought all my children into the world! He knows the family history backwards, so he can talk.

But he had thrown a scare into me, and I went home and had a quiet look at Mrs. Patterson. She did look pretty poor, come to notice. Not that there was ever much to her. She was always one of these driving women, going like a ferret. Thin, bright-eyed, slashing through her work—seemed to me that I was always riding a broom, with her pushing it, when I was laid off and home in the old days in the Tenth Avenue flat.

We'd moved out to Sawneyville—that's in Jersey, fifty minutes out on the Pennsylvania—for the sake of the girls, Eunice and Gladys. They were then six and eight, and Mrs. Patterson thought they ought to be moved in the country where they could flourish and pal around with nice children to make them nice friends when they were big enough to step off. I was in favor, Tenth Avenue being overdone by then, and when I was offered this ten-room house on an acre and a half for sixty-five hundred, by a builder who'd taken it in a trade, I signified aye.

The place had it onto Tenth Avenue in many ways. I don't mind, by the way, admitting to living once on Tenth Avenue; the way I am, I think it is a credit to a man to get up in the world, and other men do, too; but a woman is not like that, and she does not like her husband to get genial in company and call up old times. Only last week, for instance, Mrs. Patterson gave a party and made me come in open-face, and the ladies were bulldozing one another with talking about the swell resorts they'd patronized in, one lady saying that Waikiki was where she bathed easiest, and another one coming back with a kind word for Palm Beach, and Mrs. Patterson holding her end up with, "Will is a most expert bather. Where was it, Will, you did that swan dive?" Meaning, I found out, Atlantic City and the Ritz pool. But I gave a sweet and stupid smile and said "Ah, those were the days. You mean, Maude, when we were kids together, and that drunken gentleman threw the dime off the scow in the old East River?" Mrs. Patterson gave me an error for that one. It was a high dive, though, since I mention it; I got the dime too.

There was a lot more work in the Sawneyville house though. Oh, my, what a dusty old barracks it was when we first came to it from Tenth Avenue!

Mrs. Patterson could put a high polish on our New York flat in jig time; but this old house fought her back tooth and nail, fought her to a standstill in fact, she being in bad shape to tackle it in the first place. Yes, she was looking poor. She was sitting down, and that looked bad. She seemed to be in a daze; her face was expressionless and her mouth was open and her eyes were dull; she snapped out of it as soon as I spoke, but I had caught her looking natural.

I made up my mind like a shot, and I said, "Maude, how would you like to go to California and spend the winter?"

"You gave me a turn, Will," she said, getting up and going to the tub and proceeding to rub the buttons off my shirts. "You say the Howells are going to California for the winter? Well, that woman must have very little on her mind if she can run away and leave her house like that."

I saw I would have to use diplomacy, which is not what it was called when my mother used to wallop the tar out of me for it, and I said, "Well, California is a large order; but what about Florida? I will tell you how it is. A big real-estate fellow I know is thinking of starting a development in Florida, and selling lots and building houses, and I think I can get the steam heat and hot water."

"In Florida?" she said, quite amused. "Whoever heard of selling lots in Florida? When you yourself told me they can't sell the lots even here in Sawneyville, which is only so many miles out of New York! Selling lots and building houses in Florida—of all places!"

It did sound rather wild, back in those days, but it was my story, and I blushed and said, "It is his money, isn't it? I will be only on a contract."

The reason I had switched to Florida is because I had remembered something of Mrs. Patterson's family tree, and I said now, "Near Sulphur Creek, not far from Tampa."

"Why, that is where my sister Gladys lives!" observed Mrs. Patterson with more interest.

(Continued on Page 32)

The story of a HAM

There it is upon your table! Festive as any Thanksgiving turkey. Its rich, clove-studded glaze, redolent of cider. Its bodyguard of ruby cinnamon apples. And a heavenly fragrance that makes eyes light up in anticipation of epicurean delights to come . . .

Of course it is a Premium Ham. *And what days, even months, of patient, skillful care have been required to attain this perfection!*

IT ALL goes back to the place where fresh hams are selected to bear the Premium brand. Only those with the finest, most evenly textured meat, and exactly the right proportion of fat and lean, are chosen.

A Premium Ham is a fine ham *to start with*. Only the élite of hogdom can qualify for the Premium brand

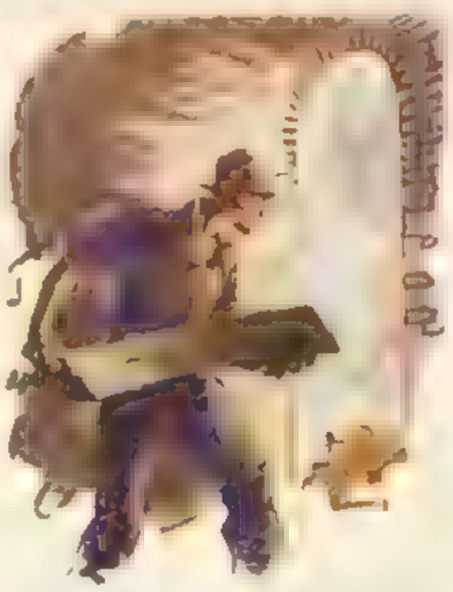
They are nicely trimmed—and then to the curing cellar . . .

How long do you think a Premium Ham remains in those great oaken casks of savory sweet pickle? Perhaps it will surprise you—from 45 to 100 days!

It takes time to make a superlative ham, and Swift & Company never hurries. In the great Swift laboratory white coated experts have determined just how long a ham must remain in cure, according to size. And their word is law. They have determined also the exact formula for the finest results. No rule-of-thumb, no guesswork.

And now, after a careful inspection the Premium Brand is applied, and we jump backwards half a century—to the old farm smoke house!

Nothing has ever been found to surpass it—with its squads of hams mellowing to a rich brown in hickory smoke and fairly dripping with flavor. And so Premium Hams are smoked by exactly the same process.



Fragrant smoke of hardwood fires gives Premium Hams that inimitable delicacy of flavor

In Swift & Company's modern smoke houses they hang from 36 hours to 7 days, in the fragrant hardwood smoke that imparts a mild, sweet delicacy of flavor—and seals it in perfectly.

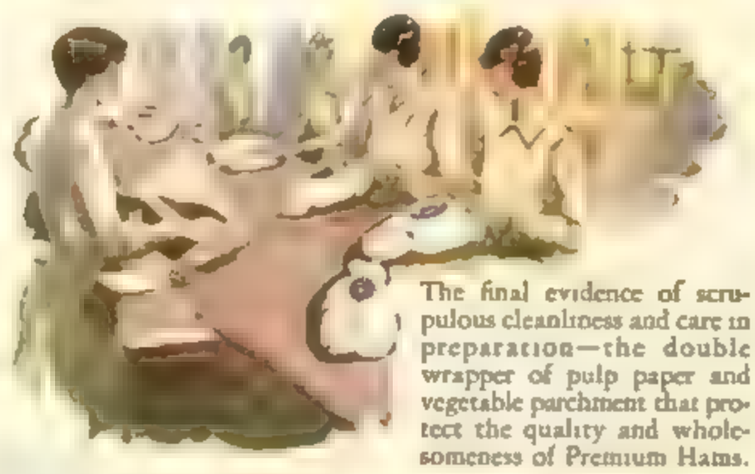
Tested and checked again—just to make sure of Premium quality. Then wrapped in pulp paper and vegetable parchment.

Labeled, deftly tied with a blue cord—sanitary, dust-proof, moisture-proof. Ready for shipment to your dealer.

And may we add . . . ?

We have told you this little story of a Premium Ham because it illustrates so well the superlative care with which *all* Swift products are prepared for your table.

Long experience, expert knowledge, the vast resources of the Swift organization guarantee you the same superior quality and purity in all products bearing the Swift name.



The final evidence of scrupulous cleanliness and care in preparation—the double wrapper of pulp paper and vegetable parchment that protect the quality and wholesomeness of Premium Hams.

These are the famous Premium brands—large on the side, and in dots along the edge so that you may identify even a single slice. They are your assurance always of mild, sweet, uniform quality and distinctive flavor. Look for them when you buy!

Scores of experts in the great Swift laboratory control the process which produces such uniformly *excellent* quality in Premium Hams.

These products are prepared and distributed nation-wide at an average profit from all sources of only a fraction of a cent a pound.

Swift & Company

© S. & Co.

(Continued from Page 30)

"So it is," I said, and paused to be impressed by the coincidence. "Well, so much the better, Maude. Write Gladys tonight and tell her we are coming, and we will start right away, before she can wire back her opinion of the plan."

"What about the children?" she said.

"They will go with us," I said.

"Not much, Will Patterson!" she said, her eyes flashing. "Business is business, but I am not going to take any innocent child of mine in a climate like those hot countries. You should be ashamed of yourself. If we got to go, all right; but the children are going to my sister Sadie in Poughkeepsie. Maybe we will not be gone more than a week or so. When do we have to start?"

This was on a Saturday afternoon. I went into New York Monday morning on the 6:55 as per usual, and made arrangements to snug down the business for the winter. I didn't figure we would take a winter or anything like it—this being only October—but after the vile way that Doc Benfey had spoken to me, my blood was up and I was going to put Mrs. Patterson back in first-class running order if I never did anything else. As luck would have it, we were doing next to nothing at the shop, so I laid off three gangs and told Pingrew, my bookkeeper, to try and make life unhappy for the gang I left on repair work, and remember that nobody was putting a young fellow like him on a pension either.

On Tuesday we brought the girls up to Poughkeepsie and made a deal for them with Sadie. It broke us up a bit to leave them there, and if it was only me I would have chucked the Florida idea. I can't say that Eunice and Gladys broke down any; they were too busy whooping it up with their cousins; and after running them down and kissing them, I thought we'd better light out quick before Sadie repented on her bargain. On the way back to Sawneyville, I retained a section on a through train for the land of flowers; so we were all set to pull out that Thursday morning at nine o'clock.

However, we didn't get away that Thursday morning, because Doc Benfey wouldn't let us. It may have been the excitement of leaving Eunice and Gladys where they would have competition for the top of the bottle, or it may have been just the can of deviled chicken Sadie gave us for lunch.

Anyway, when we visited Benfey in his office for him to give Mrs. Patterson a final once-over and clearance, she passed out right there in the office, keeled over; and there was Benfey giving her a sup of spirits of ammonia, while I was snatching the doors off his furniture to find a brown bottle of the right stuff.

What with our expert treatment, Mrs. Patterson came to, like a good fellow, but stary and all wet with perspiration.

"You'll be right tomorrow morning, Maude," I said, brisking her up, "when you step on that choo-choo for Dixieland."

"It'll start without her," said Benfey. "She's going to stay quietly at home for a couple of days now. This is nothing, but I won't take any chances with her misbehaving herself unless I'm right there. What you better do, Billy," he said, taking a thoughtful chew of tobacco, "is take Maude home and rest her up for three or four days or so, and then I will see."

"Take that uneasy woman home to that house to rest, Doc?" I said, pointing an accusing finger at her where she sat making feeble reaches for a whisk broom to dust off Benfey's old couch.

"Then take her to the Sawney Arms," he said, naming the swell and only hotel in Sawneyville.

"Any time," said Mrs. Patterson, jumping up and taking it out of the couch, "you catch me going to a hotel when I have my own house——"

"Sit down!" said Benfey fiercely. "Maude Patterson, you are a very sick woman, you hear? You will do what I tell you. All right, you don't have to go to the Sawney Arms. You can stay in your own house, but I will send around a trained nurse to cook, wash and iron, and she will tell me if you lift a finger, and I won't let you go to Florida, business or no business."

He dared her with a look, and he called me outside and said, "Billy, Maude is a very sick woman. No running off to New York, you hear? You stay right with her and take care of her until I let you go. And I am sending around Mrs. Feeley. She is no trained nurse, but she is a great hand to cook, wash and iron. She is going to get paid twenty-five dollars a month."

And, believe me, being in disguise as a trained nurse is the only way this Mrs. Feeley would ever get inside our door, because Mrs. Patterson would not give a girl more than twelve dollars a month if she had four hands and wore roller skates. Often I had said to Mrs. Patterson, "Well, why don't you get a girl?" And she would say, "What? Pay some lazy good-for-nothing eighteen dollars a month? Why, they're going perfectly mad with the wages they ask!"

I did not mind so much a couple of days' delay, because I had not yet completed my tropical outfit. In those days almost nobody had a car, and people stuck around a whole lot more, and I would leave some things at home if I went to Florida now. But here is the list I made out:

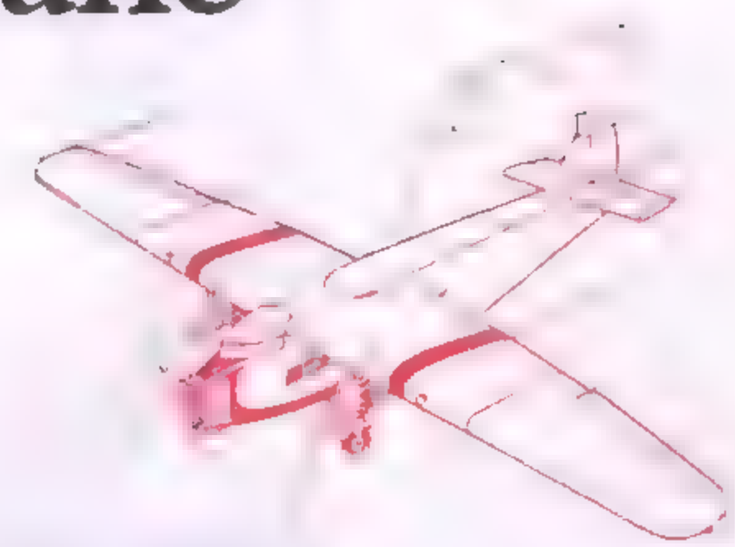
Clothes for me.
Ditto for wife.
Ten yards camphorated flannel for wrapping up stomach in case of eating something in Florida.
Ditto for wife.
Quart of Donnybrook for cotton-mouth-rattler bites.
For both of us.
Good compass. Bowie knife. A .44-caliber rifle for crocodiles; .38 pistol for close work. Mosquito bar, four woolen blankets, rubber ponchos and oilskins, and a tent. Fishing nets and hooks.
Ditto for wife.

I got the list out of a book called Hints to Tropical Travelers I bought, and the book said take a lot more; but pshaw, said I, this will see us through if we stop at all the hotels. Besides, thought I, this is a pleasure jaunt and not a weight-lifting contest, and if we pack any more we will

(Continued on Page 108

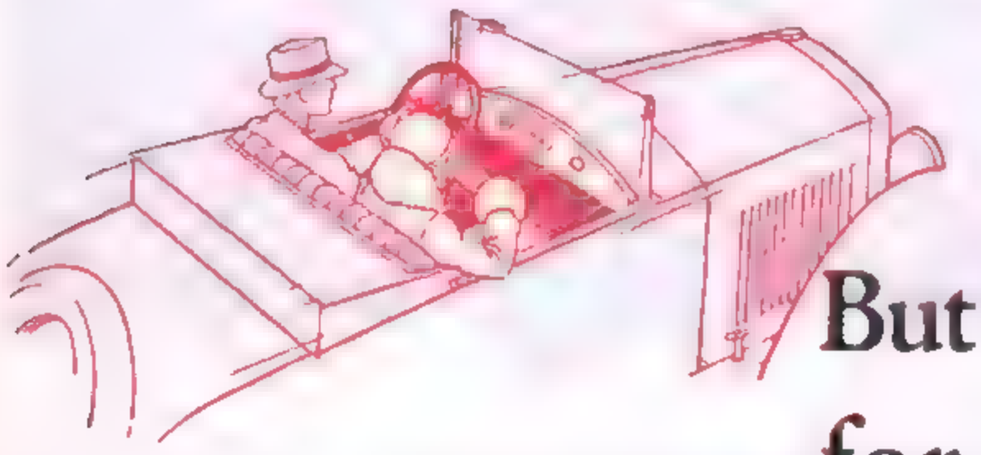
Mrs. Prew Said, "You'll be a Changed Girl When You Get Down There Where You Can Take a Good Long Rest"

Your car isn't an airplane—



It isn't a laboratory—

It isn't a specially-adjusted racer—



But it's the best place in the world for you to prove that the New

Mobiloil can keep the first-year feel in your engine for 30,000 miles.

TEST the New Mobiloil in the most practical laboratory in the world—*your own engine!*

There, in your own crankcase, let the New Mobiloil tell its own story, and stand or fall on its performance *for you.*

We are positive that the New Mobiloil will give the same startling performance in your engine that it has already given in thousands of miles of running tests on speedways, highways and dirt roads. We are positive, because the superlative statements we make about the New Mobiloil, and which may sound excessive to you, are *actually* conservative.

For example—our tests have proved that, with draining and refilling at the regular intervals, and with reasonable care of your car, the New Mobiloil will keep the first-year feel in your good engine for at least 30,000 miles. Actually, Mobiloil has preserved the first-year feel in many engines for more than twice this distance!

The New Mobiloil will add to your joys of motoring, to the long life of your good engine, and save you many repair bills besides. Mobiloil has lubricated successfully more gasoline horsepower—in the air and on the ground—than any other lubricating oil in the world. Mobiloil is made by the Oldest and Largest Specialists in Lubrication.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Makers of high quality lubricants for all types of machinery

the New Mobiloil

GARGOYLE

"CONCORD"

NOW ON DISPLAY IN THOUSANDS OF STORES!

Don't fail to see this lovely design at your earliest opportunity. It is being featured now by floor-covering dealers throughout the country. Look for the special window displays!

"CONCORD," *Congoleum Rug 603*

"CONCORD" an *Early American* hooked rug design in a modern, easy-to-clean Congoleum Rug!

"POPPY" *Congoleum Rug 609*

"DU BARRY" *Congoleum Rug 326*

"PALMETTO" *Congoleum Rug 604*

"PERSAN" *Congoleum Rug 612*

IN Colonial days, some Puritan maiden worked a hooked rug of just such a lovely design as "*Concord*," shown above. It is one of the very newest patterns in Congoleum Rugs. Here in a modern, easily-cleaned floor-covering, the genius of a master designer has captured all the subtle charm of a maiden's handiwork.

This delightfully quaint pattern is a natural setting for Early American furniture now so much in favor. Yet the softness and harmony of its colorings make "*Concord*" perfectly suitable for use with almost any type of furnishings.

We urge you particularly to see the five patterns shown here. The many new designs in *genuine* Congoleum Rugs offer you untold opportunities to secure beautiful new floor-coverings for every room . . . at very small expense.

Wonderfully practical, too. Congoleum Rugs have a smooth, sanitary surface that is cleaned with a few easy strokes of a damp mop—dusty beating and sweeping is banished forever.

As for durability—the *Multicote Process*, by which only Congoleum Rugs are made, assures years of satisfactory service.

Why take chances with inferior substitutes? Genuine Congoleum Rugs carrying the famous Gold Seal Guarantee have behind them a 16-year record of satisfactory service. What better proof can there be of their quality than the fact that more Congoleum Rugs have been sold than all other brands combined?

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This GOLD SEAL *identifies the genuine!*

Free—"COLOR . . WHERE AND WHY" by *Harriette Lea*

THIS handbook contains a wealth of information and suggestions on home-decoration—also a scientific chart of color harmony. Write us or mail this coupon to Congoleum-Nairn Inc., Kearny, N. J. *Please print name and address clearly.*

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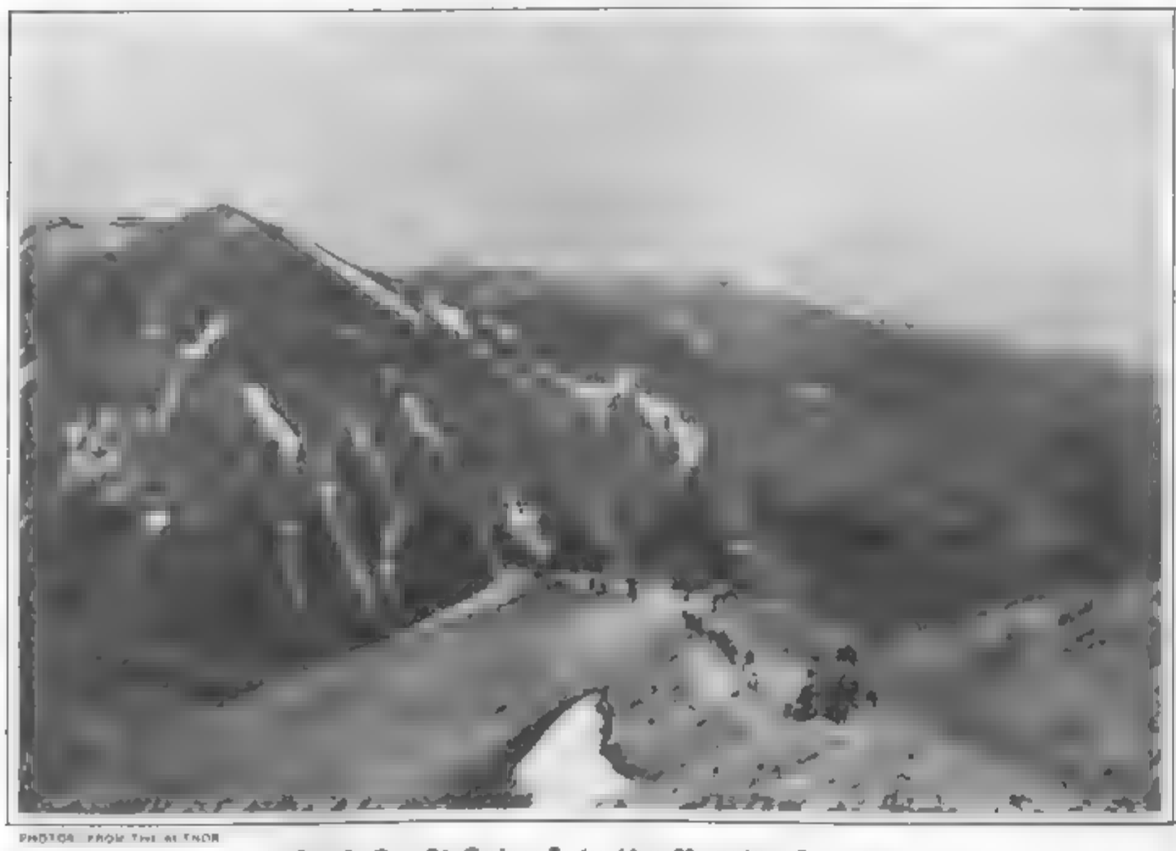
SEP 66

GOING THROUGH THE PARK?



A Pack Outfit Going Into the Hunting Country

Big Hunting Parties Often Require Fifty or Sixty Pack Horses

By NED FROST

As Told to Courtney Ryley Cooper

ACROSS the street from my place of business in Cody, Wyoming, is a filling station which has, as a sort of decoration, a pile of elk horns. There is quite a stack of them, gathered from the annual shed in this district; the tangled mass of prongs reaches to a point almost even with the station's roof. Recently a car with a Missouri license pulled up there and the driver gave his usual hurried orders for gas, oil and water. Then suddenly he forgot his rush in contemplation of that pile of antlers. He got out of the car. He walked around the horn pile. He viewed it at long range and short.

Then he asked the attendant: "Say, tell me! What kind of roots are those, anyway?"

Everybody in town laughed over that one. It went from guide to bus driver, from store to store, down the street and back again, not because it was so good or so funny, but because stories on tourists are not so plentiful as they used to be. I can remember the time when a new one bobbed up every day or so.

That, however, is not because the tourist of today is such a highly educated person regarding the district in which he travels. Quite the opposite. In forty years I have seen tourist travel in the vicinity of Yellowstone Park, at least, grow from a few wagonloads to millions, and during that time I have seen also a steady lessening of knowledge concerning the district traversed, until today not one person in fifty can even tell the name of the trapper who discovered the parent of all national parks. What's more, they don't seem to care. It's much more important to find out at the filling station whether they can go through the park in two days than it is to know how many geysers are in the Upper Basin, and what causes the cleansing qualities of Handkerchief Pool. But it wasn't always that way. Seeing America Swiftly has been made such a simple matter that a person really hasn't time to find out much about what one is looking at. There isn't the incentive, for one thing.

Just Another of Nature's Noblemen

IT IS possible, in these days, if one is hurried, merely to go to the telephone, and in five minutes of conversation arrange a trip from New York through Yellowstone Park, Glacier National, the Yosemite, Zion National Park, Rocky Mountain National Park, Mesa Verde and any other side trips which may be desired, arranging at the same time for baggage and hotels, and have every accommodation of travel, even to mail addresses, lodging and any other necessity, delivered within an hour or so. After that, there is nothing to do but to take a taxi from one's home to the train and stop worrying. When travel becomes so simplified it loses much of its charm. A far-away country is brought so close to home that one has a subconscious feeling of the blasé. Not long ago, in Yellowstone Park, I watched a man who refused to walk a hundred yards to look at one of the region's greatest attractions. Yet that man, according to his license plate, had come some three thousand miles! It wasn't like that in the old days!

I was an occupant of the third tourist wagon which made its way into Yellowstone Park from the eastern side. That was in 1886, and the expedition consisted of my father, mother, sister, brother and myself. There was a so-called road at that time from Gardiner, Montana, to Old Faithful Geyser where a log house existed as a lodging place, but from the eastern end, at which most persons enter now, there was not even a trail. Even the Gardiner Road was little more than a makeshift affair; there was corduroy and there were swamps, rim rock and dangerous stretches, and those who made the trip to Old Faithful did so because they were determined to see and absorb all that was possible about the most freakish part of America. Once at Old Faithful, there was no such inn as exists today. Instead, there was a log house at which held forth a person known as Old Larry, and to whom all were alike—drivers, tourists, guides and trappers. There still exists the story of the German nobleman who took one look at the assemblage about the rough-hewn table in Larry's log-cabin dining room and refused to be seated.

"Sit with those persons?" he asked Old Larry. "Don't you know I'm a count?"

"Well you only count one here," answered Old Larry. "Sit down or you don't eat!"

So much for the northern entrance. There wasn't any eastern entryway. Day after day we fought our way along in that covered wagon until we reached Dead Indian Hill on the Sunlight trail. There, at what was almost a precipice, my father rough-locked the wheels of the wagon, then cut two large trees, which, with the branches still intact, he chained to the rear of the wagon. Then slithering and skidding, the trees crashing behind us to form an extra brake, we went down, the horses often on their haunches and the wagon as many times in front of them as behind them. Others followed those first three wagons down Dead Indian Hill, spurred into absolute risk of life and property by the urge to see a country of which vague rumors and trappers' tales had given an atmosphere of heaven and the inferno all in one, until, for acre after acre, at the foot of Dead Indian Hill, there were only dead trees, tangle after tangle of them, left there by tourist wagons when their job of braking was done. But that was because these people wanted to see the park, to learn about it, to study it. Now, in these days where tourists have even been known to do Yellowstone in a day, I sometimes wonder if many don't often take the trip merely for some place to go

Incidentally, though it is true that American ranchers, trappers, hunters and scouts were among the first to make a trip into Yellowstone a matter of scenic interest, it was not the American people who formed its first tourists. For one thing, they didn't have the money. Besides, there were too many other things to do in the way of travel, such as migrating from one district to another in search of new homes.

The Aristocracy at Big Horn Basin

FOLLOWING that, there was the necessity of staying in those new districts and fighting poverty and privation in homestead districts that their children might grow up to go through parks and playgrounds which they had been denied, and often be bored by the fact that a section of the roads had been newly oiled, thus necessitating another washing of the car! The real tourists in the formative days of national-park travel were foreigners.

Ned Frost in His Early Guiding Days

Europe had the money thirty-five and forty years ago. Then dukes were dukes, and earls were earls, with all that accompanied the titles. Somehow or other, the information had drifted to Europe, principally France, England and Germany, that in a district vaguely known as the Big Horn Basin, was to be found marvelous hunting—grizzly bears, elk, moose, deer, antelope and bighorn sheep. My father ran a trading station in those days on Sage Creek, seventeen miles from what is now Cody; there he bought furs from the trappers, traded with the Indians, and formed a human pivot about which much of a district, then wild and sparsely settled, revolved. There letters came to him, addressed merely to Big Horn Basin or forwarded from Billings, the one railroad station in this district, asking for information about hunting and this place called Yellowstone. It was inevitable that the trading post should eventually become an outfitting place for European dudes.

That is where the name came from, and it was well applied from our standpoint. We were lonely, living far from civilization and any progress which it might have made. We knew little or nothing about the styles of dress, particularly as applied to Europe. Therefore, when the

(Continued on Page 37)

GENERAL MOTORS

BODY by FISHER

Fisher resources, Fisher volume, create far greater beauty, richness and VALUE APPARENT AT A GLANCE

No other cars begin to measure up with Fisher Body cars in downright body value. ¶ The reason is, that no other body builder can begin to measure up with Fisher resources and Fisher volume. ¶ In every General Motors car from Chevrolet to Cadillac, this *appraisable* value is apparent at a glance. ¶ The more closely comparisons are drawn, the more does the Fisher Body car in any particular field gain by those comparisons. ¶ Upon Chevrolet, for instance —forgetting for a moment speed and power performance utterly unknown in its class —Fisher Body has conferred so much richness and beauty that all cars around or immediately above it are ruled out of consideration. ¶ This is true of every Fisher Body car. So true, in fact, that thousands now clearly recognize that, in every price field, the car which is unmistakably the better choice is always the car with Body by Fisher... ¶ *There is only one way to know and to appreciate the almost sensational superiority of any Fisher Body car—and that is, to compare that car's body, point for point and feature for feature, with that of any car in its price field. Do this, and you will soon become a judge of real motor car value.*

CADILLAC · LA SALLE · BUICK · VIKING · OAKLAND · OLDSMOBILE · PONTIAC · CHEVROLET

(Continued from Page 35)

Europeans came, with their different customs, their fastidiousness and manners strange to us, they were, in our eyes, overdressed, foppish, effeminate. Their riding breeches and red coats, their hunting caps and insistence upon halting the pack train at ten o'clock each morning and four o'clock in the afternoon that they might "boil the pot" for tea, enhanced our views. Their ideas regarding camp comforts seemed almost womanlike to us. The fact that their appetites had become so highly cultured that they must bring their own favorite wines and liqueurs, which must be wangled over the mountains on pack horses, was at least unusual in the Westerner's eyes. So the word "dude" came to be—it was the only term by which they could be described.

It was merely a means of description, and it was appropriate. I remember one nobleman, among other things a Commander of the Bath, which we thought had something to do with the fact that he carried his tub for use in camp. He carried other things equally unusual, among them a tripod, a special camp chair and a four-foot telescope. The purpose of all this wasn't apparent until about noon of our first day out, when I sighted a bear across the canyon and told him to take a shot at it.

"Unpack the telescope!" he commanded in reply.

"But ——"

"Unpack the telescope."

So we did, and the tripod and chair with it. Deliberately he set the telescope upon the tripod and arranged himself in the chair. Then, as deliberately, he turned the lens upon the animal across the canyon and studied the beast for several minutes. At last he arose and extended a hand.

"An excellent specimen," he said casually. "In fact, I should say it is a beautiful example of the Ursus Americanus. Hand me my rifle. I think I shall shoot the fellow."

The Teton Range and Jackson Hole Country on the Road to the Yellowstone National Park

Seeing it All

THEN, as you see, everything was leisurely, even to shooting bears. When a man went hunting he took his time about it. The same was true when he went forth with scenery as his object. There was a desire to learn, to know; the person who could write an authentic book about an object of tourist curiosity was assured of a good sale, for the reason that before invading the district one learned everything possible about it. He wanted to know when and how it was discovered, and by whom. He desired all possible information about the scenic values and what they were, the cause of them, and their relation to the rest of the geological or natural history of the country. It was a journey of investigation and joyful curiosity, with the result that the questions prompted thereby furnished excellent material for winter-time story-telling. But now the stories are not so plentiful.

Too many persons are obsessed with the fact that they're getting a four-and-a-half-day excursion, with hotels thrown in, all for fifty-four dollars, and that there's a New York dance orchestra at Canyon Inn. This is not said caustically; it is merely a reflection on a change of times and of ideas. Nor is it meant wholly for inhabitants of the United States. I recently met an Englishman who berated the vulgar Americans for doing Europe in a few months. He skittered through Yellowstone Park and seemed quite proud of the fact that he had covered the whole bally thing in a day and a half!

It is, of course, the result of the machine age and the automobile. Just as the motor car has speeded up life in every other phase, so has it speeded up tourist travel. Parks, tourist resorts, districts which once catered to people who went there to spend their vacations, all have been forced to change their methods because of the automobile. Other tourist spots have utterly been wiped out. Time was, for instance, when a marriage wasn't wholly successful unless the honeymoon was spent by taking a trip to Denver, and from there up into the hills on a puffy narrow-gauge railroad over what was known as the Georgetown Loop. Pictures of it hung in every Eastern railway office. Special train followed special train over the tortuous course. But now there is an automobile road which runs above the loop, from Georgetown to Silver Plume, Colorado, by which automobilists can get a glimpse of the loop as they speed along, and the little train which once started honeymoon couples upon their matrimonial journey has been discontinued.

In like manner have railroad hotels retrogressed to commercial ones, or even been abandoned. One string in particular, of which I know, that once was crowded from mid-June until the first of September, has either been closed or sold to anyone who would make a bid. Another, which had cost more than fifty thousand dollars to build, was sold a year ago, completely furnished, for seven thousand dollars. The little town where this resort had been built is only fifty miles from a large Western city. In the time of its prosperity that was somewhat of a journey, especially when it was taken upon a narrow-gauge railroad, chugging through a mountain canyon at fifteen miles an hour. But today the person on vacation still has from a hundred to a hundred and fifty miles to go before he even thinks of stopping, and he sizzles through the little town without even halting for gas. The result is that while more distance is covered, much less is really seen, and certainly a great deal less is learned of the scenery, the conditions of the country, the romance and history that once was known. Years ago, many of my patrons were schoolteachers, out for a summer's trip that they might gain useful information to pound into the heads of their charges during the winter. As a rule, they were somewhat elderly. They were determined and they were thorough. After they had been through the park, they could recite the history of it from beginning to end, including even the story of Sacajawea, who guided Lewis and Clark. They knew every geyser and the time of day it might be expected to perform. They knew the geological formation of the rocks at Mammoth Springs—and at every other spring, for that matter—to say nothing of the name of every wild flower and mountain peak. And when they went back to their schools, they did so prepared to hammer enough information at America's youngsters to make them sick of national parks forever. Perhaps in that, the newer order of things has its advantage. The present-day schoolteacher is a much different person.

In the first place, she is younger, and though not more alert, is more in tune with the school-child brain. She possesses a hatred for too much particularization. The result is that she does what any tourist does—she sees Yellowstone in a series of swift pictures of which she has not a deep particular knowledge. When she gets back to school she can tell of Yellowstone only in snatches, sketchy visualizations which make the child eager to see for himself. And perhaps that's better, from the standpoint of arousing curiosity.

But a sketch and a picture are about all anyone gets these days. The automobile has developed the automobile eye—everything is taken in glimpses or in observations of panorama. There is none of the old-time particularity, the closeness of view which picks out the finer tonal qualities. It is the difference between listening to a brass band and a violin solo, or between walking through an art gallery and staying a while.

It is true that the automobile has taken more persons outdoors than any other agency that ever has been discovered. But it also is true that the automobile has made the outdoors man practically an extinct animal. It is possible now, for instance, for a person to go from New York to California and not carry a single supply, save, of course, his repair kit.

Yet, in his own mind, such a person is camping out all the way. But he is doing it at tourist camps, where the wood is cut for him, where there is running water and a supply store, a filling station and a post-office box to take his mail. He lives in a house, with his car drawn beside it; if there is a camp fire, it is a community one maintained by the camp. More than that, all this is a natural result; gasoline and Nature simply will not mix.

Real Trips

THERE is too much speed in it for one thing; often a person returning from a long motor trip cannot remember whether he saw the Falls of the Yellowstone in Wyoming or Northern Oregon. Nature cannot be met on a common ground; in itself, it is a leisurely thing, to be accepted on a friendly basis only by a person with plenty of time. It must be absorbed gradually, and unless this is done it loses its perspective, like a motion picture. A certain intangible fourth dimension is gone.

It was not like that even fifteen years ago. Then the person who went forth into the open, did so in the full meaning of the word. Often, even if he went in an automobile, he learned a lot about Nature before he got back, for the simple reason that the car was almost sure to break down. But the usual way was by horse-drawn vehicle, at least in Yellowstone, and a person knew his park when he'd finished with that trip.

My brother-in-law, Fred Richards, and myself were neck-deep in the tourist business then. Every Monday a special train of Pullmans came into Cody from the East, and a veritable parade left shortly afterward. There were mess wagons, bedding wagons, camp wagons, four-horse hacks, two-seated buckboards and saddle horses, bound upon a sixteen-day trip which cost approximately eighty dollars, unless one desired a saddle horse as well as a seat in the hack, and that cost a dollar a day extra.

Often as many as a hundred horses were used upon one of these excursions, while the population of the camp usually exceeded seventy-five.

(Continued on Page 121)

PACKARD

The pure beauty of classic Greek architecture will endure forever. The principles of sound design are changeless

Real beauty is unchanging. Classic forms still delight the eye after twenty-four centuries. A thing of true beauty, grace and charm need pander to no passing fad or changing mode.

The Packard has long been distinctive—and distinguished. Its beauty has been acclaimed by the motoring world at large—flattered by imitation. Through ever-varying trends in motor car styles Packard design has persisted unaffected in basic essentials, supreme in its original conception—refined only as time goes on.

To owners, the stability of Packard lines means more than a satisfaction of the artistic sense. It signifies, too, that no frequent and radical changes in appearance will depreciate their investments—that their cars will be Packards in looks as well as in name, through long years of luxurious service.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

TREAT YOU CLEVER

But the Wind Roared Down Defeat From Desolation, and the Sound of Many Thousand Trees Struggling Beat Upon Their Ears

A Tale of Glen Hazard

By Maristan Chapman

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES C. McKELL

A TRICKLE of people ran from the lamplit church building that rested on the slant of Cragg Hill and were lost to sight in the murk of Glen Hazard below. Rashe Lowe lingered to put out the light and lock the door before he joined Tom Carr, his outland neighbor, who waited for him.

Tom Carr, born and raised outland, had come homing to his grandsir's place, top of Cragg Hill, and in the matter of years was grown sib with his former folk. The old Tom Carr and Rashe Lowe had been lads together, and for the sake of that friendship, as well as for this boy's pleasant own sake, Rashe Lowe was fellowly. But there was uneasiness, too, for the young man would turn again to his outland ways, and such times Rashe Lowe distasted him.

Now they dropped down and made across to the depot, dark upon the far side of town's hollow. It was past sundown of a fall evening, with a rain wind tearing at the trees that overbraedened the hills westerly of the Tennessee divide. In the long distance the wind thundered, but when the echoes went to see who's there, they came back, whispering and afraid. Down in Glen Hazard the night was still, for the draft ran north and south, and the east wind leaped from crest to crest of the sheltering hillsides.

When they came so far as the station, Rashe said: "'Tis heathenish for him to journey upon a Sunday."

Lighting his pipe, Carr hid a smile behind his cupped hands. "You mustn't expect Mr. Parker to feel as we do, Rashe. He's a city man, and from the North too. He very likely was not brought up to think it evil."

"Then he should have been," Rashe said. "How come he craves to be using in these parts at all?"

"He wants to get acquainted," Carr answered, feeling for a way to tell the mountain man about his outland friend. "He's writing a book about these parts and wants to get it down truly. He wants to see our country and to hear our people talk."

"Lick me!" Rashe said. "There's slight need to put it down in a book. It's ordinary."

The far cry of the night train was picked up by the wind and flung into Glen Hazard in torn shreds of sound. Carr hurried his words.

"These parts are not ordinary to foreigners; and Mr. Parker would write about us to show those who have never been here. He sent me a letter to ask if I'd put him up."

"Do which?"

"Keep him as a guest in my house, while he studied and took down matters in writing. But he'd learn a lot more if he could stay with you and Barsha. Will you have him for company?"

"What manner of man is he?"

The train slid around the last curve, creaking and groaning.

"He is my friend," Tom Carr said quickly.

"He's welcome."

No. 9 slowed down and the heathen jumped from the step of a sleeping car into the blackness. A porter threw a suitcase after him, and the train made away with itself southward.

Carr ran forward and he and Emmet Parker greeted like old familiars. Rashe Lowe stood in the shadow and studied the lank young man who seemed to be all made of traveling cap and black-rimmed spectacles. He watched the man slap Carr on the shoulder and saw the two prance round each other like colts in a clearing—and it Sunday night—but when Carr brought the stranger to him, Rashe was pleased with his frank eyes and heartened at the strength of his handclasp. The young fellows now stopped their goings on and waited for Rashe to speak. Heathen the stranger might be, but some manners undoubtedly.

"You are to be my company," Rashe said, "since Mist' Carr wills it. May you take naturally to us."

"That's fine!" Emmet Parker said. "Where do we go from here?"

"Home," Rashe made answer simply. "I'll step ahead and leave you free." And he strode away across the town, carrying Parker's suitcase.

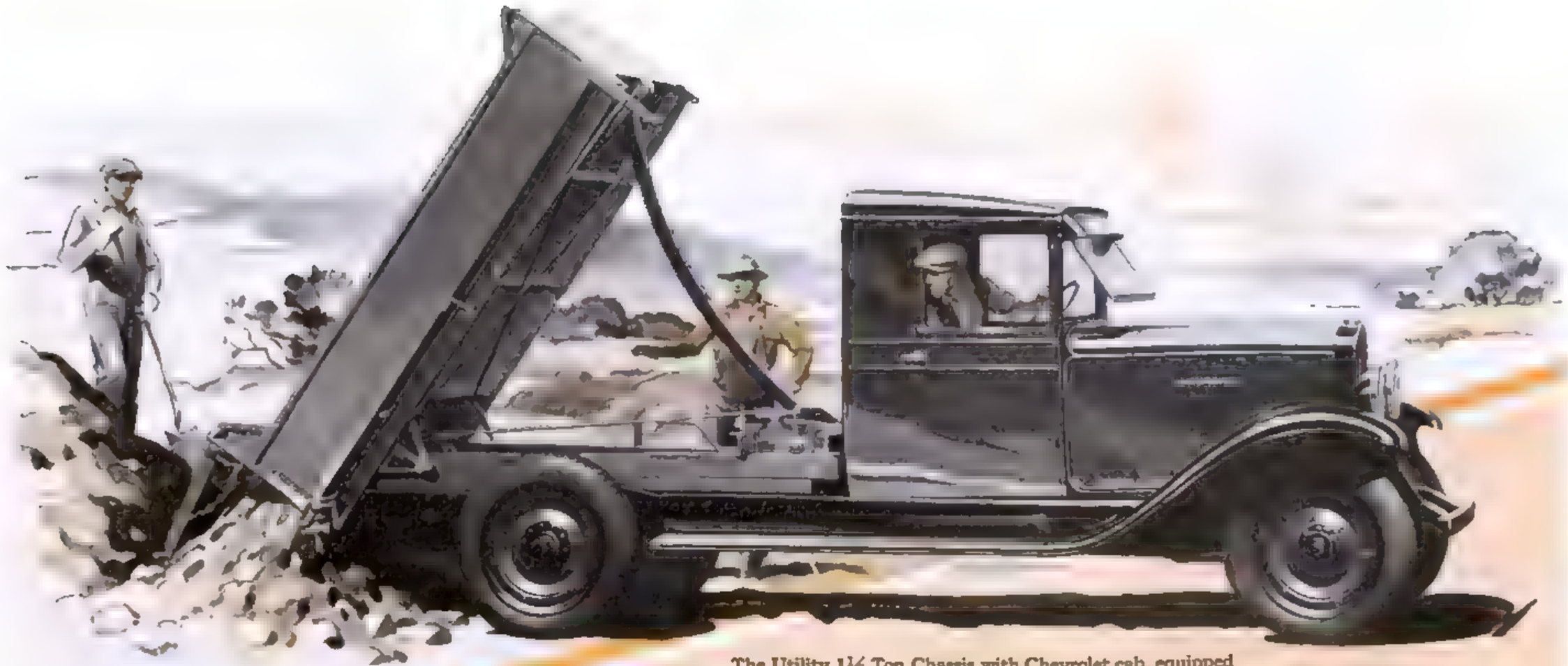
"What is it?" Parker asked. "Is it the sheriff? What's he mean—free?"

"Only that we may want to talk without being hindered by his presence." Tom Carr was vexed at the tone in Parker's voice.

"Good; we do. Now, what's your game, wishing me onto the natives? Haven't you a spare bunk?"

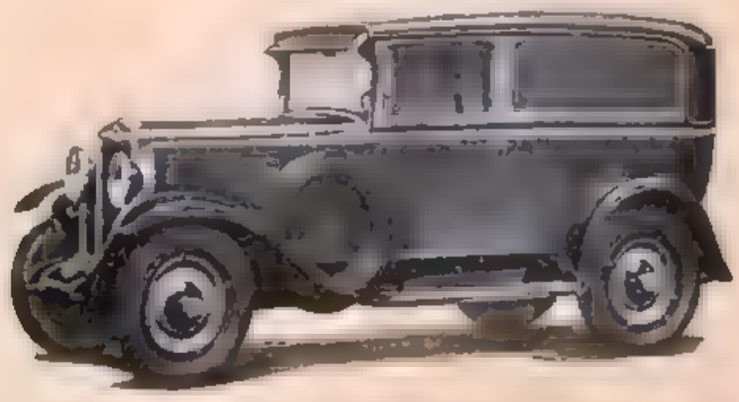
"You'll get a lot more local color and dialect if you stay with them. If you are with me, who am still half outland,

(Continued on Page 42)

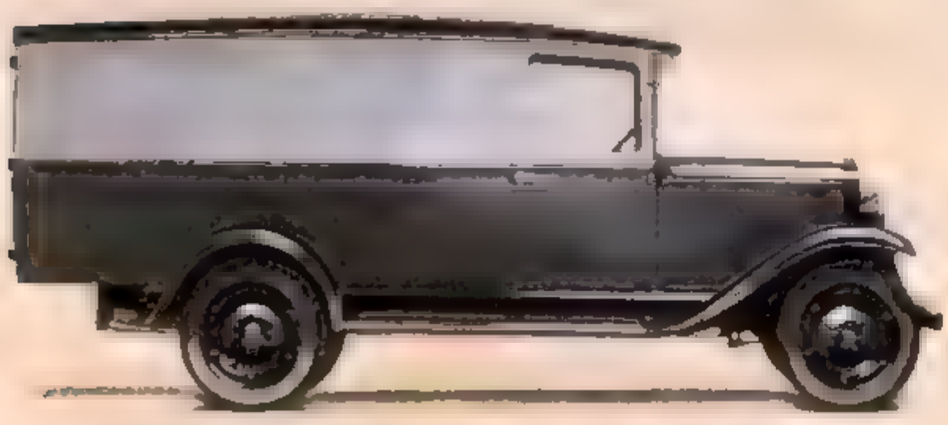


The Utility 1½ Ton Chassis with Chevrolet cab, equipped with power dump body built of reinforced steel to withstand concentrated weight. Popular among coal dealers, contractors, road builders, etc.

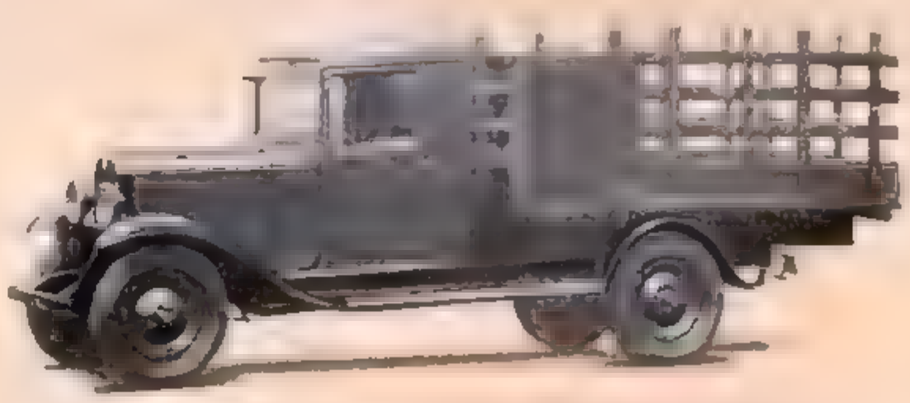
Grain tight, and equipped with a Comstock end gate that controls the flow of grain when unloading—this body type is very popular among farmers, stock raisers, dairy operators, feed companies, etc. The sides can be raised and stock racks added, if desired.



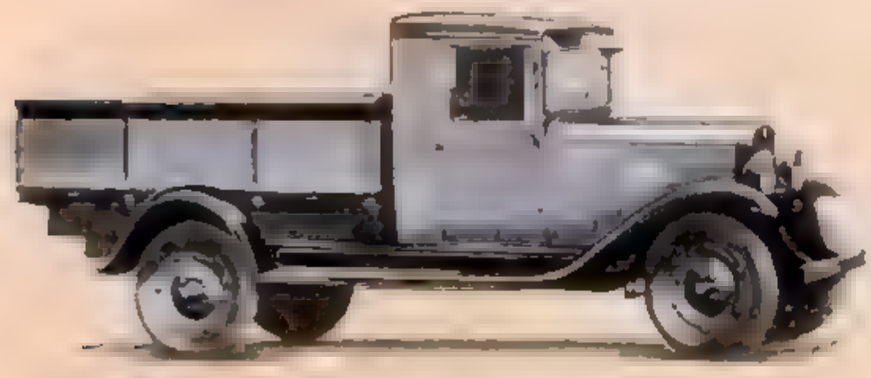
Adapted from passenger-car design, the sturdy Sedan Delivery with Body by Fisher is extremely popular among smart specialty shops, department stores and organizations whose salesmen carry samples.



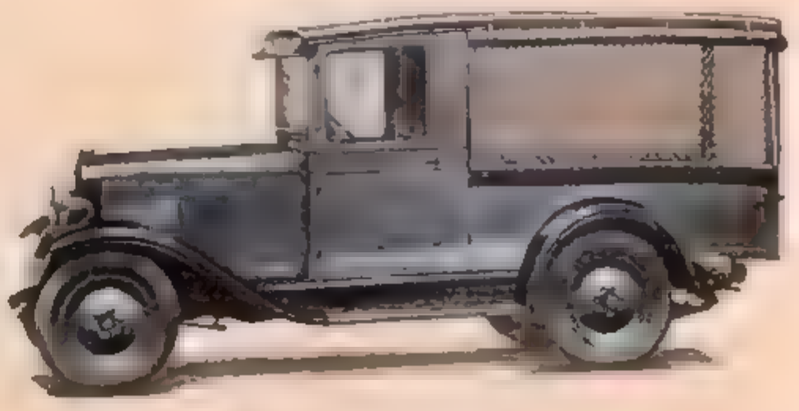
Panel bodies are available on both the Utility 1½ Ton and the Light Delivery Chassis. They are extensively used by dry cleaners, florists, druggists, grocers, laundries and others who require a smart, speedy, dependable, economical transportation unit.



Combining exceptional strength with extra large capacity, stake bodies are used more widely than any other single type. Preferred by a large number of farmers, cartage companies, wholesalers, builders, etc.



The wide express body has many advantages which account for its popularity among packers, wholesalers, truck farmers and produce growers. It is of unusual depth and width —extending well over the rear wheels.



The canopy top express body is designed to meet the requirements of builders, manufacturers, plumbers, tinsmiths and others who do not require weather protection for the load. Available without screen sides if desired.

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

The New Six-Cylinder CHEVROLET TRUCKS meet the transportation needs of every line of business

As a result of present crowded traffic conditions and the modern ideas of prompt, efficient customer-service, business transportation today involves problems that did not exist a few years ago. To meet these conditions, business concerns are demanding in their trucks the flexibility, acceleration, speed and reserve power of the six-cylinder engine—with body types specifically designed for their own particular needs.

And because the new Chevrolet six-cylinder trucks fulfill these requirements in the price range of the four, Chevrolet truck sales in every section of the country are increasing at a remarkable rate.

Typifying the modern design of Chevrolet commercial cars is the new Utility 1½ Ton Truck. In it is provided every modern feature contributing to better, more economical, faster operation. It is powered by the new Chevrolet six-cylinder valve-in-head engine which is 32% more powerful than the previous four-cylinder motor and which, due to greatly improved carburetion, is equally economical. It accommodates any type of body with a load space up to 9 ft. It has a four-forward speed transmission with power take-off opening, big, quiet, non-locking four-wheel brakes and long semi-elliptic springs set parallel to the frame.

Equally modern and equally fitted for their particular types of work are the new six-cylinder Chevrolet Light Delivery units—the Sedan Delivery and the Light Delivery Chassis on which you can mount the body type suited to your individual needs.

Whether you require a 1½ ton truck for heavy duty hauling or a delivery car with passenger car smartness, see your Chevrolet dealer today. Let him show you the variety of body types available for your particular business. Let him prove how little it costs to meet fast modern transportation requirements with a modern, economical six-cylinder truck.

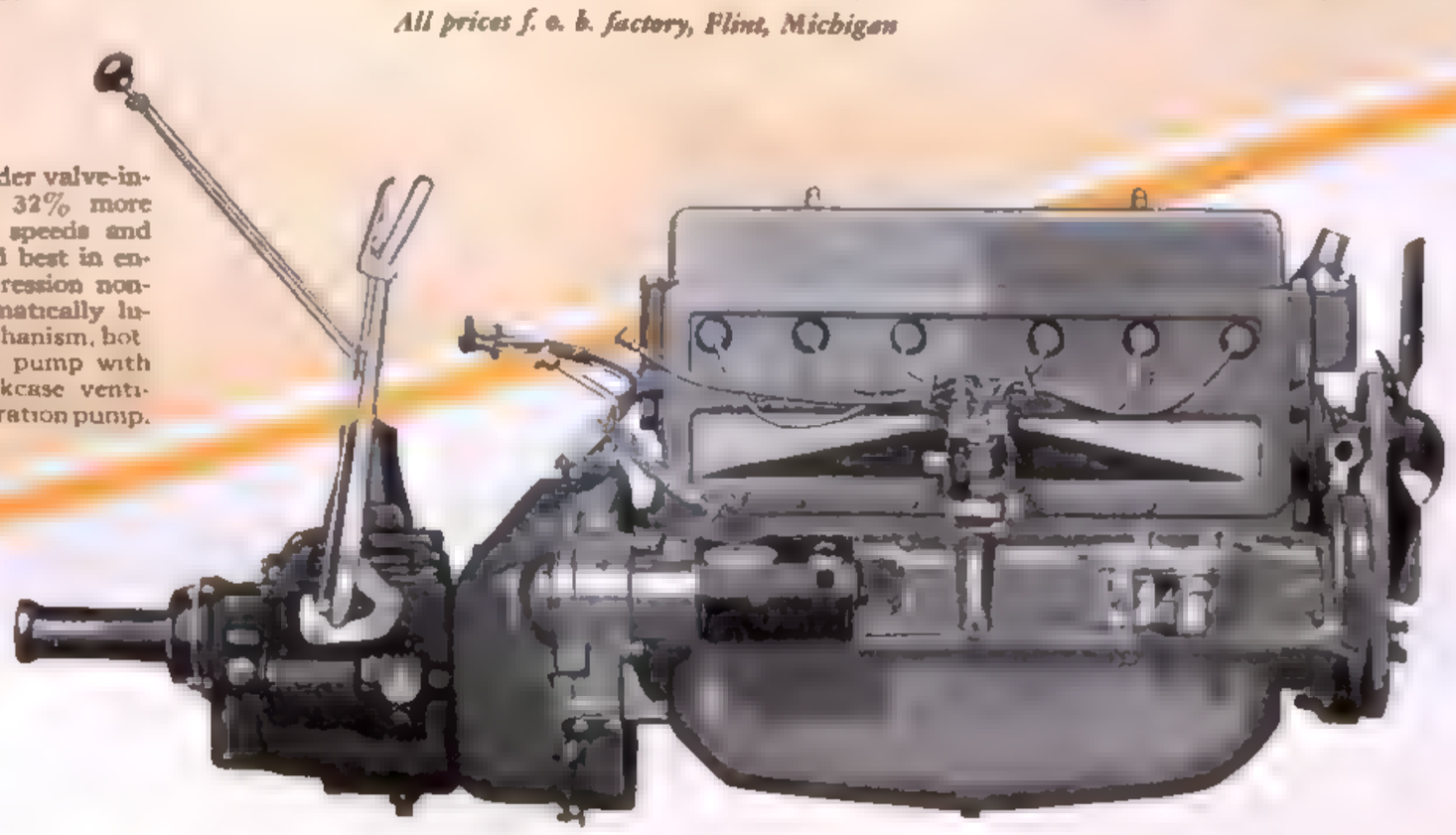
CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

A SIX IN THE PRICE RANGE OF THE FOUR!

1½ TON TRUCK *(Chassis Only)* $545 — 1½ TON CHASSIS *(with Cab)* $650 — LIGHT DELIVERY *(Chassis Only)* $400 — SEDAN DELIVERY *(Spare tire extra)* $595

All prices f. o. b. factory, Flint, Michigan

The Chevrolet six-cylinder valve-in-head engine develops 32% more power at slow engine speeds and embodies the latest and best in engine design: high-compression non-detonating head, automatically lubricated rocker arm mechanism, hot spot manifold, gasoline pump with filter, air cleaner, crankcase ventilating system and acceleration pump.



(Continued from Page 39)

they'll sheer off you, and you could stay years without getting what you came for."

"But look here; I don't know these people."

"You soon will. Barsha, Rashe's wife, will take good care of you. All you have to do is to be perfectly straight with them. Tell them the truth about your writing business and be yourself." Carr spoke sharply.

"Fact is," Emmet Parker said, dropping into seriousness, "I am not sure myself just what I'm up to. I'm in a tight corner—not a notion in my bean."

"So you are trying to get fresh atmosphere and try your public on that?"

"That's it—local color—native American stuff, and so on. I said to myself, 'Emmet, my boy, you're going stale; you must dash into the great open spaces. But,' I said, 'where dash?' Then I thought of you, lost down here in the sticks, and I said, 'Why not skid in Tom's direction and cheer him up and roll the makings of a folk novel too?' Kill you and the book with the same happy stone. You shoving me off like this is a bit hard on you, but I begin to see it will be fine business."

"Well, don't be rampant with them," Tom Carr warned.

"Thanks for the tip; I'll be careful not to scare 'em. What are you laughing at?"

"Nothing," Carr said. "Here's your host; you drop off here."

Following the outlander's sharp "'Night, o' man," came Rashe Lowe's drawl: "A fair Sunday night to you, Mist' Carr, 'n' a kindly waking. . . . Efn you'll follow in my steps, Mist' Parker, we'll treat you clever as we can."

The rain wind tore the clouds open and the moon hung in the space between so that the hollow where stood the Lowes' cabin was full flooded with its light. The far-away spark of Barsha Lowe's lamp looked lonesome, and the two men tasted the smoke from the cabin fire and hastened.

Barsha Lowe asked no question when she saw the guest. She rose stiffly from her chair and went out back to mix bread for supper. Church nights always ended in after-dark supper, which she hated; but seeing there was company, it happened well tonight. She put more sweet potatoes and bacon in the iron skillet and added half a mug more coffee to the brew upon the stove, the while her ears stretched to hear the talk in the next room and her weatherworn old face puckered into a smile.

"A wild one," she told the paring knife, "but gently raised."

Padding about her dark kitchen hole, setting table and searching for a spare fork and spoon, she gathered enough of the talk to salve her doubts of the wild one. He could no more keep his body still than his tongue, and he tramped restlessly about the room or twisted to and fro in his chair while he told Rashe all news of himself. Likely he didn't know that a sudden guest should rest silent. He told how he wrote many books and now wanted to write one about the Southern mountaineers.

Barsha went to the between door to see what manner of thing that might be, and Rashe said: "Us, you mean to say?"

"Why, of course; what do you call yourselves?"

Rashe thought about it. "I scarcely know," he gave slow answer, "but never heard tell of mounty-neer. We don't cherish that in our word hoard." He turned the word over on his tongue carefully, and then put it away in his mind. "Mist' Parker," he said, "gin you're liable to write a book about these parts and peoples, you'd best come it inchmeal."

"It won't take me so long to look about," Parker said. "All I need is to gather up a few notes on customs and manners, get some scenic description, and listen to the dialect first-hand."

"How many years you aim to rest with us?" Rashe asked him.

"Years? I'm afraid I'll have to get back home in a few days."

"You'll be an active man from now on," Rashe told him.

A thud against the outer door made the outlander jump. "What's that?"

"Likely the calf thinks this the barn," Rashe said. "Hit'll find its way directly. Now, talking about all you got to do: Our manners, take the clock round, and you'll have seen all; our ways is ordinary and days follow each other easy, and like as bean seed. What's that di'lect you talk of?"

"Manner of speech, way of talking," Parker explained.

"What ails my way of talking?" Rashe asked. "Or maybe you're like a visiting woman come here one year. She cared to hear me say: 'This yere is a cheer'"—he slapped the withe rocker in which he sat—"'that thar's a b'ar,' and 'Stop thar en tell you-un's name ere I shoot!'" He pointed a ghostly rifle at Parker in stage play that made the guest shout with laughter.

Barsha showed herself in the kitchen door. "I'd be obliged to you not to do that."

"My woman," Rashe excused her, "is gnarled, growing on this hard-won land and being a penned-at-home woman too. But talking about talking, you'd do better to leave our talk outen your book. I've seen a heap o' bad spelling like that in Mist' Carr's books. No one sensed what it might be. Hit's the sound o' words is different in all lands, and no print'll give that, addle it how you may. That's most of your troubles down with; now, efn you care for seeing the country, we could go out tonight "

"Tonight?" Parker said.

"There's a heap to look at, and gin you're in such a snud to be gone, best get on with it."

Parker waited to fetch something out of his memory and throw it away—something he'd heard about a slow and backward people. "All right," he said. "I'm game, and I'd be glad if you'd tell me something about these feuds you have down here, and give me a line on this moonshine proposition."

"I'm right proud to have a gentleman talking outland English in my house," Rashe answered. "Maybe, gin you could content your mind to stay a while longer, we'd learn not to be backwoods. I might maybe could show you something, and you me."

Parker took himself around the room again, and soon roamed to the rear door and peered in upon Barsha.

"Your cooking smells good!" he roared, and Barsha carefully turned her slow smile on him.

"Likely it won't taste so to you, but good or bad it'll be ready time your echo dies down. Don't folks from your parts ever fit the voice to the place?"

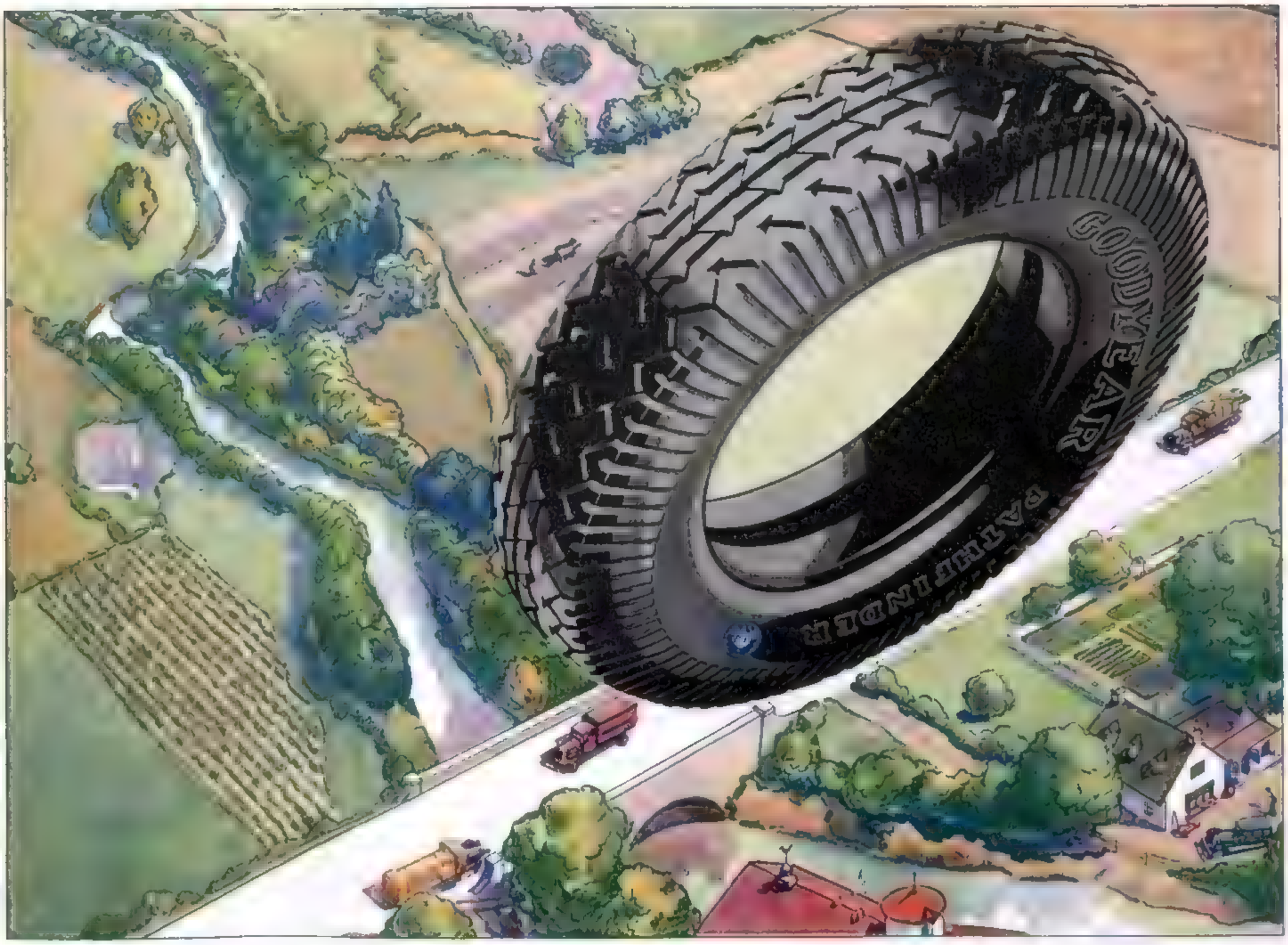
Emmet Parker laughed aloud again and Barsha went on with supper fixments. Once, in her girlhood, she had laughed out loud like that, and the memory was pleasant. She lost herself in the past and stirred the present potatoes that were thinking about scorching.

They sat down to the table, and Horatio made his usual grace: "A blessing on us all, and may this daily bread give strength." Then he told the guest: "We fare poorly, but what is here is as your own. Use freely of it."

Native manners call for a bashfulness and a first refusing of every dish, and, upon urging, a zestful taking of all, slighting nothing that is upon the table, even though it be against your whim. Emmet Parker,

(Continued on Page 128)

The Dogs, Casting in the Brush Around, Had Set to a Gant Persimmon Tree and Were Crying Up It Loudly



Here's a *low-price* tire you can't call a "*Second-liner*"!

Outstanding quality makes the new Goodyear Pathfinder superior to many makers' highest priced tires

If that headline is true, you'll admit it's great news for the tire-user.

Well, it *is* true. Just you try the new Goodyear Pathfinder tire and you'll see how completely true it is.

Goodyear considers this great new tire for the moderate-price field an economic triumph, and is proud to mark it with its name and seal.

You'll agree—when you experience the benefits of the new Pathfinder's massive and rugged construction, its deep-cut thick tread, and of other important features like these:

1. A *balanced* tire, with all parts equally durable.

2. The powerful carcass is made of genuine Supertwist cord, with its matchless vitality and resistance to fatigue.

3. The heavy tread is wide, designed for slow even wear, and it delivers exceptional traction and non-skid protection.

4. Tread materials embody the same principles of rubber toughening as distinguish the famed Goodyear All-Weather Tread.

5. Materials, workmanship, and inspection are to the strict Goodyear standard.

6. Available in both High Pressure and Balloon sizes.

No, even if it is low-priced, you can't call the new Goodyear Pathfinder a "second-line" tire—it is "first-line" quality and superior in most cases to the highest priced tires built by many manufacturers.

Try it—and your home-town Goodyear Dealer's money-saving service—and see how much farther your tire money goes than ever before!

GOODYEAR

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THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

BLACK SAND

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

YOUNG Sam Forbes wanted to remain in San Francisco. "Night and day I burn to stay here," he said to the master of the Silver Cloud.

"I would not care to face your uncle and report that you had broken your pledged word. Well enough for the hands to leave the ship, though some of them are honest men. I'll not point out the difference betwixt you and them. You came on as supercargo for the voyage. I've shipped a new crew in spite of the show ashore, and tomorrow we clear on the ebb." Captain Caleb Sears set his thin lips together and seemed to wait for young Samuel Quincy Forbes to reply.

"Of course I'll return with the ship, sir—but, oh, how that town invites me!"

"I know, lad, but there'll be other scenes in other lands. You have your duty to the house. There's gold here, I've no doubt, but the Forbes flag must fly for all that—the Forbes ship must sail."

"Spent Most of His Time Loafin' in Here With the Alcalde. Tryin' to Hornswoggle Him Out of a High-Toned Clerk's Job, Probably"

The Silver Cloud got away at dawn on the first of the ebb tide under a light air from the southwest. From her berth she stood over on the port tack toward Angel Island. Save for some harbor craft, she was the only moving thing on San Francisco Bay. She drew away proudly from half a thousand abandoned ships lying deserted in a forest of bristling masts.

At the end of her course she tacked and stood to westward of Alcatraz. The pilot brought her along within a ship's length to the eastward of Shag Rock. The pilot had celebrated the night and his voice was rough. When Shag Rock bore a little abaft the beam, the pilot barked an order to the man at the wheel.

"Luff, you codfish!" he roared, and his tone was as rough as the sounds that came out of the ship a moment later when she struck.

Ten minutes after she struck, the Silver Cloud, laboring under her canvas in the light air, swung around and came off. Two or three pieces of her keel came up on the dark tide.

"She's making an inch of water a minute, sir," a man reported to Captain Sears.

Near the mainland, after a couple of steam pumps had been rigged to keep the Silver Cloud afloat, "We will discharge our cargo, Mr. Forbes," the captain informed his supercargo. "Repairs will take two months or more. After the cargo is sold, there is no reason why you should not see a bit of this strange land."

Samuel Quincy Forbes came ashore with a clear conscience and a thirst for adventure. He was twenty years old, and he dived into the second act of the golden play with the full vigor and enthusiasm of that age.

"This is the life for me," he said. "Ho for California and its gold!"

To his uncle he wrote: "I take pleasure in reporting, sir, that the cargo of the Silver Cloud has been sold right here in San Francisco for five times the best figure we could hope for in any China port. Pending repairs to the ship, I shall employ my time in observing the thousand interesting happenings which mark each day of life in California. To avoid idleness, I have accepted a responsible clerical position with a banking firm just now starting in this city. There seems to be great opportunity here for honest, industrious men in any line." And so on.

There was even better opportunity for dishonest men. Before young Sam Forbes had spent his first month in San Francisco quite a number of dishonest men, grasping their opportunities, elected to play characteristic parts in the roaring drama about them.

Eager crooks, half of them in broadcloth and fine linen, had beaten their records to San Francisco. Some of these, playing politics, robbed the commonwealth of enough money to enable them to purchase a veneer of respectability which, through a distant future, would shelter their memories. Others, not so adroit in the use of law for criminal purposes, adopted direct action and were satisfied from day to day with reaping whatever minor harvests might fall before their blackjacks, their knives and their guns.

In a little while, when the town had become notorious for its crime, a few decent citizens, knowing that the place must be surrendered to its harbored thieves or that a battle must be fought with the enemy's weapons, organized to resist threatened destruction.

"The hour has become desperate, sir," the young bank clerk reported in his second letter to his uncle in Boston. "We are taking steps to subdue the thugs. I have decided to remain in California and I hope that my course meets with your approval. I purchased some water lots two weeks ago which today are worth ten times what I paid for them. The bank has given me a partnership. I will close this letter now, as the leading citizens meet in twenty minutes to formulate a plan of action for the purpose of ridding the city of its desperadoes, and I have been requested to act as secretary of the meeting."

A month after San Francisco had begun to build its bulkhead against the crime waves which threatened to submerge the town, Sam Forbes found occasion to write a letter to his aunt in Boston:

"The woolen socks and the chest protector which you sent to me in care of Captain Roberts have been received and they are grateful protection against the inclement weather. You would not recognize me now, for I have let my beard grow; and I am sure that this new adornment and the woolen chest protector which you sent will insure my health, no matter what the rigors of this climate may be."

A little while after he had written the letter the young man shaved his whiskers off and departed for the high Sierras under orders from one of his fellows who served on the committee of reform in San Francisco.

"You will endeavor to end the activities of the Sydney Shark and of the Iron Bender," the secretary of the committee ordered. "They camped together in Happy Valley while they were here in San Francisco. We are reasonably sure that they are the men who murdered Mr. Kellogg in his store the night of the second fire. Here are their descriptions. They seem to be commonplace specimens of their kind. The principal detail is that the Iron Bender is left-handed. It is probable that they will stay away from San Francisco for a long time, and that they will resume their activities in some of the new camps that are being discovered in the more remote districts."

Young Sam Forbes left San Francisco an hour after he got his orders. He spent a while in the southern mines; and then, on foot, he journeyed northward along the moving frontier of the placer country.

A month after his departure from San Francisco he arrived at a new camp, Payday Flat, on the west slope of the ridge between Bear River and Cub Creek.

There was gold, and lots of it, on the west slope of the ridge between Bear River and Cub Creek, but nobody found it for a long time. The rush had started for Greenhorn River and nothing could halt the mob short of its goal until all of Greenhorn was staked.

The Greenhorn pay was mighty light, the bed rock deep, and when cold truth took the place of hot rumor, half a dozen camps along Greenhorn died overnight.

A little spring had been cleaned out on the trail halfway up the east bank of Cub Creek. Here, disgusted with a wasted month on the headwaters of Greenhorn, a man rested and tried to make up his mind about his future program. He might make wages chopping wood around Sacramento, or he might make a fortune if he found some new creek and struck it rich.

It was a hot day in the hills, and the man got good and tired trying to figure out his future, so he let the devil take care of that question and curled up for a siesta in the sunlight. He was thirsty when he woke up, because he had spent two ounces drinking out of a barrel of Monongahela whisky the night before. What he wanted then was water. He walked over and lay down flat beside the spring.

He blew a couple of water hoppers out of his way and drank deeply of the cold water. Presently his blurred vision focused on the débris in the bottom of the spring. There was a slug of gold lying in the gravel at the bottom of the spring or else he was a son of a gun.

He reached in and fished the object out of the spring. "Four ounces and better!" He staked discovery—a double claim by right of his having made the find.

"What you got there, pardner?" Even while he was engaged in cinching his claim in accordance with the simple formalities of the placer country, he was discovered by a company of old-timers retreating from Greenhorn.

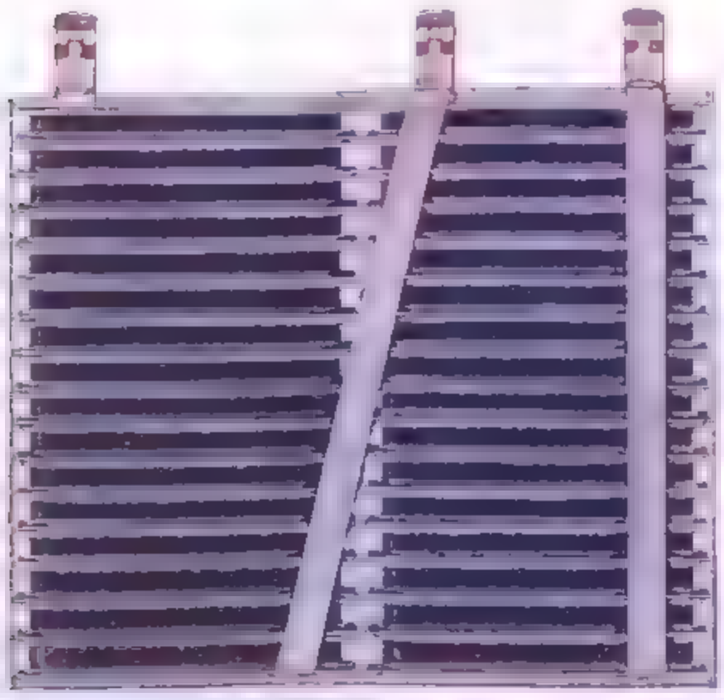
"Boys, it's pay day—this ground is lousy with ounce slugs from the grass roots down."

Before sundown the slope from Cub Creek to the divide between that stream and Bear River had been staked. Cub Creek tumbled down five hundred feet in half a mile, which was well enough, because within a week the dry diggings of the east bank were being worked with plenty of water brought in through a half-mile ditch.

Payday Flat had been born and raised in seven days, and by the seventh day of its lifetime it had a population of five or six thousand, with eight stores, sixteen saloons, four hotels, an alcalde, two dance halls and any gambling game that any gambling miner might crave.

(Continued on Page 47)

Diagram illustrating the simplicity of the Eveready Layerbilt construction. Only two broad metal bands and only five soldered connections. No waste spaces. It's all battery. Note the contrast between this construction and that illustrated below.



This is the original LARGE SIZE Eveready Layerbilt No. 486 for heavy duty—list price, $4.25, only 25 cents more than the Eveready cylindrical cell battery of the same size, No. 770. There is another Eveready Layerbilt in Medium Size No. 485—list price, $2.95, only 20 cents more than the Eveready cylindrical cell "B" Battery No. 772.

THE EVEREADY LAYERBILT IS THE ONLY "B" BATTERY BUILT WITHOUT FINE CONNECTING WIRES AND MANY SOLDERED POINTS

THE next time you buy "B" batteries, get Eveready Layerbilts. These famous batteries now have had three years of public use, and the public has found them to be what we have always said they were—the best, the most satisfactory, the most economical and the longest lasting of all "B" batteries.

The reason Eveready Layerbilts are all those things is a simple one—they are built of flat cells. Those cells pack together tightly, occupying all available space inside the battery box. They make connection with each other automatically, minimizing soldered connections. In a 45-volt "B" battery made of cylindrical cells there are 30 individual cells, each with two soldered points, making 60 solderings. In addition, there are 29 small wires to connect these points—89 chances for trouble!

In the Eveready Layerbilt, however, there are but five soldered connections. Instead of a maze of fine wires, there are only two thick metal bands, each ⅝ inch wide. All other connections are made automatically, by contact of the full surface of one flat cell against its neighbors.

All these things make a better battery, a battery that is more reliable, more satisfactory and longer lasting. The Eveready Layerbilt is made in two sizes, Medium and Large Size. Either costs you only a few cents more than the cylindrical cell Eveready of the same size, and will last from 25% to 30% longer. When you buy "B" batteries, get Eveready Layerbilts. The longest lasting and most economical is Eveready Layerbilt No. 486. Look for the name "Layerbilt" on the label.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC., New York — San Francisco

Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

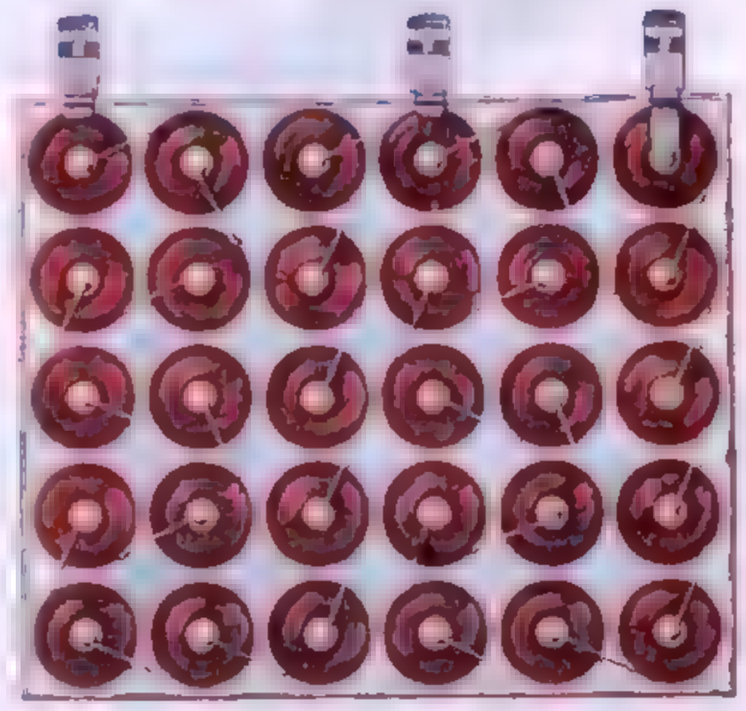


Diagram illustrating the construction of a cylindrical cell "B" battery. Two solderings per cell, or 60 in all, and 29 fine wires—89 chances for trouble. Note waste space between cells.

TUESDAY NIGHT IS EVEREADY HOUR NIGHT. *East of the Rockies*—9 P. M. Eastern Standard Time, through WEAF and associated N. B. C. stations. On the *Pacific Coast*—6 P. M. Pacific Standard Time, through N. B. C. Pacific Coast network.

SEE AND HEAR THE NEW EVEREADY RADIO SETS

How to Break In A New Car

So It Won't Break You After the First Few Thousand Miles

876

Avoiding the Lack of Proper Lubrication That Fosters 80% of All Repair Bills, and Makes Cars Old and Noisy

"Breaking in" a new car, according to high automotive authorities, entails more than careful running of the motor the first thousand miles.

Proper lubrication every 500 miles is stressed just as urgently today by car makers. 80% of all repair bills, it is now known, are due to lack of PROPER LUBRICATION, or to "regular" lubrication with poor greases

The Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System on your car provides the means to Proper Lubrication.

Genuine Alemite-ing Stations, conveniently located wherever you are, provide easily available assurance that those systems are being PROPERLY used.

All greases are not fitted to the Alemite Systems. Cheap greases, often found in ordinary "Greasing Stations," are dangerous.

Genuine Alemite-ing Stations use special lubricants, made by the makers of the Alemite Systems themselves and developed after years of research as CORRECT for those Systems.

For your own protection, the obviously sensible thing is to go to genuine Alemite-ing Stations for lubricating service. Efficient mechanics serve you. You get the utmost in easier riding, squeakless running, and astonishingly FEWER REPAIR BILLS on your car.

Genuine Alemite-ing Stations display the yellow sign shown above. Go to any one and ask to have your car "Alemited."

ALEMITE

Over 95% of the cars selling today, including the new Ford, are equipped with either the Alemite or Alemite Push Type System. Both are equally efficient. In buying Alemite fittings be sure that the word "Alemite" is stamped on the body as shown at left

ALEMITE PUSH TYPE

What Alemite-ing Is

1. GEARS: Differential and transmission thoroughly flushed out by a special Alemite process. New Alemite Gear Lubricant forced in—every 2,500 miles.

2. BEARINGS: Alemite High Pressure Lubricant forced into every vital chassis bearing with Alemite equipment by expert Alemite mechanics—every 500 miles.

3. SPRINGS: Springs sprayed with special Alemite Graphite Penetrating Oil—every 500 miles. Eliminating ALL spring squeaks and making the car run immeasurably smoother.

* * *

Alemite Manufacturing Corporation, Division of Stewart-Warner, 2696 N. Crawford Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Canadian Address: The Alemite Products Company of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario.

(Continued from Page 44)

The pioneer mercantile enterprise of Payday Flat was the Shamrock Saloon. Starting as a flattened log, two tin cups and a keg of colored alcohol, the Shamrock had grown in a week to where it was a canvas-covered structure eighty feet long, employing four bartenders. Work was progressing rapidly on a more substantial two-story annex built of lumber, which, according to the proprietor, Mr. Patrick Houlahan, would be opened for business with a grand jamboree before the records of another seven days had been written into the chronicles of Payday Flat.

Mr. Houlahan was big and bold and he had a hearty way with him, so in spite of competition the Shamrock enjoyed more than its share of the trade. Because of his prominence in the affairs of Payday Flat, Mr. Houlahan had been elected alcalde of the new camp. His motto was: No Chinese! And he forthwith added to his popularity by a vociferous advocation of a tax on foreign miners which should rid the district of the unwelcome aliens who were engaged in robbing the ground of treasures rightfully the property of patriotic citizens of the land of the free.

When it was completed, the alcalde established himself in his new saloon. The reconstructed Shamrock was a two-story frame building. Near the far end of the bar a narrow stairway led to the second story. A hallway running the full length of the building upstairs divided the area equally, and on each side of the hallway were eight small rooms. Save for the one reserved for the proprietor, these rooms were only six feet square. At the front of the building, Alcalde Houlahan's room stuck out three feet over the front line of the Shamrock structure, thus affording the leading citizen space for a couple of chests which the carpenters finished for him two days after the grand opening of his enlarged establishment.

On the evening of the big jamboree the festivities began before sundown. For an hour drinks were on the house, and then the gold scales reappeared on the long bar; but by this time a good many of Mr. Houlahan's patrons disdained the penny-ante business of weighing in their wealth. It was easier to plank down a buckskin sack carrying five or six pounds of gold than it was to untie the strings about the sack and fiddle around with a pinch of dust here and there when good old thirsty pals stood waiting.

By ten o'clock Payday Flat was going full blast. There was no doubt about her being a big town. Civic pride demanded the utmost effort, and some of Payday's pioneers, citizens of record for the full fourteen days, realizing the futility of their vocal organs, fell back on firearms. Shooting seemed appropriate to the hour. A banging gun voiced the emotions for which words did not exist.

One of the bartenders in the Shamrock saloon heard a couple of faint shots which sounded like they came from a mile away up the Chalk Ridge trail. Some of the boys were heading for their cabins. Well, he was glad of it. He was tired of listening to drunken men, tired of sloshing whisky out on the rough bar, tired of dribbling handfuls of gold through his fingers into the cash bucket on the floor midway of his ten-foot range. He wouldn't mind lending a hand with the fun for the rest of the night himself

He looked around for Alcalde Houlahan, but the proprietor of the Shamrock was nowhere to be seen.

Another faint pop, far away, punctuated a lull in the local turmoil. A man had been shot on the Chalk Ridge trail, and now he was stumbling down toward Payday Flat, whimpering to tell about it before he died. At one place in the trail, if the shot man had fallen he might have rolled half a mile into Cub Creek, but he did not fall at this place.

Halfway down the ridge, where the slope was easier, almost square across the gulch from Payday Flat, there was a spring. This, too, had been mighty useful water, and somebody had shoveled out a hole in the bank so that the trickling rivulets might accumulate.

When the stumbling man got to this spring he collapsed beside it.

Presently he rolled his head over as if to pillow his face on the cold water. He tried to drink, but he was so weak that he could not hold his head up; and here in the night, striving for an added moment of life, he drowned with his face under water.

Dead Man Spring was christened. In the early dawn somebody leaving the ruckus at Payday Flat found the dead man beside the spring, and the discoverer was quick to spread the news:

"Jake Willis, he got shot."

"Jake Willis is layin' by the little spring across the gulch with his face in it, dead."

"Yeah—he's the feller with the cabin up on Chalk Ridge. Somebody shot him."

Somnolent hang-overs at the Shamrock sat up and took notice: "Where's he at?"

"Shot dead, layin' up at Dead Man Spring."

When he heard the news Alcalde Houlahan was the first to call for ordered action: "The thing to do is to appoint a coroner's jury to size up the layout and write a verdict on paper."

"That's the thing to do—git a coroner's verdict wrote out legal. Wonder who done it?"

Payday Flat wondered who did it, and then after Jake Willis' funeral the mourners turned to their neglected claims and lit into the pay dirt to make up for lost time.

"Between the Shamrock jamboree and old Jake gittin' himself shot, we wasted two mighty good days."

These days were wasted when an average day meant five or six ounces of coarse gold, with plenty of slug material for bait. Some of the old-timers had never seen gold pile up so fast. (Continued on Page 177)

A Bet on Jim Summers Would Have Been a Losing Bet, for Within Half an Hour After His Sunrise Departure From Payday Flat Jim Summers Lay Dead Alongside the Trail Through Hawkins Canyon

Keeping the Bank's Doors Open

By W. CARL EVANS

(Former National Bank Examiner)

With Wilbur Hall

GENERALLY, throughout Idaho, times were bad. Farm produce was difficult to market, money was scarce, a drought the year before had left its mark everywhere, and the old men were predicting an early and hard winter. Concurrently, of course, many banks were in straits.

In the little town of Brownville—let it be called—the entire community had its eyes fixed on one single lining of silver that brightened, for it, the dark cloud above. Brownville had had a good fall potato crop—a $125,000 potato crop, to be exact—and, thanks to Uncle George Hill's lifetime efforts, Brownville had a market for that crop. Young Tom Hill, Uncle George's son, had gone East with the potatoes, just as Uncle George had always gone up to the time of his death, and when he returned, Brownville would be saved. The potato growers could pay their debts, including a good many labor bills to their neighbors; grocery bills and meat bills and bills for implements could be paid, or partly paid, notes to the bank could be liquidated or renewed, and the bank—that stronghold of community defense against the common enemy of financial difficulties—could mend its own credit fences with the Federal Reserve bank in Salt Lake.

But Tom Hill and the potato-crop money were slightly overdue!

Brownville had always raised potatoes as a side line to cattle and wheat, but it had remained for Uncle George Hill to lift crop standards to the place where Brownville potatoes commanded a premium in the market and were always eagerly bought, no matter what might happen to the potatoes of other regions. Uncle George, from the beginning, had never been content to raise just potatoes; he had high and fancy notions about what a potato should be, and also some visionary ideas as to how many of these extra-special Three X spuds an acre of Brownville land should produce. To Brownville's surprise, years back, Uncle George's potatoes found a quick and superior market at an advanced price. Brownville began, then, to take Uncle George seriously, to emulate his example, to make a study of potatoes, and to increase production and improve quality.

Uncle George, being one man in a million, as you might say, did not begrudge his neighbors their success nor resent their adoption of his methods; on the contrary, he came out immediately and said that he would be glad to take all his neighbors' Grade A product back East with his own, market them with his, and bring back the money without charge. The result had been, taken year in and year out, a very profitable little coöperative business, without any machinery or complications, that could be depended on, even when other things failed, to give the town and its countryside enough money to get through the winter on. Uncle George's death, widely mourned, had not caused any change in program, however, for his son, young Tom, though not the man his father had been, was capable and energetic, and he knew his father's selling methods and had been East with him on his marketing expeditions more than once. So, that winter, Tom took the potato train back East, and Brownville, of necessity, put off paying its debts and providing against the winter till he should return.

The Silver Lining Fails to Appear

NOW, the Farmers' National Bank of Brownville was particularly and rather painfully interested in this potato excursion of Tom Hill's, for on it, as nearly as the directors could estimate, depended the continued existence of the institution. Locally owned, conservatively capitalized, and heavily involved in Brownville paper, the bank was groaning a trifle under the strain, and the directors and officials were agonizingly aware of the fact that they were individually responsible, among other things, for a generous deposit with them of some state-highway bond money which they had used up in keeping Brownville going through the fall. Once Tom Hill was back and that $125,000 in cash was transfused into the anæmic stream of the lifeblood of the community, the strain would be materially eased up and the bank saved. Incidentally, it was felt that the transfusion could not be effected too soon, for the national-bank examiner was in Idaho and reported headed their way. The directors hoped, and the more devout of them probably prayed, that Tom would be successful and that his return would be expedited.

In the Little Town of Brownville the Entire Community Had its Eyes Fixed on One Single Lining of Silver That Brightened the Dark Cloud Above. Brownville Had Had a Good Fall Potato Crop

But the dragging days did not bring him. He was a week late, ten days, two weeks. Men began to question one another anxiously. The bank officials wrote, then telegraphed. The middle of December came, but Tom did not.

Then, in a Southern newspaper that crossed his exchange desk, the editor of the Bugle chanced on an item that he read three times. It concerned the finding of the body of an unidentified suicide. The description of the unhappy man was sketchy, but sufficiently clear to hold the editor's attention. Hastily he wired a correspondent. The reply caused him to call the bank president to the editorial sanctum. The bank paid for more telegrams. The last one brought the confirmation of their most dreadful fears. By midnight the news had run through the community and the back country like a wave of disaster.

Tom Hill, fleeced in Chicago by sharpers, had crept away to the Southern city, thrown his bags into a river, destroyed all marks of identification on his person, and shot himself. Brownville's potato money was gone!

Meanwhile the president of the Farmers' National had called together as many of his directors as he could reach and they had spent an anguished couple of hours together trying to forecast the immediate future of the bank. They hoped against hope that the depositors would take the news quietly—that something could be done, somehow, to save the bank and, with it, the community. But daybreak Saturday morning told them that their hopes were vain. The first light of that December day showed three determined-looking men sitting on the cold steps of the institution, in the snow, patiently waiting. The number grew to five, to ten, to twenty. By ten o'clock there were 200 customers watching the doors. The president went out and appealed to them. They crowded him aside. They demanded their deposits, peremptorily, angrily, uncompromisingly.

In forty minutes the tellers had paid out a little more than $20,000 in cash and exchange, and the bank's vaults were empty. For the next hour and twenty minutes the bank was a scene of riot and everything short of carnage. At noon a constable ejected the crowd and the big doors were pushed shut and locked. The officials sat down with gray faces and trembling hands, and looked at one another. They had not closed the bank, but Monday was coming, and with it the end!

Declined With Thanks

AT ONE o'clock in the afternoon the directors met in the bank. No need to tell them anything, little need to discuss the next step. Individually they were badly hurt, if not ruined; officially they were discredited in the town; worst of all, terminating the bank's career would carry the countryside down in a financial smash from which it might not recover for years. A telegram came from the governor of the district Federal Reserve bank, offering aid. For a moment they brightened. But the moment sped. Already they were so deeply involved that they could not extricate themselves; to borrow more money or credit would only bury them more deeply still. So, regretfully, they telegraphed thanks and a pained negative. At four o'clock they gave up the fruitless discussion, wired the chief national-bank examiner of the district that they were ruined, and asked for the immediate dispatch to their financial deathbed of an examiner.

Late Saturday night the reply came:

AM IN TOUCH WITH EXAMINER LEONARD WEST, WHO WILL TRY TO MAKE BROWNVILLE SUNDAY MORNING. KEEP YOUR HEADS UP AND SAY NOTHING.

Under the laws of the United States, the Comptroller of the Currency, an officer of the Treasury Department, is charged with the duty and the responsibility of chartering national banks and of supervising their operation thereafter. Carefully scrutinized are the credentials and assets of men proposing to organize such banks; minutely investigated are the financial arrangements made to create and fund the institutions; rigorously audited and checked are the books and resources which constitute the working machinery after the charter is granted and business begun.

It is commonly supposed, probably, that the bank examiner, national or state, is merely a superbookkeeper, inclined to fussiness, characterized by a nosey disposition, and concerned with little except a meticulous balancing of the debit and credit columns. Cashiers are reputed to tremble at his name, haughty presidents to bow to him obsequiously, directors to hate and fear him, and stockholders to put upon him their main reliance that wayward tellers will be caught on the eve of precipitate departure for parts unknown. In fact, to the contrary, the bank examiner is an overworked and underpaid gentleman of an appearance usually undistinguished, and a modest demeanor, whose efforts are bent to the end that the banks he examines shall be kept in solvent condition, continue

(Continued on Page 50)

NOTHING ROLLS LIKE A BALL

One of the outstanding reasons for the predominant use of the ball bearing in machinery of every description is its economical performance—economy that reaches way back to the coal pile.

The New Departure Ball Bearing saves power because it is practically friction-free. Economy is enhanced because wear is negligible, adjustments to take up wear are never necessary, machine life is longer and machine performance is uniformly accurate.

This means minimized fuel costs, repairs, replacements, lubrication attention, maintenance expense—in all manufacturing processes. In short, the use of New Departures permits greater continuity of production and promotes maximum quality at lowest cost.

These inherent economic advantages explain the fact that in spite of the higher original cost of New Departure Ball Bearings, their use is becoming more and more universal in every type of machine and every kind of industry.

THE NEW DEPARTURE MFG. COMPANY, BRISTOL, CONN.

WORLD'S LARGEST BALL BEARING MANUFACTURER

NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS

(Continued from Page 48)

to be adequately financed, strictly managed and rigorously safeguarded against getting into what is known in the vernacular as a jam. He is, in short, expected to see that the bank's doors are kept open, if it can be done legally.

When the chief examiner of the district received the Macedonian cry from the Farmers' National in Brownville on Saturday afternoon, he found that the man he wanted to send there was 400 miles away and on a different railroad, but West wired that he could finish the job in hand that evening in time to catch a westbound train that would carry him toward his destination and that he would make the rest of the journey as best he could. He did not reckon on a blizzard that blew up, nor on the fact that there was no stage out of the little Montana town in which, at two o'clock in the morning, he found himself. But at three, with the thermometer sagging around thirty below, he concluded negotiations with a sleepy and not too enthusiastic driver, wrapped himself up as best he could, and headed for Brownville. He had to be helped out of the car there, at seven Sunday morning, but they leaned him up against a stove, thawed him out, and enabled him to meet the directors of the Farmers' National at nine o'clock.

In brief and tragic phrases they told him the worst. Their public announcement of the closing of the bank was prepared. All they wanted him to do was to examine their books, count their odd pennies in cash, report to his superiors that they had failed, and go his way, if possible, without rubbing it in.

"The officers and directors of the Farmers' National Bank of Brownville regret to announce that they are this day compelled ——"

"Wait a minute, gentlemen," said Bank Examiner West.

An irascible old merchant at the table, his nerves strained to the breaking point, snapped angrily:

"We'll wait for nobody! We're going to close before you close us. . . . Go on, Watkins!"

"I'm not going to close you. I'm going to keep you open!"

They stared at him.

"This is a poor time for joking, Mr. Examiner!" a director observed tautly.

"I agree with you. Also, it's the poorest possible time to shut your doors. As I understand you, Brownville and the back country will go down with you if you fail. If you close your business it will never reopen. All of you will lose everything you have—don't forget your personal liability for a 100 per cent assessment on your stock, under the law, nor the individual responsibility you have for the funds deposited with you by the highway commission of the district. . . . You'd overlooked that, for the moment, hadn't you? . . . All right! Tear up that closing announcement, Mr. Watkins, and let's see if we can't find a way out!"

The Hidden Asset

"FINE!" a sarcastic director remarked. "We have liabilities of about $365,000, there is small change in the bank amounting to ninety-two dollars, and the potato money is being spent in the Chicago underworld! Just where do you want to start, Mr. West?"

"With your capital stock. That's $25,000, isn't it?"

"In 250 shares of $100 each."

"Owned by you directors and the officers?"

"Except for five shares belonging to Mrs. Moulton, widow of a former director."

"Your surplus?"

"On the books, $10,000."

"All used up now?"

"All used up now."

"How much in deposits?"

"Up to Saturday morning, $265,000. We paid out $20,000 in the run."

"How much do you owe the Federal Reserve bank?"

"About $110,000. And $10,000 to a Chicago bank. We had a bad year last winter and most of this money was loaned on the crops this year."

"Your total liabilities, then, are around $365,000. What assets?"

"Ninety-two dollars, mostly in dimes and quarters," the sarcastic director struck in. "Our building and fixtures, worth $10,000. We might rent them to the furniture dealer. A little under $3000 in items in the process of collection. Let's declare a dividend!"

The examiner laughed, and the directors relaxed a little.

"Let's have a look at your securities and notes," West suggested.

An hour's work showed a total of $55,000 in government bonds, warrants, and so on, all pledged to the Federal Reserve Bank. In addition, there were notes signed by customers—merchants of Brownville and property owners and farmers of the region—for $332,000, of which the most liquid were pledged, in the sum of $110,000 to the Federal Reserve Bank and in the sum of $25,000 to the Chicago bank. This left in the note pouch of the Farmers' National notes aggregating $197,000, a few good, many doubtful, but most temporarily worthless.

"Normally," the president explained, "90 per cent of this paper would be good, 8 per cent slow, and 2 per cent poor. In our present situation in the community the percentages are just about reversed."

"How much of this paper could you raise quick money on?" the examiner inquired.

The directors discussed this subject. Finally the president said:

"I think we might be able to scrape up $40,000 within ten days or so."

"But that won't begin to save us," another director objected. "On Monday morning the run will be continued. We are due to send $10,000 to our Chicago correspondent immediately. What we need is about $125,000 in cash—the amount of the potato money."

"There is one asset you have all overlooked," Examiner West said quietly.

They stared at him.

"If you can produce it ——"

"I can. It's faith in Brownville."

New Money for Brownville

THIS tall, thin, bespectacled national auditor was undoubtedly cracked! What had chamber-of-commerce sentiments to do with their predicament? Of course, they had faith in Brownville! Then what?

"Then thus!" West said. "You and I know that business isn't transacted with cash—hasn't been for half a century. It is transacted with credit. Credit is the evidence of faith. Not trust in luck or chance or circumstances, but a deep-seated and abiding and everlasting confidence in ourselves and our neighbors, our town, our back country and our nation. You people here find your tangible assets suddenly turned to liabilities. Your cash is gone and your credit is temporarily damaged. But how about your faith in Brownville?"

They began to realize that what he was saying was not mere rhetoric. Their spirits rose slightly. A very dim and feeble spark was lighted in their heavy hearts. They sat forward and began to take an interest in the proceedings.

"You virtually own the bank," West continued. "At this moment your stock is worth nothing. Will you turn it in to save the bank?"

They certainly would.

"Very well. Now I'll explain my plan."

He explained it. It was not a feat of magic or a miracle. It was simply the temporary substitution of their confidence in the essential soundness and fundamental worth of Brownville and its surrounding country for actual cash as a basis on which to build a financial scaffolding about their shaken edifice of credit. They were doubtful of the practicability of the scheme, but it was their last desperate chance. They turned in their bank stock. They promised to pay what they could on money they themselves had borrowed from the bank. They agreed to let their personal deposits rest on the books until, if ever, the Farmers' National was firmly on its feet again. Toward midnight, exhausted, they framed a notice to the world, not that the bank was closing but that it was temporarily suspending, and that it would be in charge, for the moment, of the United States Treasury Department, as represented by Bank Examiner West. Then they went home to get what sleep they could.

The Tuesday issue of the Brownville Bugle carried in first position the story of the suspension of business by the Farmers' National Bank, with a brief statement by the president promising that the institution would resume business soon, and asking the people to be patient and to coöperate as far as they could. In blackface type this story carried also the announcement that, on Friday afternoon, there would be a mass meeting of the depositors and other customers of the bank in the village Opera House, when the program that was being outlined would be explained. It was a busy week for Examiner West and the bank's officers. On Friday, by two o'clock, the Opera House was jammed to the windows.

Bank Examiner West was the principal speaker. He was no orator, and not much shakes as a spellbinder, but what he said had meat in it—not to mention shoes and bread and butter and a slim promise of a trifle of jam and maybe a pie or two by the following spring; therefore he was heard with more interest than is accorded the rhetoric of many a more finished speaker. In substance, this was his speech:

"The whole community is in financial straits, involving every man, woman and child in it, and including your bank. If you rock the boat now, you'll all go overboard; if you will sit tight and help bail and pull, I believe you can get to shore. To my way of thinking you have no choice.

"Actually Brownville is sound. You have a good town, a fine bank, a rich back country. You are entitled to be prosperous and solvent, and except for this emergency, you are. The one thing you lack is actual cash, and your necessary supply of that, I am informed, was lost for you by the unfortunate boy who took your potatoes to market.

"What I propose is that you create, temporarily, your own supply of currency. Instead of demanding from the bank the cash it could not raise, I am asking you to accept payment of your deposits in the bank in stock and certificates of deposit. My plan is that you will take one-fifth of your money in stock at $120 a share, two-fifths in certificates of deposit running six months, and certificates of deposit due respectively in eight and in twelve months for the remaining two-fifths. In other words, what I offer you is your own community credit paper instead of government bank notes. Are there any questions?"

There were. Some of them developed into angry tirades. Some were merely obstructionist. But a shrewd old farmer said:

"I'm not against your plan, Mr. Examiner—not yet. But I hear that the bank stock isn't worth a dollar a share."

"It isn't—unless you people will accept it and give it a value. When you come to that, my friend, your farm isn't worth much right today, is it, if the bank fails and the community goes down with it?"

"You're right there," the farmer said. "The bank holds a mortgage on my farm that is about as big as it can carry."

Another farmer rose.

"I'm for the scheme," he said, "if this paper can be used. But I've got to get my family through the winter."

"Exactly!" said the examiner. "I want to take that point up next. This is addressed to the merchants and business men of Brownville. In view of the situation, will you people accept these certificates of deposit in lieu of cash from your customers?"

There was some debate. Finally West asked them to appoint a committee of five men to go over the whole program with him. They elected two business men, a state legislator and two farmers. The meeting adjourned to meet again on Monday.

It was not difficult to convince the five investigators that the program proposed was their only hope. It was Hobson's choice, and they agreed to back the examiner. On Monday, with a larger crowd present than before, the committee reported in favor of the plan. The merchants had generally agreed to accept the certificates of deposit—fiat money, scrip, issued practically by the community itself for its own immediate and pressing needs.

Getting Hold of Hard Cash

"SO FAR, so good!" Examiner West said. "Now, there's one thing more. Brownville will need a certain amount of cash. There is quite a bit of it in the community and it has to come out, because your Brownville paper will not be good in the outside world. You will have to have a lot of commodities for the winter that Brownville doesn't raise, and for those commodities you will have to pay at least part cash. If the women of the region will see to it that every cent of money here is put into circulation and kept there, I believe you will weather the storm. Pay as many of your local bills as possible in gold or currency or silver. Bring out the old socks and take down the dusty teapots and empty the hiding place under the hearth! Or else go to smash all together!"

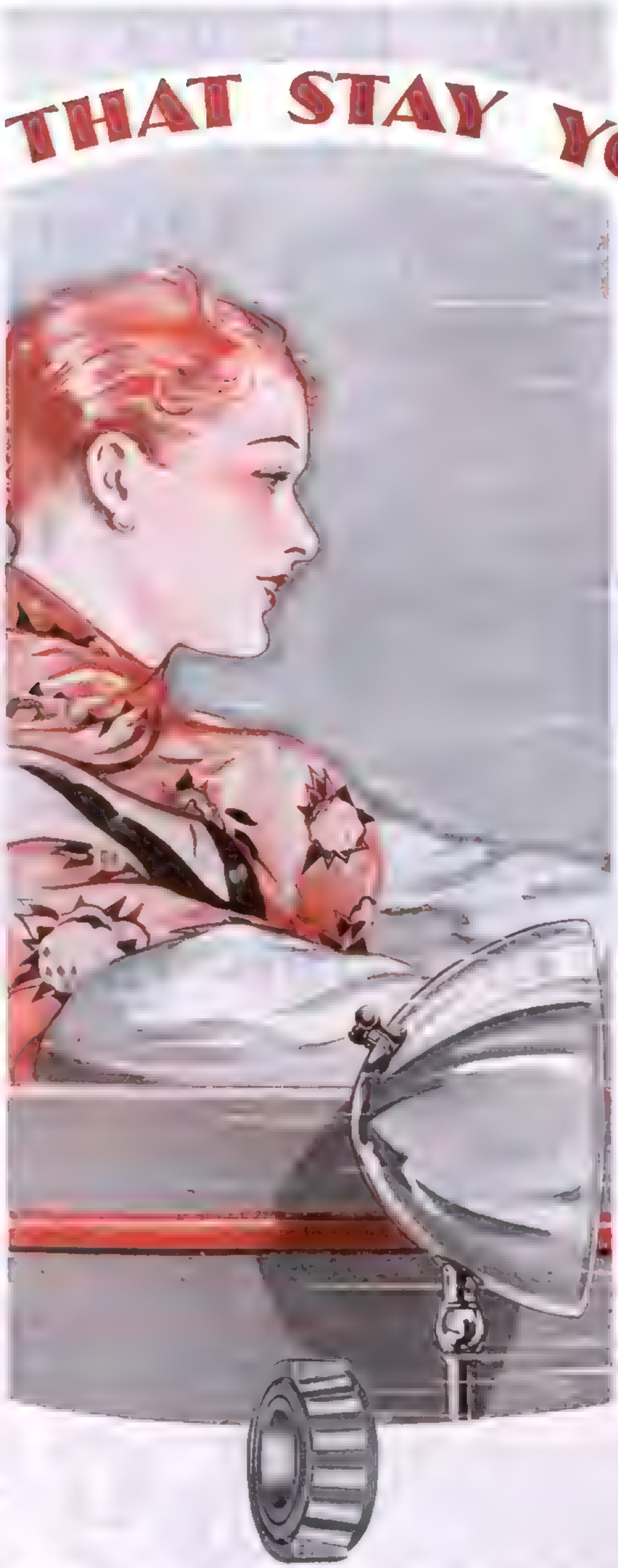
He turned to the president of the bank.

"I believe you can open your doors a week from today, Mr. Watkins," he said.

And he was right. During that week West and the bank directors and officers had been even busier than the week before. Principally, they were occupied in bringing in some outside money; this was accomplished by having the bank directors personally guarantee such notes held by the bank as were reasonably good and taking these indorsed notes to neighboring communities for discount. The Brownville men were frank. They explained their predicament, pointed out that a serious failure in Brownville would hurt every community in that part of the state, and asked for assistance. They received it. Sufficient was raised to pay the Farmers' National's obligation to its Chicago correspondent and to put some currency into the teller's drawers. The Federal Reserve Bank had sent an examiner up, he had checked over National Examiner West's plan and approved it, and, on his recommendation, the Salt Lake office had given Brownville time to recover before pressing for any payments. The Brownville directors had promised to raise what they could themselves on their own notes held by the Farmers' National, and they brought in $50,000.

(Continued on Page 170)

CARS THAT STAY YOUNG



QUICKENED pulses...cheeks aglow . . . youth at the throttle...miles fading behind...

But cars and trucks must not fade or age prematurely with mileage.

And why should they?

Timken Bearings, with their tapered construction and *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS*, are youth-preservers, defiers of friction, thrust, shock, torque and speed. Timken-made electric steel adds a final and exclusive Timken touch to assure long life.

Car youth can be yours if you will insist on "Timken-Equipped."

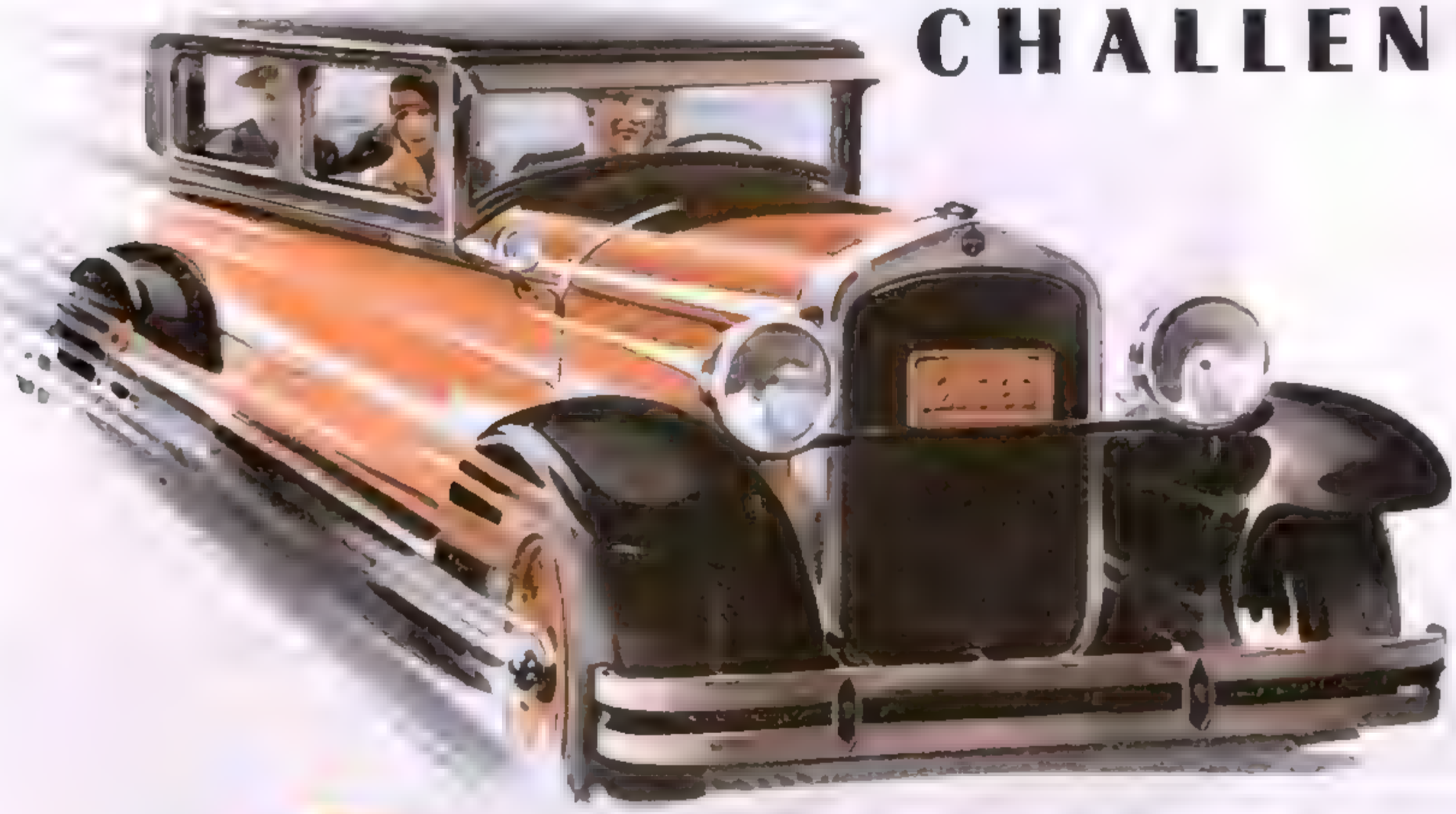
THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO.
CANTON, OHIO

Cars That Stay Young

Make	Model	Front Wheels	Rear Wheels	Pinion	Bevel or Worm	Differential
Auburn	All	x	x	x	...	x
Cadillac	All	x	x		x	x
Chandler	65 & Royal 75	x	x	x		x
	New Six 6 & Royal 85	x		x	..	x
Chrysler	Dr. Six	x	x	x	..	x
	Plymouth	x	x	x		x
	65 & 75	x	x	x		x
	Imperial	x				x
Cunningham	All	x	x	x		x
Dodge	All	x	x			x
Durant	40 60 66	x	x	x	.	
		x	x	x		x
Essex	75	x	x	x	.	x
	95 96 120	x	x			x
Ford	All	x		x	x	x
Franklin	All	x	x	x	x	x
Gardner	All	x	x	x		x
	612	x	x	x	x	x
Graham-Paige	615	x	x			x
	621 827 837	x	x		x	x
Hudson and Essex	All	x	x	x		x
Hupmobile	Century 6	x	x	x	x	x
	Century 8	x	x	x	x	x
Jordan	All	x	x	x	x	x
Kissel	All	x	x	x		x
Kleiber		x	x	x		x
Lasalle	All					x
Lincoln	All	x	x	x	x	x
Locomobile	All	x	x		.	x
Marmon	68	x				x
	78		x			x
	Roosevelt	x	x	x		x
McFarlan	All	x	x	x		x
Moon	All	x	x	x		x
Nash	Std 6	x	x	x		x
	Ad	x				x
Peerless	All	x	x	x		x
Pierce Arrow	All	x	x	x	x	x
Reo Flying Cloud	The Master	x	x		x	x
	The Mate	x	x			x
Roamer		x	x	x		x
Stearns-Knight	All	x	x	x	x	x
Studebaker and Erskine	All	x	x	.x	x.	x
Stutz	All	x	x	x		x
Willys-Knight and Whippet	All	x	x	x	x	x

TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* BEARINGS

ESSEX THE CHALLENGER



Challenging YOU to know the best

in BEAUTY, PERFORMANCE, ECONOMY, COMFORT and VALUE without equal

With its open challenge that excepts no car

—with its 24% greater power and 70-mile-an-hour performance

—with its greater beauty, adult-size capacity, riding ease and economy

—and with its brilliant chassis quality and fine, large bodies—*Essex challenges too in obvious VALUE.* It offers an ensemble of fine car equipment identified only with costly cars, and available, when at all, only as "extras", at extra cost on cars of Essex price. In Essex the Challenger—a complete, fine big "Six"—these items of course are standard.

They represent several hundred visible dollars' worth of additional value, and are another reason why the largest production schedule ever planned for Essex has had to be increased again and again.

With 76 improvements, the unusual ensemble of Standard Equipment in Essex the Challenger, includes: 4 hydraulic shock absorbers—new type double action 4-wheel brakes—electric gas and oil gauge on dash—radiator shutters—saddle lamps—windshield wiper—rear view mirror—electrolock—controls on steering wheel—starter on dash—all bright parts chromium-plated.

$695 AND UP AT FACTORY

Coach	$695	Standard Sedan	$795
2-Pass. Coupe	695	Town Sedan	850
Phaeton	695	Roadster	850
Coupe (with rumble seat)	725	Convertible Coupe	895

PARK AVENUE

By GERALD MYGATT

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL GILL

"You're Just Like Terry," She Told Him. "Always Picking"

AT THREE O'CLOCK in the afternoon Dorothea was to marry Terry Marshall with pomp in St. Thomas'. At noon she managed to telephone Chris Landin.

He came half hopefully and found her surrounded with women, and glowing, and very beautiful. She dragged him into the music room and threw her arms about his neck and kissed him, and said, "Oh, Chris, I've broken your heart."

He stared at her blankly. She was as lovely as a picture in her trailing negligee of shell-pink satin

She said, "Oh, Chris, have I really?"

Now he laughed lightly. "Of course not," he told her.

Tears crept into her eyes. "But I have. I know I have."

And then, because the moment was solemn and because Chris Landin's heart, as far as he knew, was smashed to smithereens, and because she was exquisite and infinitely desirable, he bowed his head and admitted the soft impeachment.

She repeated it again: "I've broken your heart. I'll never forgive myself." But her eyes shone, and presently she let him go away, taking his heart with him. And though Chris Landin did not go to the wedding, he bought all the evening papers, and that night, alone in his room, he read about it.

"Lucky dog," he thought, thinking of Marshall, whose whirlwind courtship had removed Dorothea from Landin's life. But next day he felt better and somehow he was able to go about his business as usual. He was an architect; not the kind that rides around in twelve-cylinder cars, but the kind that works in somebody's office, and he had been set the task of sweating out the stresses and strains on a particularly difficult forty-eight-story building with four different setbacks above the twelfth floor. He welcomed the forty-eight-story building and bit into it.

When he thought about Dorothea, which he did occasionally, he recollected his broken heart and was sorry for himself. But even then he did not hate Terry Marshall. That came later—considerably later.

Throughout four years he saw Dorothea only three times. Once was at a dance at the Ambassador, which he left abruptly. The other two times were on Fifth Avenue. The first of these times she stopped and laughed and spoke to him, and she talked fast, but afterward he could remember only a jumble of nothing. The second time on the Avenue he lifted his hat and smiled and walked briskly by. But that time he reflected dourly that Marshall ought to know better than to allow his wife to wear skirts as short as that. Why, actually he had been able to see her garters as she came toward him. Dorothea's garters! And on the Avenue! They were shirred garters, and the stockings they made snug were glossily sheer.

It was perhaps two months after this and something more than four years after her marriage that Dorothea one morning walked into his office. Landin had a private office now. He was done with stresses and strains. He was playing with bulk and mass.

She stood there in the doorway and Chris Landin rose from his chair. Something caught at his chest—something inside himself that he couldn't help. She came forward slowly, a faint smile just quirking her lips. She was lovely, as she always was. She threw back her coat and revealed a frock of black velvet, with a shimmering necklace of iridescence encircling her perfect throat.

"Chris," she said softly, "may I sit down?"

"Why—why, certainly." He arranged a chair.

Still smiling, she measured him. From beneath her closely fitting hat a few strands of hair revealed themselves provocatively. She crossed her knees. They were sleek knees, sleekly stockinged in taut chiffon.

Now she let her eyes take up the smile that had been only upon her lips, and she said: "Chris, I've come back to you."

"What?"

"I've made a terrible mistake, Chris. I just can't stand it any more." She shook her little head dolefully.

"Oh, come now!" said Landin with a laugh that was not a laugh. And then: "What on earth are you talking about, anyway?"

She said curtly: "Don't be stuffy, Chris. In this day and age there's no reason people can't call a spade a spade. You know what I'm talking about as well as I do." But she did not say what she was talking about. Instead, once more she let Landin have her soft eyes.

Landin said, "You're upset about something."

"Bright boy! Only I'm not upset the way you think. I mean, I've thought it all out. For months and months I've been thinking it all out. That's why I've come straight to you."

Because he could think of nothing else to say, he parroted her last words, murmuring vapidly, "But why to me?"

"You used to love me, Chris." Now she leaned forward, and as she moved a wave of rare perfume moved with her. She laid a tiny white-gloved hand upon one of his. "Oh, Chris darling, don't you love me any more?"

"You know I do," he said uneasily.

"Then help me." She fell silent, and presently she sighed heavily. And then she began to tell him. Terry was dictatorial. Terry was demanding. Terry was impossible.

Landin listened. He tried to listen impersonally, but there under his eyes was her lithe velvet-sheathed body and her softness and nearness and dearness. He could have reached out and touched her, and he would have liked to, but he didn't.

Continued on Page 58

THE DIFFERENCES THAT GIVE LEADERSHIP

CHRYSLER MOTORS

© 1929, Chrysler Corporation

All branches on the same tree; all growing out of the Chrysler root principle of standardized quality

CHRYSLER "75" · CHRYSLER IMPERIAL · CHRYSLER "65"

DODGE BROTHERS SENIOR · DODGE BROTHERS SIX

DE SOTO SIX · PLYMOUTH

DODGE BROTHERS TRUCKS, BUSES *and* MOTOR COACHES

FARGO TRUCKS *and* COMMERCIAL CARS · CHRYSLER MARINE ENGINES

All Products of Chrysler Motors

THESE are the *differences* which make Chrysler Motors products each far and away the head of its particular field.

First, the *difference* in *appearance.* Chrysler distinctive and individual style and beauty —in no sense a chance creation—trace directly to those canons of classic art which have come down through the centuries unsurpassed and unchallenged.

Next, the *difference* in *performance.* Chrysler Motors engineers introduced, more than five years ago, smoothness and speed and acceleration, which obsoleted all previous conceptions of what a motor car could and should do.

Chrysler Motors performance—and that includes as well Chrysler ease of handling and control, safety, dependability, economy and long life—outdistances all today just as far as the first Chrysler was ahead of the cars of its time.

The genius of Chrysler Motors engineers, with the myriad of developments and betterments they have pioneered and perfected, maintains this leadership secure.

Further, the *difference* in *value.* The means to that end is the pooling of all the human, mechanical, manufacturing and financial resources of all the units of Chrysler Motors, under one personal head, with the one object of attaining a common standard of high quality, holding down overhead, sharing the results of research, experiment and engineering, increasing efficiency, and, *above all, giving greater value to the buyer.*

It is because Chrysler Motors cars are better-looking and greater value, both in performance and in price, that public acceptance identified Chrysler Motors as the vast new economic force in the automotive industry.

The motoring world has indorsed by generous patronage Chrysler Motors accomplishment of a *better public service.*

A CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

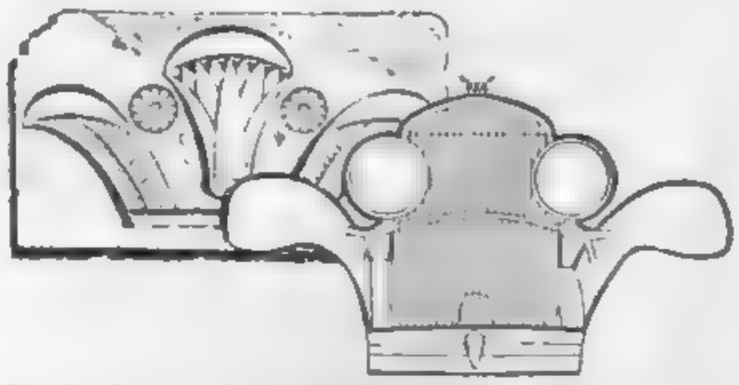
New Chrysler "75" 5-Passenger Sport Phaeton $1795—New Chrysler "75" —Nine body styles priced from $1535 to $2345—New Chrysler "65"— Six body styles priced from $1040 to $1145. All prices f. o. b. factory.

CHRYSLER *Leads Not Alone in Style But in Safety, Ease of Handling and Value*

It is not claiming too much to say that a most significant factor in bringing to America the automobile style leadership of the world is the original mode which Chrysler introduced.

Chrysler beauty — no chance creation — but tracing from the origins of classic art, as applied by Chrysler to the modern motor car — is universally conceded to be the most striking new thing in automobile design the world has seen.

This new Chrysler smartness and obvious style authority thus attained have done much to make Chrysler cars so attractive to women, as well as to men. It is particularly the natural



The Chrysler front elevation indicates the influence of the Egyptian lotus leaf motif—still found in all its pristine beauty on the ruins of the great temples at Karnak. Modified to its modern application, it is perfectly proportioned, and applied with consummate artistry in blending beauty and utility

desire of women that in the appurtenances of their daily life they shall be surrounded with things that reflect the newest of new fashion.

Chrysler cars have not only this striking new style that re-styles all motor cars but a superior ease and safety of performance and handling which makes Chrysler cars in any phase of operation trouble-free and dependable.

Further, due to Chrysler's vast resources and economies in its engineering, purchasing, manufacturing and finance, these cars cost less to buy and less to maintain.

Because of this leadership in style, safety, performance and value, Chrysler cars are today inevitably in demand by people everywhere. Chrysler invites your closest inspection and severest test.

The New GENERAL

Dual-Balloon

~everything you want in mileage

YOU HAVE SEEN tire mileages step up year by year from the thirty-five-*hundred* mile standard of a decade ago to the modern General Tire records of twenty thousand, forty thousand, often sixty thousand miles—occasionally even more among users of the General.

. . . now, with the new General *Dual*-Balloon, even the great averages of the past that have made the name famous must give way to a greater accomplishment—advancing beyond all former balloon-tire standards!

. . . in the *Dual*-Balloon there are more miles than most owners will ever fully use. Even in extreme cases of long-term car ownership, few users will exhaust its full mileage capacity.

. . . but equally for those who do only the average amount of driving, there are tremendous advantages in the great reserve of mileage that is built into the *Dual*-Balloon—its incomparable assurance of trouble-free, uninterrupted running. The surplus of mileage in the *Dual*-Balloon is like the reserve power of the "80-mile" car that assures smooth running at 50! With the *Dual*-Balloon, in all probability, you will never have a moment's delay chargeable to rubber. You should never have even a puncture.

Its flat, powerful tread design, the wider, deeper non-skid, will carry you safely long past the point where, by all previous standards, you would expect to be running on "bald-headed" rubber.

Its outstanding low-pressure efficiency, too, means greatly increased traction by putting more rubber on the road. It eliminates the running risks and power wastes of constant slippage.

The new *Dual*-Balloon principle alone has been successful in combining greater mileage with regular balloon low-pressure. It completely reverses the tendency of today toward high-pressure or moderate-pressure in tires. It adds to big mileage without sacrificing any of the benefits of low-pressure.

Thus, in the *Dual*-Balloon "8," *two* great forward steps in tire progress have been achieved. The General Tire and Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

GOES A LONG WAY TO MAKE FRIENDS

(Continued from Page 53)

Instead he said gruffly, "Maybe Terry isn't all at fault."

She was on her feet, her eyes blazing. "What do you mean by that, Christopher Landin?"

Landin tried to smile.

"Are you sure," he asked quietly—"are you sure it isn't just a conflict of wills? Terry has a jaw, you know."

"I'd like to slap it," she flared, and added vehemently: "Hard!"

Said Landin steadily: "You've asked me to help you, Dolly. That's what I'm trying to do. I have nothing against Terry. I was sore, of course, when he took you away from me, and naturally I didn't like him much, but he's always seemed to me a very decent sort."

"He's a rotter!" stormed Dorothea.

"You're angry at him," said Landin. "Remember, I'm not. As a matter of fact, Dolly, have you taken your own will into account? You have a jaw too."

"A jaw?"

"It's a very lovely one, dear, but it isn't exactly putty," said Landin with a light, uneasy laugh.

She lifted her chin and looked down at him, for he was still seated. Then without a word she wheeled and marched toward the door. Landin caught her.

"Keep away from me," she commanded fiercely.

But he held her and turned her so she could look into his eyes, and then it was that all at once she sagged and slumped against him and began to sob. Landin's arms were around her now, of course. He held her tight and close, and he whispered meaningless, tender words that were comforts. Never in his life had he held a woman exactly so, or if he had, it was forgotten. She was so utterly helpless, so utterly feminine. He did not know what he said, but presently she was back in her chair again, and he in his, and they were facing each other, and the atmosphere was a thing of quivering and invisible electric sparks.

Dorothea wept softly, and Landin let her. She twisted her tiny handkerchief into a damp rope of linen and smiled bravely through her tear-spangled eyes.

She whispered: "Chris, I'm going to divorce him. He's cruel. He—he struck me"

"Struck you? Terry struck you? How? Where?"

"With his hand."

"Yes, but why? You mean, he struck you in the face?"

Suddenly she giggled. "Not exactly in the face," she admitted. Now she laughed louder, and in her voice there was hysteria. Then, all at once she was sobbing again, gulping down her sobs and stuffing her wet handkerchief into her mouth.

"He—he spanked me," she gasped. "He took took hold of me; he put - put me across his knees He spanked me—bang!—with his hand."

"But—but Dolly!" breathed Landin aghast.

"Yes, he did too."

"But you must have done something. I mean, my experience has been that all fights have two sides to them. You must have done something to anger him."

"Anger him! Don't make me laugh, Chris. He was as cold as ice. And I hadn't done a thing—really I hadn't. But he was so mean and so horrid. He'd been bossing me—about a bill for a fur coat. He said I'd have to send it back—the coat, I mean. I stood up for my rights, that's all."

"But didn't you say anything to provoke him, Dolly?"

"I didn't have to say anything. He was provoked—as you call it—to start with. He told me I'd have to send the coat back and I told him I wouldn't, and then his eyes got hard, the way they do, and he said a lot of things, and so I just told him where to go—that was all. And then he did it. Oh, Chris!"

Landin said, blinking, "You can get a divorce on that."

"You mean, because he wouldn't let me have the coat?"

"No, because he struck you."

She said breathlessly, "That's why I came to you."

"But I'm not a lawyer, dear."

"No, but you can tell me. And anyway, you've never stopped loving me, have you, Chris? You wouldn't humiliate me just for an old fur coat!"

Landin drew in a deep breath. He looked at Dorothea squarely. "If I could marry you," he muttered huskily, "I'd never deny you anything in all your life."

"Is that a threat or a promise?" she chanted, now starry eyed.

"It's both, I guess," he conceded moodily. Now he leaned back in his chair and put his finger tips together and frowned with thought. Then: "Terry would have to be a brute to deny you anything," he advanced.

Dorothea said, "He is a brute."

"Yes," said Landin thoughtfully, "I imagine I must have been wrong about him" He brightened and sat up straight. "Of course he's a brute," he said with conviction. And then, as though probing his conscience: "I see no reason why I shouldn't give you all the help I can in getting yourself free of him."

"I knew you would," whispered Dorothea. She leaned forward again and the wave of exquisite perfume came with her. "Kiss me once more," she commanded.

It was on that day, of course, that Landin's hate of Terry Marshall was born. It was an obligatory hate, because Landin's code was the code of a gentleman. A gentleman cannot honorably do injury to another unless hate has entered in. Nations have the same code about wars.

Chris Landin told Dorothea about a lawyer. She went to the lawyer and eventually she went to New Mexico Reno, she considered, was a little too likely to provoke elevated eyebrows and inquiring smiles—and after a year, which seemed endless, a pleasant judge pronounced that she no longer was Terry Marshall's wife. She returned to the North and for six months she was exceedingly gay—gay in spirit and gay in actions. She loved to buy clothes, and she bought.

Once Chris said, "Really, Dolly, that dress is positively indecent."

She laughed at him and kissed him. "You sound just like Terry," she said.

"Let's forget him," said Landin, scowling.

(Continued on Page 61)

She Returned to the North and for Six Months She Was Exceedingly Gay—Gay in Spirit and Gay in Actions

PROVE TO YOURSELF

that half your annual fuel bill is unnecessary

How Spencer owners actually save fuel costs

"I have not hesitated to recommend the Spencer Heater to friends who have made inquiry. We have used No. 1 Buckwheat coal from the beginning and it has cut the coal bill in half. While we burn the same number of tons as in the old heater, yet the price per ton is only half of that which we would have to pay for the large size coal."

—William Emerson Jones,
Dana Street Congregational Parsonage,
Beverly, Mass.

★*The Spencer scientific principle*

Once a day fuel is put into the magazine, through the upper right hand door. Fuel rolls down of its own weight to the sloping grate below, filling the grate up to the level of the magazine mouth. The fire bed stays at this level, for as fast as fire burns fuel to ash, the ash shrinks and settles on the Gable-Grate, gradually lowering the entire top of the fire bed. As fast or as slow as the fire bed top is lowered, more fuel rolls down bit by bit from the magazine. Fuel feed is by gravitation—no mechanical parts, no smothering and deadening of the fire. Uniform depth of fire bed gives maximum efficiency with minimum fuel cost. Spencer Heaters, sold and installed by all good heating contractors, bring modern convenience to the neglected cellar. Write for the Spencer book, "The Fire That Burns Up-hill." It describes the Spencer scientific principle in detail.

THERE'S no mystery about how the Spencer saves fuel costs. You can stand in front of a Spencer Heater in some neighbor's house and see it work. It allows fire to burn up-hill—the natural way—simply because the exclusive Gable-Grate is sloped. It allows more fuel to roll down of its own weight, as fast or as slow as it is needed, because fuel is stored in a magazine above the grate.★

Because the Spencer takes advantage of these two natural laws, it can maintain the thinner, more efficient fire bed required to burn the small size, low cost fuels formerly thought unsuitable for domestic heating. If you now use egg, stove or nut anthracite, for instance, you can save half your annual fuel bill by using No. 1 Buckwheat anthracite in a Spencer, simply because this small size fuel sells for only half as much as the same fuel in larger sizes.

Because of this great difference in price between No. 1 Buckwheat anthracite and the domestic sizes, it was only natural that the Spencer first found its way into the homes of anthracite burning communities. Yet it soon demonstrated its efficiency with any fuel. The Spencer is today accepted as the scientifically correct heater for burning all solid fuels—No. 1 Buckwheat anthracite, coke or graded bituminous coal.

In early days the Spencer cost more to make than it does now. Then it was found largely in more pretentious homes. Yet every one wanted fuel savings as great as the Spencer proved it could make. Demand for this new heater grew. Manufacturing facilities were increased and costs lowered.

Today, with a great factory producing the improved Spencers, even lower prices are possible. At present prices, even the first cost of Spencer Heaters is so little more than ordinary heaters that they are welcomed for their convenience alone, for they need attention only once or twice a day.

Yet it is in fuel cost saving that the Spencer still makes its greatest claim for your attention. Any good heating contractor can install a cast-iron sectional or steel tubular Spencer in any size, in any type of home or building, that will prove to you that as much as half your annual fuel bill is unnecessary. Spencer fuel savings are so great that the Spencer will quickly pay its entire cost.

SPENCER HEATER COMPANY

Division of Lycoming Manufacturing Company

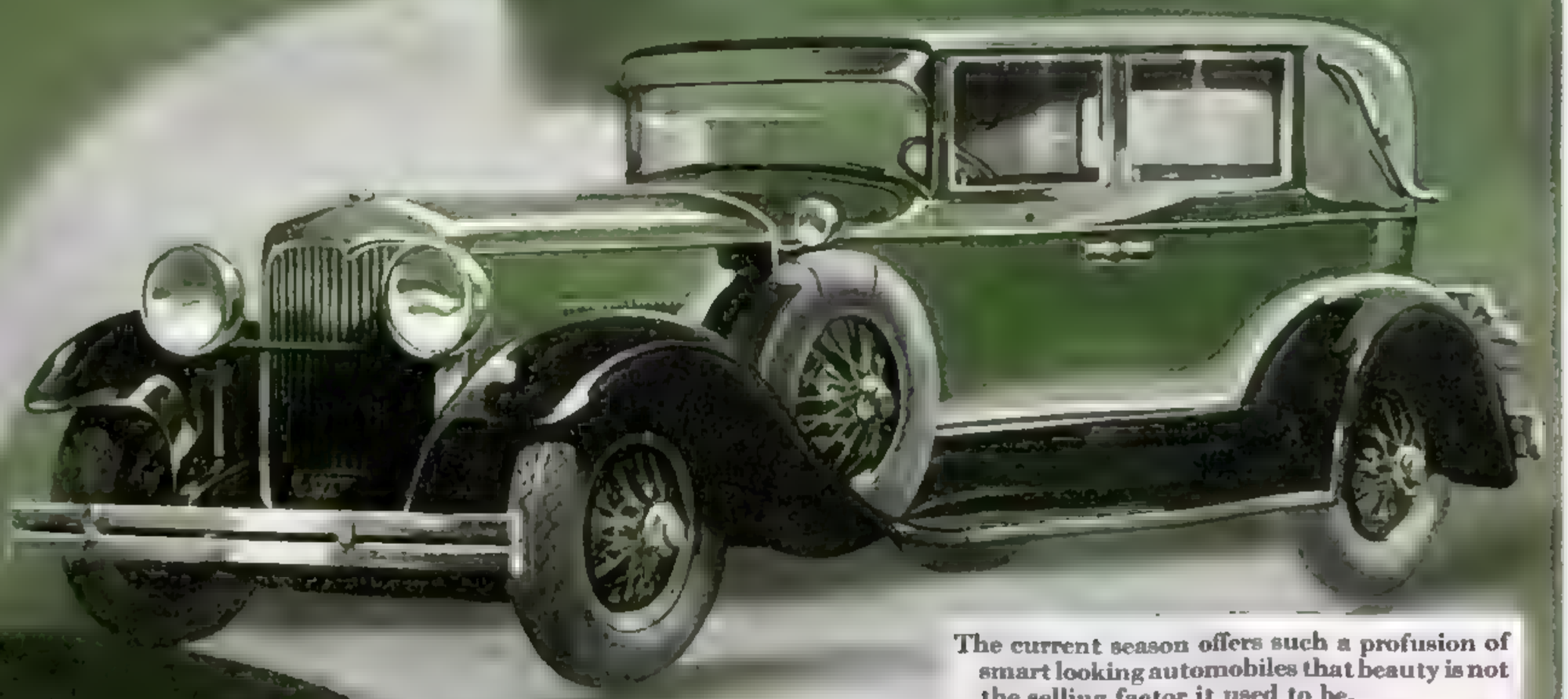
Williamsport, Pa.

SPENCER
steam, vapor or hot water
HEATERS

On the left is the newest style Spencer Heater, made with or without the colored steel jacket, and in sizes to heat any home from bungalow to skyscraper or small business buildings.

Beautiful, of course - - but can it

PERFORM!



The current season offers such a profusion of smart looking automobiles that beauty is not the selling factor it used to be.

In other words, one might be blindfolded—pick any car at random—and have selected a good looking automobile.

But, in the matter of performance, there is still a wide difference. While it is true that the majority of cars are splendid performers, this is because they come equipped with Nelson Bohnalite Pistons.

This piston, made of Bohnalite, which is 62% lighter than iron, means reciprocating parts can be lightened. New pep, faster getaway, increased speed and improved performance are the added delights. So, when you select your car, be certain it comes equipped with Nelson Bohnalite Pistons. *Ask the salesman.*

NELSON BOHNALITE PISTONS

BOHN ALUMINUM & BRASS CORPORATION
DETROIT, MICHIGAN
New York Chicago Philadelphia Cleveland Pittsburgh

(Continued from Page 58)

"What's he doing now, do you know, Chris?"

"No, I don't, and what's more, I don't care."

"Neither do I," said Dorothea blissfully. "Oh, Chris, I'm not like other divorced women, am I?"

"You're like nobody else in the world."

"But I don't mean that way. I mean, I don't have to be hectic and rushing around to forget, and all that sort of thing. You know the way most of them are. That's because I have you."

"You have me, all right."

"Do we still have to wait another silly six months, Chris? Everybody knows about us now. Why can't we just go ahead?"

"I do think we'd better wait," said Landin gravely. "You know, sweetheart, people are funny."

"What do we care?"

"My profession," he pointed out.

Dorothea started to reply and then didn't. What she said was, meekly: "I'm taking my orders from you, Chris."

But they did not wait the six months. Three months later they were married very quietly in a little town in Connecticut. They went away together on their honeymoon and they were very, very happy. They went away in Landin's new roadster, which was a Lenhard straight eight, with a custom body by Miffle.

"It's—it's so different from the other time," sighed Dorothea, closing her eyes in ecstasy.

"Let's forget that," grunted Landin.

"But I like to think about it, dear. I'm so much happier now."

"I don't like to think about it," said Landin. "After all, the reason you got rid of the man was because he was intolerable and cruel. The thing to do is forget him. He's out of your life and my life from now on. He's out." His jaw tightened as he said the last two words.

"Oh, but I have forgotten him," Dorothea assured her husband. "It's just as if he never existed. Really, Chris, it's like a bad dream. But just the same ——" She let her voice trail away.

"Just the same, what?" Landin demanded a little sharply.

"Oh, I don't know," she parried. "I—I guess I can't help feeling a little sorry for him, dear."

He said: "If you've forgotten him how can you feel sorry for him?"

She only shook her adorable head and let the subject drop. And from that moment Christopher Landin's dislike of Terry Marshall was doubled.

In the two years that followed it was only natural for Landin and his wife to have occasional differences. All married couples do. The differences were generally about unimportant things that seemed at the moment to be more important than they really were. Even in this they were not exceptional. The only genuine trouble was, as Landin saw it, that the two of them were not developing along parallel lines. Their individual lives were fanning out and away from each other.

Dorothea, for instance, was tremendously ambitious, but it was difficult for Landin to get particularly excited about her ambition, which was social. It mattered to Dorothea whether they were included in lists—lists of guests for this function or that. It mattered to Dorothea that someone could give a luncheon to someone else without inviting her. It mattered to Dorothea, quite tragically in this instance, that she only received a reply from the secretary of the Duke of Willingsby, instead of in the hand of the duke himself. She wanted the duke for a dinner, and the duke, the old meanie, had accepted a prior invitation from Rosamonde Mottis.

Chris said, "What of it?"

"You're impossible," she retorted.

"I can't see anything to get hot and bothered about," said Landin. Nor could he. Now and then he wondered whether he was giving too much attention to his business and too little to Dorothea, but his intelligence told him this was not so. Every night they went out or had people in. In the afternoons Dorothea gave her time to teas and to bridge. In the evening she gave both their times to dinners and still more dinners, with brief nightmarish interludes at the opera or at this or that play, and with dances after the performances and suppers after the dances.

It began to occur to Landin that the whole thing was nightmarish. He was tired—eternally tired. After all, Dorothea could sleep till noon, and she did sleep till noon, but he had to be at his office each morning by 9:30 at the latest. It wasn't much fun getting up after an all-night party, getting up dull and bedraggled four or five mornings a week and sitting at his desk with only half his mind on the job, the other half being sound asleep. He knew it was showing in his work. He caught it first in his power to make decisions.

Landin's intelligence told him that the thing was an old story. Two-thirds of the men he knew—Wall Street men, Park Avenue men, Long Island men—were being run ragged by their wives. Indeed, running a man ragged seemed to be a wife's vocation in his particular set. Seated at his desk, he shook his head heavily. Might be all right for the rest of them; most of them had incomes or separate means. No good with him, though. He had nothing but his earning power in his profession.

Miserably he said to himself, "If I could only get her to slow down a little." And then: "Actually, I haven't been alone with her for more than ten minutes—why, for weeks!"

He made the masculine mistake of putting the thing up to her. Naturally she flared at him.

"You're just like Terry," she told him. "Always picking."

"But this is the first time I've said a thing," he countered helplessly.

She tossed her curls. "As if you haven't been glaring at me for months!" she said hotly. And she added: "All men are just alike."

The parties, of course, kept on. Landin compromised by slipping away sometimes and going to bed, even at the cost of being called a spoilsport. What Dorothea called him, actually, was a bum sport. Occasionally, too, he found his way to his favorite club, and on the pretense of urgent business he would spend long quiet evenings there, reading the books he never could read at home. He knew Dorothea was out dancing, or somewhere anyway, but he was surprised to find that he didn't much care. He did a good deal of thinking. A set look began to creep into his face—a set look aggravated by lines.

Oddly enough, though he could weigh himself in his thoughts and thought he could weigh Dorothea, he could not weigh Terry Marshall. He could not because he would not. He hated Terry Marshall, and each day of his life he hated him more and more. But he didn't know why he hated him so. He didn't know because his mind declined to consider the matter.

Then one day he opened his morning newspaper and found himself suddenly very pleased. The news was on the first page. Terry Marshall and Marshall's partner, Coyne, were bankrupt. They had indorsed the notes of a client and the client had gone back on them. They were wiped out. The grand jury was going to investigate.

One side of Chris Landin was sorry, naturally. After all, Marshall hadn't done anything more criminal than to use bad judgment. But the other side of Chris Landin was secretly glad. Terry Marshall at last was getting what was coming to him.

Landin hoped Dorothea wouldn't hear the news, but he knew she would. She did. When he reached home that evening she was waiting for him at the door, which was anything but customary.

She said, a little too defiantly: "I called Terry up today. I thought it was only decent."

Landin took in a deep breath. He looked at her. But all he said was, and quietly: "You might have consulted me first."

"I'd like to know why," she flung at him. "Anyway I think you're a bum sport. You're the kind that wants to jump on a man when he's down."

"Am I really?" queried Landin with irony.

"Yes, you are."

He peered at her with hardening eyes. There she stood facing him, a human being born into a world where work was to be done; a human being caressed by silk and sheathed in satin, swathed with ribbons and lace; a human being with a body oiled and massaged and dusted to smoothness, a being perfectly equipped to live a life in which sex was a meal ticket that did not have to be paid for, in which frailty was an asset, in which weakness was power, in which yielding softness was an edged weapon keener than steel; a human being filled with human emotions, but with no place for them to go and with nothing for them to do when they got there. For the first time Christopher Landin saw Dorothea as she really was. And instead of being angry, he was abruptly sorry for her.

He said "Poor kid" and moved toward her.

"Don't touch me," she snarled. She backed off a pace. She lifted her chin. "I invited him to dinner," she informed her husband.

"Who?"

"I invited Terry," she stated and laughed. "He's coming tomorrow evening to our dinner dance for Sir Henry Porter."

Landin thought of staying away from the dinner dance, but he realized that that would look bad. So he greeted Terry Marshall with outward cordiality and tried to avoid meeting him for the rest of the evening.

By one o'clock Landin, as usual, was tired. His shoulders drooped. His eyes ached. Specifically he was fed up with the subject of grouse shooting on the Scottish moors. That languid Britisher was a sap—a terrible sap. The only notable event in the Britisher's life was the annual arrival of August twelfth—the glorious twelfth—a day more sacred, apparently, than any other in the life of the minor nobility. It seemed that on the glorious twelfth one took train for one's box. One's box was in Scotland. Oh, what the hell? Landin had been up till dawn on three successive nights.

With a private smile of relief, he slipped quietly through a doorway and into the hall that led toward his bedroom. He would stand for a moment in the window of his bedroom and look down patronizingly at the hurrying lights of the cars on Park Avenue. He would look patronizingly because he was going to bed and they weren't. He was going to bed and, he prayed, to sleep. The utter luxury of sleep was at the moment the thing uppermost in his mind.

He stepped into his dressing room, which was where the men had left their coats. His bedroom, separate from Dorothea's, was just beyond. He planned to get his pajamas and undress in the bathroom and then slide quietly into bed. He had done it many times. But there was a man in the dressing room, sitting in a chair and smoking. The man was Terry Marshall.

Terry Marshall turned and saw who the newcomer was, and then stood up. He smiled tentatively and put forward his right hand.

"I was going to wait for you, Landin," he said.

Chris Landin, taken aback, mumbled something

Marshall said, "I know you couldn't have wanted me very much. I just want to tell you I think it was very sporting of you."

"Not at all," said Landin. This man, he recollected, was the man he hated; though it was hard to hate somebody when all you could think about was sleep.

Marshall said, "I couldn't very well refuse. I mean I tried, you know, but—but ——" He caught himself, stopped dead.

"I'm glad you came," said Landin courteously.

"I wish ——" said Marshall, and halted again. Then he said: "Wait a minute. Let's close the door." He stalked over to it and shut it quietly. "I wish ——" said Marshall, but again he shook his head.

"Is there something you want to say to me?" Landin queried.

"Why—why, no; I guess there isn't." Now Marshall laughed nervously. "You'll have to excuse me, Landin. I don't know—I sort of got myself into a state of mind, I guess. I mean, being invited here and everything. Let's forget it."

Chris Landin eyed him. "What was it you wanted to say?" he demanded coldly.

"No, let's forget it, please."

"I insist," said Landin.

Once more the other laughed nervously. "I—I had a fool idea I might be able to help you," he said. "But please let's drop it."

Landin said sternly: "Aren't you the one who needs help, Marshall?"

Dorothea's first husband shook his head. He said "Oh, you mean that," and he so emphasized the last word that Landin knew he was talking about his business. "Oh, no, that's all right," said Terry Marshall. "I'll get a job and climb the hill all over again. Good exercise, as a matter of fact. Keeps a man fit."

"What did you mean, then?" Landin asked. He was leaning forward a little and his eyes were boring into those of the other man.

Marshall said, "I can't bring up the subject if you won't."

Christopher Landin stared. Here in front of him was the man he hated and the man was being impertinent.

But what Landin said was, a little too airily: "I suppose you think you are going to say something to me about Mrs. Landin?"

"Not in the least," said Marshall.

"What then?"

Terry Marshall smiled and said, "I merely wanted to thank you and say good night."

Christopher Landin's face twisted itself strangely. "Oh, for the love of mud, say it!" he snapped. And again: "If you've got something to say, say it. I'm tired." He rubbed his eyes. "I'm terribly tired, Marshall."

"That's one reason why I waited," said Dorothea's first husband. "I used to be tired, too, Chris. I'm not now, but I used to be. Sometimes I was so tired I could yell. Once or twice I did yell, I guess. But that's nothing." He shook himself and added: "If you'll let me say so, why don't you get away from New York?"

"Me?"

"You know what I mean. I couldn't do it. Tied here."

"So am I."

"No, you're not. Any fair-sized city. Less money, but tremendous reputation. More normal life."

Landin said gloomily, "She'd go crazy."

"Well?" murmured the other, and shrugged.

Landin said, "She has to have it. She feeds on it. There's no answer."

"Maybe not," agreed Dorothea's first husband. Then he added: "Naturally, it's difficult for me to say anything."

"Oh, say it! Say what's on your mind!" Landin almost barked the words.

"Nothing's on my mind except that idea. Get away. Take her with you. Step her down. You can do it."

"She'd laugh in my face. So would everybody else."

Marshall shook his head thoughtfully. He said: "No, you're wrong there. She might, but other people wouldn't. There's this to remember, Chris—this may be Park Avenue and New York, but it's still the United States of America."

"Meaning precisely what?" queried Landin.

Terry Marshall tried to tell Landin what he meant. It wasn't easy to put into words, but somehow he managed. The two men

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were seated now and making much business over the savoring of their cigarettes. Marshall talked quietly. The things he had to say were platitudinous things, yet Landin listened intently.

At length Landin said, "I don't quite believe that."

"Believe it or not, it's true," said Marshall. "Our particular little world is a woman-run world simply because we men permit it to be. The fault is ours and the cure is ours."

"What you seem to be suggesting," commented Landin, "is that I act the part of a man."

Terry Marshall smiled deprecatingly. "That's putting it rather more baldly than I'd intended."

Said Landin, with a wry smile, "I might be able to act the part, and then again I might not."

"Very true, Chris. You would be gambling in futures. But again I maintain that Park Avenue, for all its sophistication, is part of the United States—which is just another way of saying that in a pinch we act like Americans. Even our women. You remember how Kipling put it?"

"I can just see myself handling the Colonel's lady like Judy O'Grady," Landin remarked.

"It would be an interesting experiment," said Marshall dryly. And then: "Haven't you more to gain than to lose?"

"I haven't much to lose, Terry—unless, of course, I want to keep on this way. That's what most men do. They keep on."

"And that's why our women run us," said Terry Marshall. "That's why our women become self-centered—selfish, if you like—spoiled. We men become halter-broken and we keep on."

Presently Landin said, half absently, "Well, Terry, at least you've given me something to think about." And so the two men rose and shook hands and smiled at each other after a fashion, and Marshall said good night. Standing there in the doorway of his dressing room, Chris Landin watched his guest walk down the hall; and it did not occur to him that his own expression, as he watched, was one of wistfulness.

Through some other doorway came to Landin's ears the irregular throbbing buzz that is the sound of human beings at talk: a buzz stabbed now by the guffaw of a man, overlaid with the shrill twitterings of women. Landin listened. Above all the rest of the sound he could hear Dorothea's laughter, confident, rippling, gay. She was dominating the crowd, as always she had dominated. Life was racing to her taste and she was having her own way with it.

Christopher Landin turned heavily toward his own bedroom. He smiled a bitter smile. But now his jaw, though he did not realize it, was set.

Being the type of man he was, Landin made his plans with deliberation. He might have been designing a skyscraper, but he wasn't. Rather, he was preparing a foundation. During the next two or three weeks he talked with a number of men. He talked with his physician, who already had warned him he was headed for a breakdown. He talked with his partners. He did not entirely fool his partners, since they knew him, but they pretended he did because they were fond of him. By and large, however, he fooled about everybody else. Now letters began to come to him, for he had written some, and presently he took a trip.

From it he came back to Dorothea. He knocked at the door of her boudoir and walked in to find the perfect picture he had known he would find—Dorothea, powdered and fragrant and lovely to the eye, reclining like a princess upon her chaise longue. They talked of this and that. Then:

"How would you like to go to the coast?" he inquired with a smile.

"You mean for a trip? Oh, I couldn't leave now, Chris."

"It's glorious there."

"But it isn't the season. It's too late."

He continued to smile at her, though fixedly. With deliberation he said: "I didn't mean a trip, Dolly. I meant to live. The Follis brothers have made me a wonderful proposition. That's why I went out. A partnership ——"

Dorothea was sitting up. Her eyes were incredulous

"To live?" she shot at him. "Are you crazy, Chris?"

He shook his head, still measuring her. "I don't think I am," he informed her. Then, more briskly: "I'm to do some modern fireproof apartments - a group of them. Suburban, you know. And after that there'll be houses—all sorts of things. As a matter of fact, I'm rather keen to get into residence work."

She gasped "Chris!"

He saw it was going to be a siege. A half hour later they still were arguing, but by now an irritation had edged into their voices.

He said, as he had said before, "It's a wonderful chance for me. It's a chance I can't afford to miss."

"You're thinking only of yourself," said Dorothea.

Perhaps he was, he reflected grimly. It was time somebody did. He said, "With my New York experience I'll have a tremendous advantage. It will mean a lot to us—money, reputation, position."

Then it was that Dorothea said flatly, "I won't go."

"Dolly, you don't mean that."

She stood up and faced him. "I won't," she repeated. "You can go if you want to. You can go bury yourself at the ends of the earth if you want to."

It was time for him to bring up his heaviest artillery.

"I haven't mentioned it yet," he told her, "but Doctor Martin tells me that unless I go to some such place—well, he says I'm due for a breakdown. That's one reason this chance is so lucky."

Dorothea glared at him with hostility. "Apple sauce," she remarked.

He shook his head and smiled wanly. "I'd love to go, Dolly."

"Well, you just can't. You might as well make up your mind to that. Why, the idea!"

Now Chris Landin said very slowly, "There seems to be a misunderstanding between us as to which one of us is head of this family."

"What do you mean by that?"

He said, "Only that you've just forbidden me to make a decision which is really mine, not yours, to make."

Haughtily she said, "Oh, you can go if you want to. I have no power to stop you. I realize that. But you'll go without me."

"Does that mean you'll want a divorce?" he inquired evenly.

"I didn't mention a divorce," she flared.

The lines of his face had set themselves.

"I was only asking you, Dolly. I don't want a divorce because I happen to love you. But as long as you're going to leave me ——"

She was aghast. "Leave you?" she exclaimed. "It's you that's leaving me."

He smiled widely, but without mirth. All this he had rehearsed. What he said was: "'Desertion' is the word, Dolly. I merely mention it because apparently you have the thing upside down in your head. If I go to the coast or to Kamchatka to work and to establish a home, that home becomes our home. In other words"—he bowed slightly—"the home is where I make it, not where you make it. That, by the way, is law. It has been law for a number of centuries."

"Do you think you can bully me into going with you?" she stormed, her eyes dark with anger.

"No, I don't. But I can have it understood that in not going with me you are—we might as well use the crude word—deserting your husband."

What Dorothea said after that was exceedingly unpleasant. Christopher Landin dined at his club that evening.

He was heartsick, and yet at the same time he experienced a peculiar and unexpected feeling of relief. He had lost the battle, but he had stuck to his guns. That was something. It rather surprised him, when his milling thoughts came to the subject, that it seemed to be the principle involved rather than salvage of Dorothea that was uppermost in his mind. Oddly enough, he slept soundly that night. And three weeks later he was ready to leave for the West.

Naturally those three weeks were difficult. There were times when he wanted to quit, to call the whole business off. There were times, and desperate times, when he longed to take Dorothea into his arms and kiss her with all the tenderness he had, and tell her the thing was a hideous game, a tragic and fool mistake. But something—some sort of masculine pride—kept him from doing that. If only she had weakened he might have weakened, too, but she didn't. Actually nothing was arranged between them except the matter of a monthly check to cover the New York rent. Nothing else was mentioned—neither his decision to go nor hers to stay. That the situation between them was a test of stubbornness and endurance was tacitly recognized by both of them, but neither spoke of it. Their conversation remained as casual as that of two comparative strangers.

There was only one visible change in Dorothea that in any way corresponded to his own new assertiveness. It was something about her eyes, something he couldn't quite fathom. They were different somehow, and now and then he caught them looking at him as if they were trying to read a language they did not understand.

He kissed Dorothea when he left, an ordinary morning's good-by kiss, and she returned it in kind. He smiled and she smiled.

She said, "I hope you enjoy yourself," and he said, "I don't need to hope that with you," and then he went.

As he took his seat in the Pullman, Christopher Landin smiled feebly and said to himself: "Well, I'm licked. I might have known it." But twenty-four hours later—he was in another Pullman now and Chicago was behind him—he already was looking ahead. New York, Park Avenue, even Dorothea had become somehow misty, far away. What he thought now was: "Well, I'm a man. Life's ahead of me yet."

Three days later, however, Dorothea came back to him vitally. He had forgotten she could mean so much to him; not she herself, perhaps, but the idea of her, the thing she represented. The Follis brothers, all hospitality, had met him at the station. They bundled him into their car and then, full of talk about the West, they drove him in triumph to the house they had chosen for him. It was a small house set on a hill, a clean modern house in the Mission style—pink stucco that might have been terrible but was charming instead; a perfectly laid out planting of dark evergreens to set it off, with live oaks and eucalyptus for shade; pink and red roses running riot about the fountain in the tiny patio. But best of all was the view: the downward drop of the steep hillside, a mass of tree tops below, just revealing a white ribbon of road, and beyond the tree tops a yellow beach with foaming, tumbling surf, and beyond the surf the shimmering blue of the wide Pacific flickering golden in the light of the late-afternoon sun.

Christopher Landin caught his breath.

"That's the country club over there," said the younger Follis, pointing. "You're a member already."

But Landin was staring at the loveliness about him. It called for a woman. It cried aloud for a woman with whom to share it. And the only woman he wanted to share it with was Dorothea. "If only I could get her out here!" he thought forlornly. But Dorothea, he knew, would never come. She would get her divorce. She would find somebody else. Abruptly he felt ashamed and a little shocked at himself, for he caught himself wondering whether he, too, would ever find somebody else. Then he heard himself making conversation with the brothers Follis. Yes, it was too bad Mrs. Landin couldn't come just yet. . . . Yes, she would follow later. Just now she was undergoing

(Continued on Page 174)

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THE HIGHROAD

(Continued from Page 7)

Just now, seeing what Don was about, he said quickly: "Here, I'll do it. Got the jack working, have you?"

"It's all right," Don told him. "It was stuck, that's all."

The other chuckled. "I never knew before that you chaps were walking repair shops." He sat down on the running board at Don's elbow. "Guess you know how, all right, the way you're going at it. Takes me close to an hour to change a tire."

"Sure," Don agreed.

"Ever see any rum runners?" the other asked. "This is the main road from Canada, isn't it?"

Don rolled the spare tire toward the jacked-up wheel and he shook his head. "Not that I know of," he replied. "I guess the most of them prob'ly go down to Boston from Montreal. Too far around this way."

"I suppose you look out for them," the man suggested. "Or do you leave that to the Federal men?"

Don, vaguely uncomfortable, did not reply. His task absorbed him.

"They ever work up here, do they?" the other persisted. He added, with a smile: "Matter of fact, I'm going through to Quebec. I thought I might bring back two or three bottles, as long as I'm coming anyway. But I wouldn't want to get into a jam."

"This rim's sprung a little," Don muttered, and pounded it home with the hammer.

"I saw in the Boston papers," said the man on the running board, "where a state cop tried to stop a rum car somewhere and they potted him. I tell you, a man doesn't want to go after those fellows; not unless he's looking for trouble." His tone was faintly monitory, and Don, his eyes upon his task, colored to the ears. There was a deep loyalty in this young man.

"Likely he had orders," he replied; and he added: "They'll get whoever did it."

"Not a chance," the other retorted. "He'll not come back that way again, and no one got a look at him. The cop had used his gun too. But it's hard to hit anyone in a moving car."

"I've shot pa'tridge on the wing with a rifle," Don remarked; and the other scanned him thoughtfully. When he spoke again his tone was less scornful.

"If he'd been wise," he suggested, "that cop could have made a good thing by not seeing too much."

"Likely," Don agreed.

"Some have," the stranger persisted. "Just by tending their own business and letting the Federal men look after the other job. My chauffeur told me a cousin of his put away eleven thousand dollars in one year while he was on one of the roads up in Northern New York."

"If it was me," Don replied, "I'd rather do my job." He added: "I guess you're all right now," and lowered the wheel to the ground. The other rose to stow away the tools which Don had used.

"Well," he said, "it's a hard law to enforce anyway. Some officers get killed off, and some get bought off, and some get scared off." He looked at Don. "I guess you'd be a hard man to scare—or buy." Don made no comment. "But the trouble is," the stranger insisted, "most people don't want to see the law enforced. It's a farce anyway, and there's no justice in it. The only thing it has accomplished is to make liquor so expensive a poor man can't have a decent drink; has to drink some rotten stuff. If I was a cop and didn't have any orders to mix in, I guess I'd not see more than I had to."

Don turned back toward his motorcycle, but the other checked him.

"Here," he protested. "Can't I pay you for your trouble?" Don shook his head. "Or a cigar, anyway. Here, take a handful. You can smoke them after dinner. My name's Block. I'm from New York. First trip up this way, but I may come again. Next flat tire I have, I hope you're around."

"That's all right," Don assured him, yet doubtfully accepted the cigars.

"And if you see me coming down," Block said good-humoredly, "I hope you won't search the old bus. I might have a bottle stowed away." He added: "I guess that's not in your orders, is it? You're not the sort to go looking for trouble."

"I guess a lot of 'em have a bottle somewhere," Don confessed. The other man made him vaguely uncomfortable; yet was after all a pleasant chap, harmless enough. And Chief Given had given Don no instructions to watch for liquor smugglers. That was the job of the men on the border. If they let a car through it was their responsibility, not his.

Block got into his car. "Well, thanks again," he said. "And anything I can do for you. I'll see you again some day. Maybe you'll think of something by that time." He lifted his hand in farewell. "Take my advice and don't see anything unless you have to," he urged.

When the other car was out of sight, Don mounted and continued on his homeward way. The sun had dropped below those western hills across the river; and purple dusk flowed down the deep valley like a palpable stream, above the steady ripple of the hurrying water which reflected the bright colors of sky.

III

THE road was almost deserted, and Don's rôle of Good Samaritan had somewhat delayed him. He might well have hurried homeward, but he rode slowly for a while, thinking of Block, puzzling faintly over the meanings which might lie hidden in what the man had said. Don was scarce a fool. It seemed to him not unlikely that Block's interest in liquor smugglers and the obstacles which they encountered was more personal than the man had confessed. Yet he had said nothing tangible; done no more than reach out in this direction and in that. Don felt, with some mild satisfaction, that he had borne himself well; that whatever it was which Block sought, the man had been baffled and put by.

There seemed in the incident nothing which need for the moment be his direct concern, and as he drew nearer Chapman his thoughts drifted to other matters. Some two miles north of the town he came to a spot where the road had used to slant steeply up over the ridge, and he slowed there as he was likely to do, scanning the stiff ascent, wondering, as he always did, whether the motorcycle would surmount that grade, if he asked it to do so. Probably not, he decided, for the old road had been discontinued four or five years before, and no travel now went that way. It must be filled with holes, littered with broken boughs and the wash from sudden storms. It had been abandoned because the grades there were so steep, and traffic now followed a longer course, near the river, rounding instead of surmounting the bold ridge which here forced the stream itself to a considerable detour.

At the apex of the curve the new road made, the roadbed was blasted from solid rock and a steep cliff overhung. Don passed the spot, going carefully around that hairpin curve, and came by and by to the foot of the old road again. Before it was abandoned, cars had used it, but always in second gear and sometimes in low. The pitches were steep and difficult, the way tortuous.

"But I'll try it some day," Don told himself. "I'd like to see what baby here will do."

Just beyond the foot of the old road he traversed a thick growth of birch and maple and beech and oak where along the roadside there rose a wall of cordwood, cut in four-foot lengths and piled there. Will Mather had cut it during the winter; it waited to be hauled away. There were birch logs, split so that the wood might dry without decaying, and oak and beech and maple a foot or more in diameter. A fine lot of wood, Don thought as he went by.

Half a mile farther toward Chapman, he passed the house where Peg Barry lived. Don meant not to look that way, but as he approached he sat more erectly and lifted his speed a little, and his ears burned as he went roaring by. At the last possible moment, in spite of himself, he gave the house a sidelong glance. It sat a little back from the road, compact and snug, white-painted and orderly. But he caught no glimpse of Peg. No matter. He would see her by and by.

Beyond, the houses grew more numerous as he drew into town. Chapman is no more than a clot of white-painted dwellings strung along the river. There is a hotel that is more comfortable than its appearance indicates, a few stores, and a church whose white spire lifts above the trees. The main street is also a section of the highway which from Chapman to the Narrows lies in Don's charge, but there are side streets running away from the river. One of these continues out of town as a winding country road. This road, entering Chapman from the east, crosses the main street in the center of town and by a decrepit bridge passes over the river to follow southward along its farther bank.

At its intersection with the highroad stands a silent policeman; a substantial white-painted concrete pillar stoutly founded and bearing the familiar legend which bids motorists to keep to the right as they pass by. Hereabouts, Don's father, the town constable, had his customary post, and old Luke Tomson was a familiar figure to every motorist who habitually came that way. He was always on duty, from early morning till late at night, except when he went home for meals; and he was so tall and so robust a man that you were not likely to forget him. He habitually wore a uniform coat that reached to his knees and a faded cap with dull gold braid along the edge of the rim; and though the cross traffic here was unimportant, the majesty of the gesture with which upon occasion he could lift a warning hand was worthy of Fifth Avenue. There was a ponderous solemnity about him, and there was something ridiculous and yet appealing in the seriousness with which he attended to his insignificant task.

Don's father's house was an eighth of a mile from the square, a stout frame structure, well tended and compact. Don pushed the motorcycle into the garage and then turned to the kitchen door. It was not yet actually sunset, but Chapman, in the deep valley there, already lay in shadows, and a lamp was burning in the kitchen. Mrs. Wake kept house for Don and his father; and when Don came in she was dipping steaming potatoes from the vessel in which they had been boiling.

She was a round woman with a motherly eye, and she said in a sprightly tone: "We're just setting down, Don. Yore pa wants to get back quick as he can."

Don nodded and splashed his face in the pan in the sink and then followed her into the dining room. His father was already at table there. When old Luke wore his braided cap you would scarce have guessed his age, for his face was ruddy and smooth. But now his head was bare, and his hair, scant and gray, gave sufficient testimony to his years. He looked up at Don's coming with a slow smile full of the proud pleasure with which he always greeted his son; and he asked gravely:

"All right, boy?"

"Fine, pa!" Don assured him.

They were big men, and hungry; and they ate thereafter in silence till they were satisfied, while Mrs. Wake divided her attention between her own victuals and her attendance upon the men. But afterward, when she had taken the dishes to the kitchen and was busy there, the older man filled his pipe and relaxed his great bulk in his chair while he spoke with Don, as he liked to do, of the matters of the day. Old Luke was somewhat deaf, and Don sometimes thought him a little slow of understanding; and his bulk coupled with the lethargy of years made him appear to wear a dull pomposity. But Don answered the old man's inquiries readily and at full length, with no reluctance or impatience in his mien at all.

"Did you mark," asked the old man at last, "a car this afternoon—from New York it was—with a man alone?"

Don nodded, added in the somewhat raised tone his father liked: "Yes. I changed ——"

But Luke went on heavily as though he had not heard his son: "He stopped in the village and talked to some of them. He asked for you." Don stared at that, and the old man continued: "He asked if there was a motorcycle officer on the road. He talked with Joe Gillaspie, and he came to talk with me, but I was busy with the traffic at the moment, had no time for him at all."

Don hesitated. "I came on him with a flat tire, and his jack was stuck," he said at last. "I fixed it for him." He added, doubtfully: "There was something about him that bothered me."

The older man looked at him thoughtfully.

"What bother?" he asked. "What was it, son?"

Don hesitated, then repeated the essence of what Mr. Block had said. "Only it wasn't so much what he said," he explained in a lame fashion. "It was more as if he meant more than he was saying, like as if he was trying to see if I would scare easy, or if I was on the make, say, or if maybe I was just dumb."

Old Luke weighed this recital in a long silence. "Have no truck with him, Don," he warned at length heavily. "Have no truck with him."

"I don't figure to," Don assured him.

"There's trouble and devilment in the man, to talk so. And his eye carries it too. Have no truck with him."

Don had thought much the same, and he loved his father. But there is sometimes an instinctive antagonism between father and son.

He argued now: "No harm in anything he said to me, pa! If he had a bottle in his car coming back, I needn't look for it; that's all."

"He'll have gifts for you," old Luke predicted, "and more words for you." There was sometimes a faintly Biblical cast to the old man's phrase: "Sit not down with him, my son."

"I don't figure to."

"There's tribulation for those that eat with him."

Don grinned. "He didn't even offer me a sandwich." Remembered then. "But these cigars." And he produced them and extended them toward his father.

The effect was startling: the sight of them seemed to rouse old Luke to a vigor surprising in the man. He struck Don's hand down, so that the cigars fell along the floor, and he lurched to his feet to trample on them there. Don started to protest, then dutifully checked himself.

Only did remonstrate. "The cigars are all right, pa!"

But old Luke shook his head; he trampled the last cigar to a shapeless mass, and he swung back to his son.

"A policeman can take no traffic with the men he's there to tend and fend!" he cried. "Mind you that, Don! There's trouble in it; and there's trouble and burned fingers in that man. The devil in him, by the looks of him. If you'd eat with the devil you'll need a long spoon."

Don said gravely, "All right, pa!"

"No, not all right," his father retorted heatedly. "Don, my boy, I'm an old man,

(Continued on Page 68)

Fuel system of the new Ford has been designed for reliability and long service

The practical value of Ford simplicity of design is especially apparent in the fuel system. The whole purpose is to give you many thousands of miles of use without trouble of any kind.

The very location of the gasoline tank is an example of this careful planning. It was one of the first things considered in designing the new Ford because of the importance of the fuel system in the performance of an automobile.

There was no manufacturing problem. Having started fresh in the building of the new Ford, the way was open to put the gasoline tank in any position that seemed best.

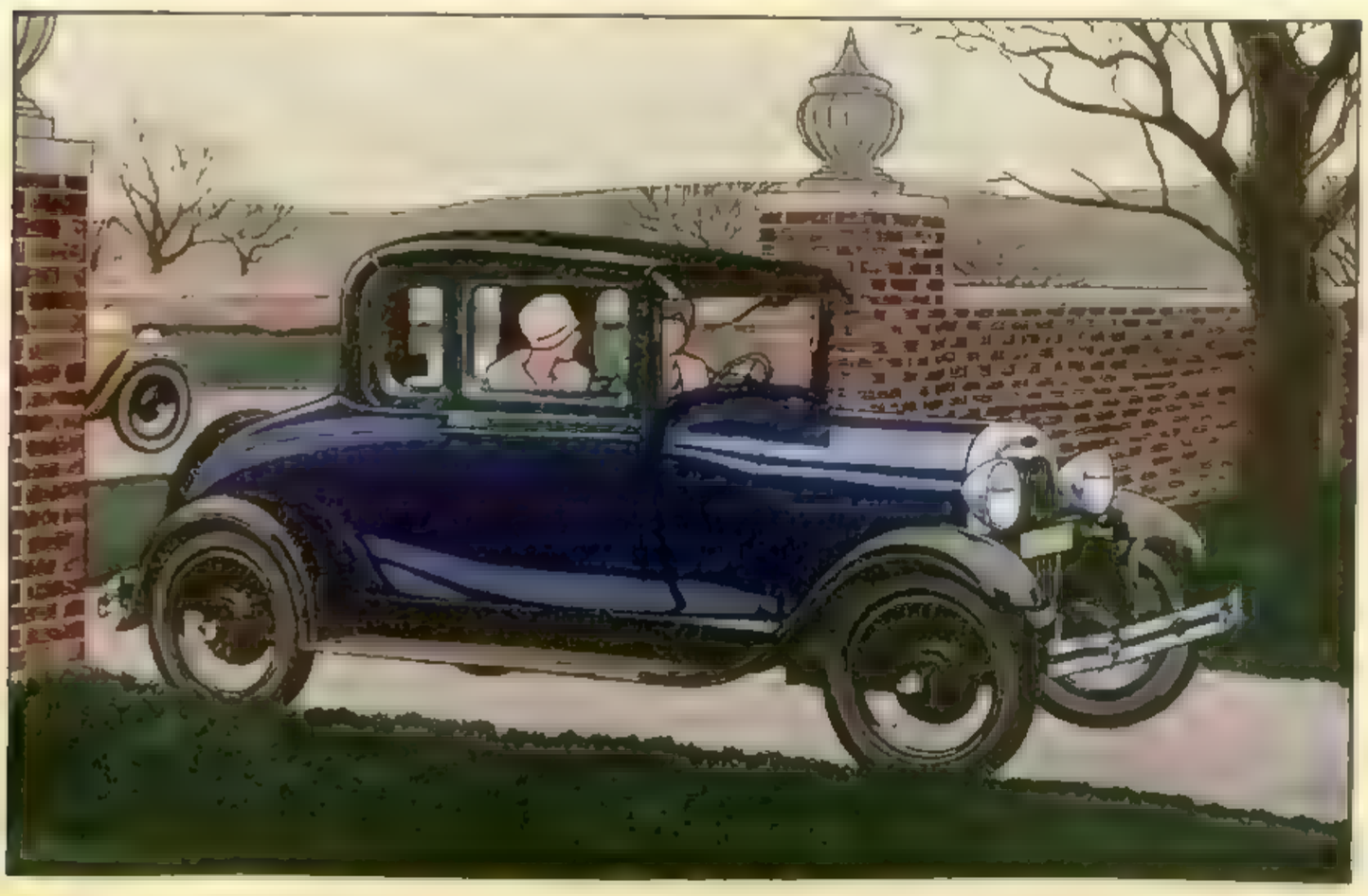
The result desired was a direct gravity feed without any intermediate step—the simplest and most effective way of feeding gasoline to the carburetor without variations in pressure.

So the gasoline tank was placed where that would be possible. Service to the public was placed above precedent.

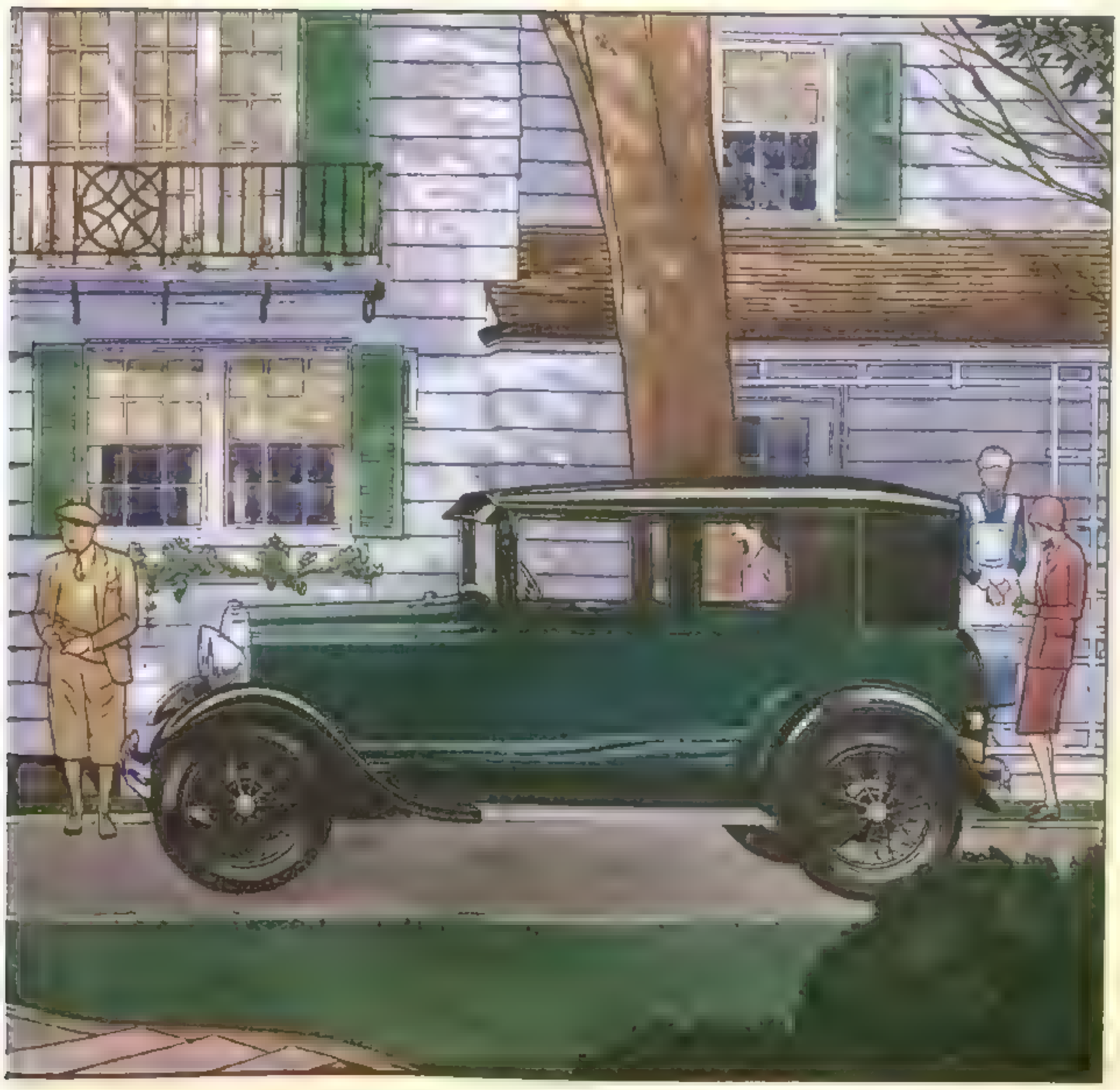
Because of the central location of the gasoline tank in the new Ford, there is no need of a long fuel line with its multiplied possibilities of trouble. The Ford fuel line, as a matter of fact, is only eighteen inches long and is easily accessible all the way.

The tank itself is made of heavy pressed steel, and is terne plated to prevent rust or corrosion. An additional factor of strength is the fact that it is composed of only two pieces, instead of the usual three or four, and is electrically welded—not soldered.

The carburetor in the new Ford also has many interesting features. It is unusually reliable in action because there are no moving parts in any way affecting the mixture. All adjustments are fixed except the needle valve and idler, so there is practically nothing to get out of order. "Keep-it-clean" and "don't tinker" are the two things to remember in the care of the Ford carburetor.



The new Ford is distinguished by the trim, graceful simplicity of its lines and the beauty of its colors. Without being extreme, it has struck a new note in automobile designing. Shown here is the Ford Coupe, a splendid all-weather car for business, professional and social use.



Ford

FEATURES OF
THE NEW FORD CAR

Ten body types

Choice of a number of colors in each body type

Quick acceleration

55 to 65 miles an hour

Fully enclosed, silent six-brake system

Four Houdaille hydraulic double-acting shock absorbers

Triplex shatter-proof windshield

Alemite chassis lubrication

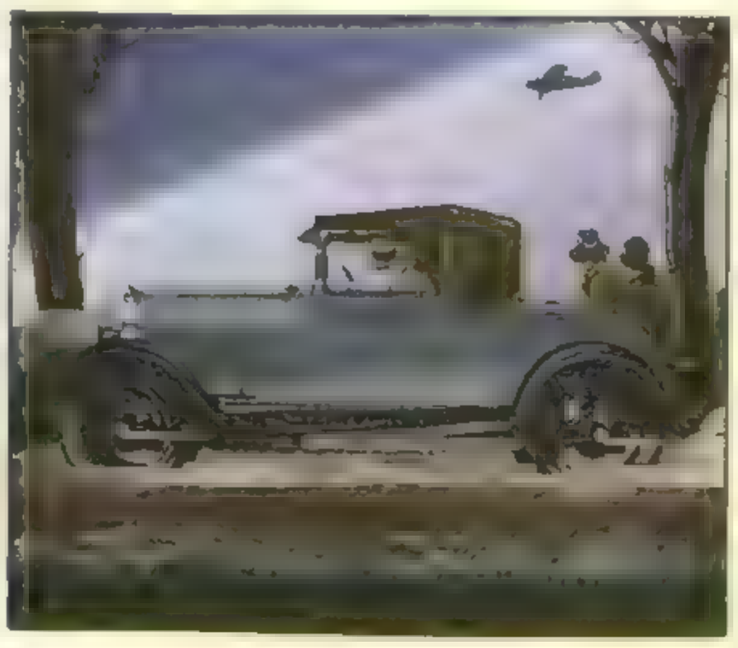
Vibration-absorbing engine support

Reliability and economy

The choke on the dash of the new Ford acts not only as a primer but likewise provides an easy and convenient way for you to regulate the gasoline mixture and thereby increase gasoline mileage.

For quick starting, the choke button should be turned one full turn counter-clockwise and then pulled outward, to be released the instant the engine starts.

As the engine warms up, the choke should be turned clockwise until it is approximately ¼ turn open. This is the best adjustment for average driving. For cross-country driving at sustained speeds, the choke adjustment may often be kept almost fully closed. The general rule should be to keep the mixture as lean as possible without sacrificing the power of the engine.



One of the outstanding features of the new Ford is its remarkable riding comfort. Somehow, you seem to just glide along, as if every road were a good road. These transverse springs and four Houdaille hydraulic shock absorbers do make a difference!

Throughout, the fuel system of the new Ford is so simple in design and so carefully made that it requires very little attention.

There are really only three things to do, at intervals of 1000 to 2000 miles. (1) Clean the sediment bulb. (2) Remove the carburetor screen and wash it in gasoline. (3) Take out the drain plug at the bottom of the carburetor and drain the carburetor for a few seconds.

Make it a point to have your Ford dealer look after these important little details for you when you take the car to him for periodic oiling and greasing.

A thorough checking-up costs little, but it has a great deal to do with long life and continuously good performance.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Detroit, Michigan

(Continued from Page 65)

and I've been a law officer for all my days, and you're new at it. Not three months yet—not dry behind the ears. It's easy to say a thing is all right, but you mind what I tell you. Have no enemies, but make no friends of strangers on the road. Have no truck with them."

"I don't aim to, pa," Don said submissively.

"You wouldn't aim to," Luke agreed in a gentler tone. "Not my boy wouldn't. But you have to watch all the time, Don. Keep to the highroad. Don't go wandering on byways, forgetting where you're bound."

Don got to his feet and touched the other's arm. "You don't have to fret," he said again reassuringly. "You don't have to get so het up, pa."

IV

IT WAS better than a mile from the village to where Peg Barry lived, but the distance was never long to Don. Rather it was at times too short. For though he wished night by night to see her, he sometimes dreaded the encounter; and though when he was apart from her he longed to be by her side, his feet were apt to lag before he came to her gateposts at last. This night was no different from many another in that respect, for the young man moved slow and slower as he drew near. He tried to prepare an excuse for his call on her this evening. Peg would know he was coming, because he always came, but she would have to have a reason just the same, for this was one of the ways she delighted to torment him.

Before he had decided what to say, his destination was upon him, and he stood reluctant at the gate beside the road, slow to enter in. The front of the house was dark and the veranda was somewhat shaded by wistaria vines. Peg and her mother were doubtless in the kitchen, or in the dining room; and Don, moving that way, was almost wishful that he might find the windows dark as a signal that there was no one at home. But when he rounded the corner of the veranda there was a stir in the hammock that hung there, and Peg called:

"Who's that? Don? Why, Don, whatever are you doing here?"

Don stood frozen in his tracks, for the pounding of his heart helpless to reply. And Peg came to the veranda rail above him, where the dusk could find her and reveal her. She was very little, this Peg Barry. Just now, even though she stood on the veranda, she was not so much above him. When they were on even footing the crown of her dark head came scarce as high as his armpit. He could see the black shadow of her hair, the black deeps that were her eyes.

"Are you looking for someone to arrest, Don?" she challenged. "I've done never a thing, policeman! And there's no one here but me."

He stirred to the other foot. "Where's your pa?" he asked.

"Gone for the mail," she said. "And ma wanted some things at the store. I stayed to look after the house, but if you're going to be here, I can go along down the road and meet them coming back."

He said hardily: "Well, if you do, I'll likely go with you." And Peg relented then, laughing at him happily.

"There's a bold Don! That's not so bad of you." She turned to the steps. "Come up and sit with me, if you're bound to, then. I never looked to see you tonight."

"Why didn't you?"

"Why, you were here last night," she reminded him, "and the night before, and the night before."

But presently she forbore to torment him. They were closely bound, these two, and might have been closer long ago if Don could have had his way. But a reluctance held Peg from that binding.

"It isn't that I don't feel like I like you, Don," she told him more than once. "I do, and I know that. But I don't know what kind of man you're like to be."

And when he protested she would cry: "I know. I know. You've never done anything you oughtn't to, and I guess you've done everything you ought. But, Don, you've never had very much to do. I'd like to see."

Meanwhile she tormented him, because it amused her to see his helpless writhings; but when he was brought to the verge of furious outbursts or desperate departure, Peg knew how to be suddenly so gentle and so friendly and so full of silent tenderness that the rage always melted in him and left him weak as wax in her soft hands once more.

They sat tonight and talked; or Peg talked and Don listened gratefully. And across the road he could see the stars glimmering in the rippling river where it ran so murmurously down the shallows there. He watched it because if he did not he would look at her, and that was hard on a man's pulse—to look at Peg in the warm shadows of the night. But by and by she demanded that he say his word in turn. She and his father were alike in this—that they required an accounting of his days. So he began to tell her how he had disciplined Chief Given, and remembered that he had forgotten to mention this incident to his father, and reminded himself that he must tell old Luke about it when he went home; and he fell to thinking of this till Peg shook his arm indignantly and insisted he go on.

And she crowed with delight at that narration; and then he told her about Mr. Block of New York. He was disturbed to find that she was as positive in her dislike of this gentleman whom she had never seen as his father had been; and he tried vaguely to argue with her that Mr. Block was a pleasant man enough and drove a car well and had a kindly word. Peg was furious with him for this defense, but Peg was apt to be either furious or filled with swift delight. Her habit was mercurial. So he was not surprised by her attitude, and he stolidly opposed her view as, in less degree, he had opposed his father. He was, as young men are apt to be, contrary-minded always, and apt to take the adverse side of any controversy.

She protested at last in furious astonishment: "Why, anyone'd think you went to school with him or something, Don. The way you talk." And swift suspicion swept her. "Don Tomson, did ever you see him before today?"

He retorted resentfully: "Well, if I did, what's to hinder? I can like a man, if I've a mind."

She came stamping to her feet at that. "Well, you can have a mind to go on home then!" she cried. "Or go find him, if you'd rather set with him than me!"

He digested this soberly. A still young man and slow to move; yet somehow slow to be moved too. He had his doubts of Block, but he told himself they were doubts and nothing more. What his father might suspect and what Peg might assert were matters still unproved; perhaps never to be proved. He resented, stubbornly, their hot insistence as if he could not tend his own affairs!

So he got to his feet and nodded and moved toward the gate.

"Good night, then," he said; and he came to the road. He heard her call behind him, and he hesitated, he heard her laugh and he turned his head. "What say?" he asked.

She answered, tone curiously tremulous: "I'd like you more if you fought back more!"

He swung irresolute, but Peg did not wait for him. She laughed and ran away, around the house, past the corner of the veranda. He might have followed, but the starlit night left dark caverns where it would be easy for her to hide.

"She'd hide and stay a-laughing," he told himself stubbornly, and went upon his way.

Peg watched him go, and she was sorry he was going. But not wholly sorry. It was as she had said. When Don thus set himself against her, she was apt to feel herself fit for all surrenders, and she was not yet ready for surrendering.

So she let him go. After all, he would return another day.

THE morning of the second day thereafter Don rode to the Narrows and back again, and did some small service here and there along the road; he had midday dinner with his father and Mrs. Wake, and started north once more. But halfway to the Narrows his eye was caught by a suggestion of something familiar about an approaching car; and when the machine stopped as he drew near, he recognized the New York number plate; and when he came nearer still, he discovered the figure of Mr. Block behind the wheel.

He might even then have gone directly by, but the other signaled him; and it is a part of the duty of a motorcycle man to answer signals and respond to them. So Don pulled up his machine at the other side of the road and propped it there; and by that time Mr. Block had alighted from his car.

"Hello, old man," he called amiably. "How are you?"

"All right," Don assured him.

Block shook him by the hand. "You look fine," he agreed. "Out in the open air and all that." He turned back to his car and fumbled out a bag there and opened it. "Haven't been bit by a snake, or got a cold or anything, have you?" His tone was jocular.

Don shook his head. "No." He felt again that uneasiness with which this man had before inspired him; and he looked up and down the road, fearful of being discovered here.

"Got something that will cure it, if you have," Block assured him, and turned with a bottle in his hand, which he extended. "Here," he directed. "Take that home with you."

Don found that he held the bottle, without being conscious just how it came into his hands. He said hurriedly: "No, no." Tried to give it back. But Block backed away and laughed cheerfully, and Don, in a sudden rush of something like panic, threw the bottle away from him over the bank toward the river. It splintered on the rocks there.

"Can't do that!" he stammered. "You can't give that to me."

Block grinned, but his eyes narrowed faintly. "Shucks," he protested. "Why not? It's good stuff." Don shook his head; and with an instinct toward flight he turned toward his motorcycle. But Block stopped him, stepped before him.

"Wait a minute," he urged. "No harm done. I see what you mean. You wouldn't want to ride around with it on you. I'd have left it at your house if I'd thought. It's the only one I had, or I'd give you another—leave it there. I just had room for one in my grip; decided not to take a chance with more. It's easier to get it in New York. Don't give it a thought, old man."

He lighted a cigarette, offered one to Don. Don shook his head.

"I've got to move on," he said.

Block protested: "Oh, come off! Do I have to get another flat tire to stop you? You're not a crank on this liquor business, are you? I'll bet you'd take a drink off duty. Wouldn't you?"

Two or three cars had passed them, but motorists are accustomed to see a motorcycle officer and a car stopped beside the road. Don recognized none of the passengers, and he began to feel somewhat more secure.

"Well, I might," he confessed.

"Sure," Block applauded. "So would anybody. I was over in Washington a month ago. I never saw anyone refuse it there. When you threw that bottle away, I thought for a minute you were a nut on the thing, but I can see now how it looked to you. Right, too. I suppose you might get in trouble that way, when you're on duty and everything. All right, no harm done." He laughed again and added: "I was glad for a minute I didn't have any more with me. Thought you might have looked me over and grabbed my car or something, if I had."

Don shook his head, almost apologetically. "I guess not." He stirred again. "But I've got a ways to go. Have to get along."

Block nodded. "Sure. I can see you're a sensible man. Your job is to stop fast driving along here, and I guess you've sense enough to stick to it, eh? As long as a man keeps under thirty-five, you're not likely to bother him, or ask questions, or anything; if I size you up right, and I think I do."

"Well," Don confessed uncomfortably, "if we happen to see anything."

"Oh, sure," Block agreed. "If it's stuck under your nose you've got to. But I mean ——" He turned aside. "You've got to go on, though. Don't want to keep you. Here." He turned back toward Don with a handful of cigars, which he held toward the young man in such a manner that the back of his hand was up, the palm down. "Here, take these anyway. Nobody's going to kick at that!"

Don shook his head. "Thanks just the same," he protested, and straddled the seat of the motorcycle and kicked the pedal. The engine started with a roar.

But Block shouted something like: "Oh, take them!" And with a quick movement he stuffed the cigars deep into the side pocket of Don's coat. Don colored and he hesitated, but flight seemed his easiest course. The motorcycle started with a leap and a lurch; he steadied it and darted swift away, never looking back at all. And swifter than he was used to travel, he raced northward toward the Narrows, glad to put distance between him and the disturbing individual behind. Not till he passed the last curve and struck the mile or more of straightaway where the road followed a causeway across an open marsh did he fumble in his pocket to find the offending weed and cast them all aside.

As his fingers encircled them and drew them out, he felt that the cigars—there were three or four of them—were wrapped in a band of paper; and even before he could look to see what this paper was, he knew, by its slick and greasy feeling, its essential character. It was, he saw a moment later, a fifty-dollar bill.

VI

OLD Luke was still on duty in the square when Don reached this spot, but when Don pulled up beside him, the older man bade his son go along to the house.

"I'm coming right along," he explained. "It's suppertime a'ready."

So Don went on, and Luke followed him home, and they ate their hearty meal together as they were used to do, and afterward they had some converse for a while.

But Don had nothing that evening to tell his father, though the crumpled cigars and the rumpled piece of currency made an awkward lump in the side pocket of his coat. He felt them there and thought once that his father might observe the bulge of them and demand some explanation. But the old man appeared not to remark this circumstance, and Don by and by began to perceive that his father was disturbed, faintly uneasy, his old nerves somehow worn and ragged.

This was sometimes the case when an incident had occurred to mar the even smoothness of his days in the square. So long as he was permitted to stand his duty there, to lift his ponderous hand and be obeyed, Luke was a benign old man; but if any motorist crossed him or ignored him or argued with him, the opposition was apt to leave the old constable in a nervous storm.

Don thought tenderly that his father was at such times, for all his bulk, not unlike a twittering old hen; and tonight, when he perceived these familiar symptoms in the older man, he turned at last a question toward that matter.

The old constable, thus solicited, was quick enough to relate the incident that had disturbed him.

(Continued on Page 72)

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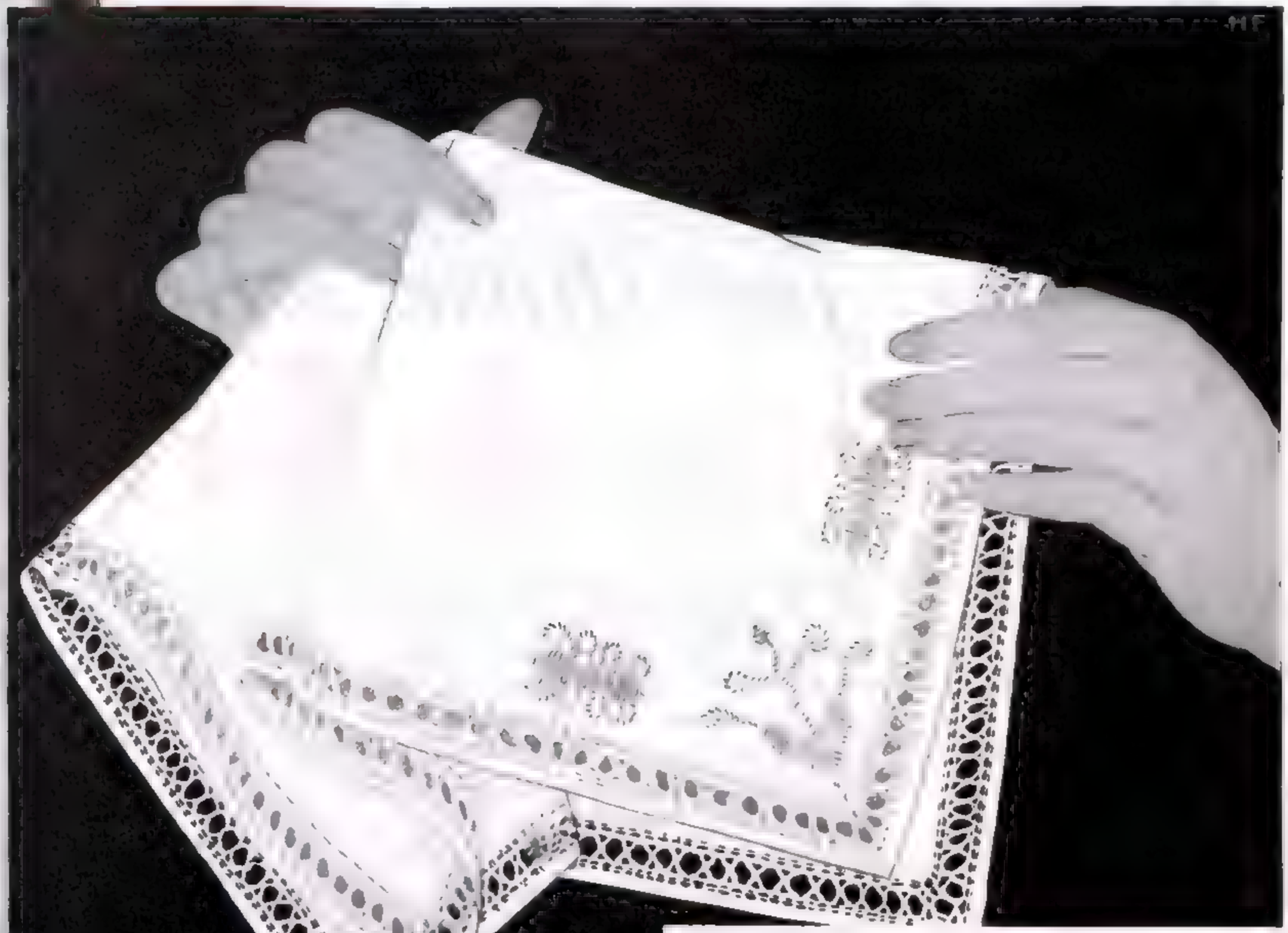
*Alpha Brass Pipe is made from a special kind of Chase Brass which contains more copper. Plumbers prefer it because it cuts cleaner and sharper threads, making leak-proof joints.



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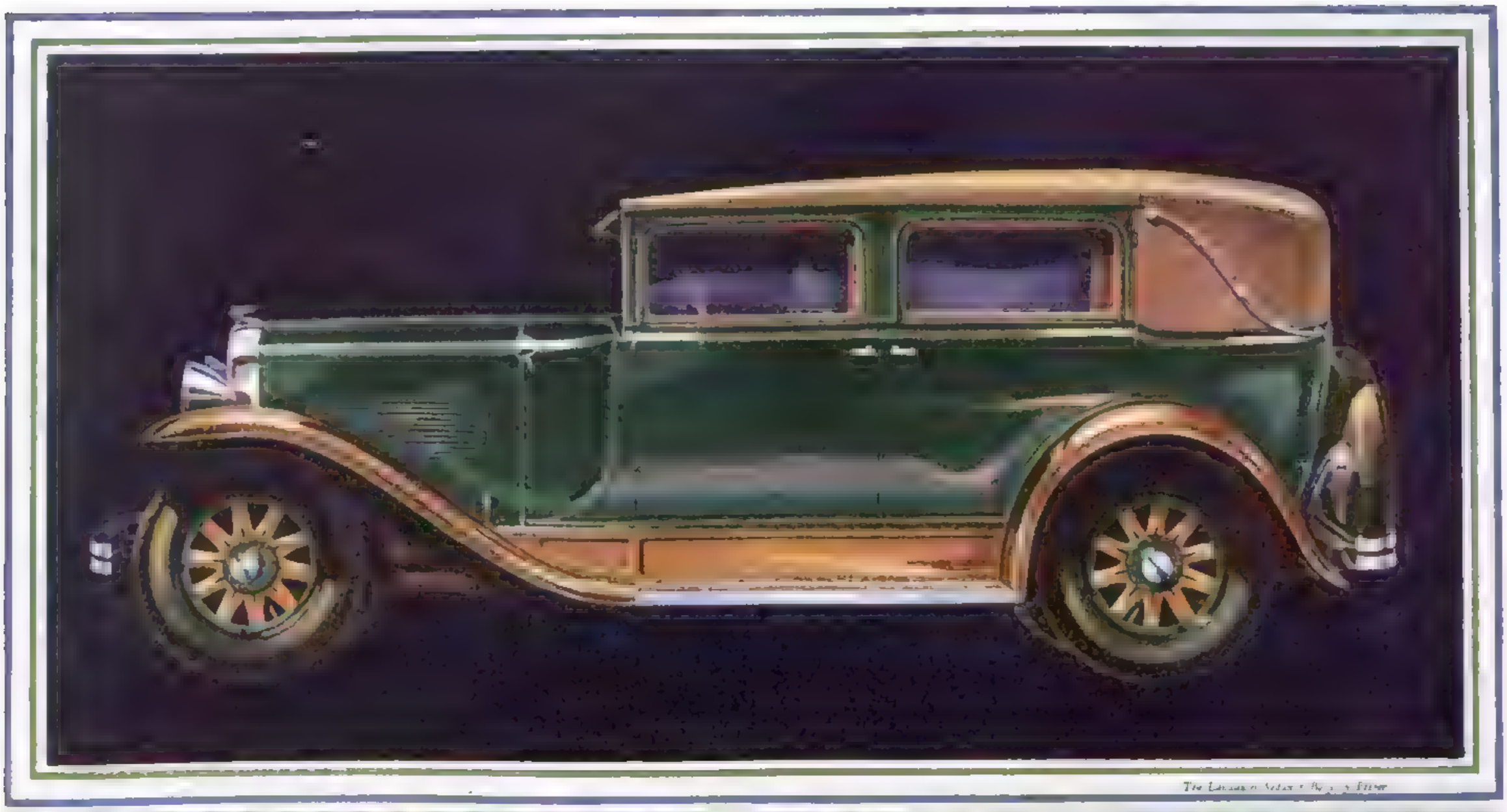

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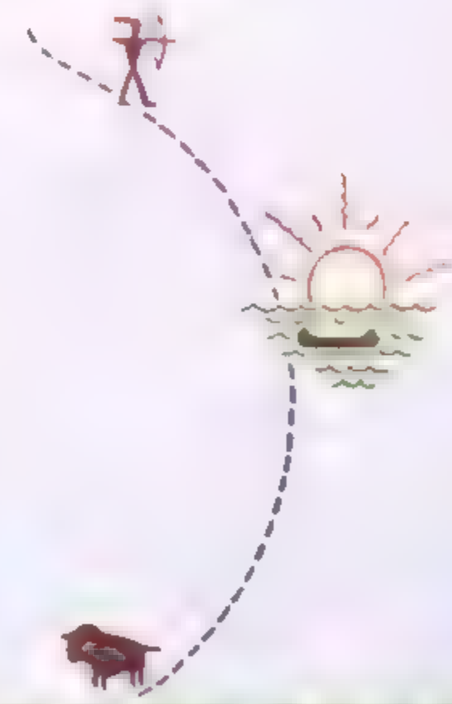

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(*Continued from Page 68*)

"It was a truck," he told Don with a querulous exasperation in his tones. "A Connecticut number plate, and two men, and no freight aboard. A big one, too—big as a box car."

"A moving van?" Don suggested; and the other said impatiently:

"You'd see it, on the road!"

"I passed it, coming down, just below Halfway," Don confessed.

"Racing like two fools, likely," the constable guessed; but Don shook his head.

"No, no; going along right moderate. What'd they do to bother you, pa?"

"They came along up, late this afternoon," Luke explained. "I see them coming, way down the road, but Joe Gillaspie's team was coming in from the country, so I held them up till Joe could get by. They must have seen my signal before they got anywheres near me, but I think they'd have run by if I hadn't stepped out in front of them. So they had to put on brakes, hard, and back up."

Don chuckled. "Cussed some at that, likely," he hazarded.

"The corner is my job, Don, and I've never had an accident there," the old constable reminded his son. "They've got to stop when I tell them to."

"Sure," Don agreed. "What'd they do then? Go along?"

Old Luke shook his head. "No," he explained. "They pulled in and stopped in front of Freeland's store and got out to buy some cigars there. Two men there were, Don. One a big fellow—near as big as you—and he swung his shoulders when he walked, and had a glowering way. A bully, my son. The marks all over him. The other one was smaller, and he had a scar on his lip, I think, and a heavy mustache to cover it, and a pale face. His hands twitched, Will Freeland told me. He was driving the truck."

Don nodded, listening attentively.

"Old Joe had pulled in behind them, by the sidewalk, while they were inside," Luke continued, "and when they come out they must have seen his team there. But they got in and backed up till the truck hit Joe's old horse in the nose.

"Joe run out of the store and yelled at them. Joe's a hot-tempered man, Don. And the bully slid out of the truck and pushed old Joe, and said something to him. I went over, and some others gathered around; and the men made some loud talk. But they didn't push me," he added stoutly.

Don nodded respectfully at the other's tone. "Nor likely to," he agreed.

"I've never had to use force but once," Luke said proudly. "But there might have been a row this time, only another car came along. You remember that New York car that went up through here Monday. You fixed a tire for him."

Don felt his cheeks burn. He nodded dumbly.

"Him," said old Luke. "He stopped and got out; and he told them to move on—get out of town. Told them they ought to be ashamed; that they were lucky not to go to jail."

"He know them?" Don asked quickly. "They know him?"

"He didn't say so, nor they didn't. But they acted like it. They did what he said, all right. Started right up and went along." He added irritably: "It upset me, Don. I told him he hadn't any right to interfere; but they were gone by that time, and he said it made him mad to see a couple of thugs starting a row in a peaceful town like ours. He said they were probably used to arguing with traffic officers in the cities."

He sighed sternly. "The man sought to cozen me, Don, but I had no word for him. He tried to give me some cigars, as he did you."

Don was red to the ears, but he could find no word to say. This was no moment for confession. He wished to be clear of this matter of the fifty-dollar bill, but his father was in no mood for understanding now. Don dreaded the old man's chiding. Also, despite his innocence of every dark intent, Don was oppressed by a sense of guilt, as the innocent are like to be. So he sat silent and the constable lumbered to his feet.

"Time I was back at the square," he said; and as Don also rose, he asked: "Did you see him on the road, Don?"

"I saw him heading this way," Don confessed.

"Have no doings with him," old Luke repeated. "You're still young in the game, Don, and he'd be too wise for you. If ye see him again, mind what I've told you. Have no truck with the man."

Don nodded miserably, and the old constable went back to his vigil in the square.

VII

AND a day passed, and another one; and Don saw Peg every evening, and sometimes she was a torment to him, and at other times she was so gentle and so sweet that she left him sick with longing. He ran his courses to and fro along his forty-mile patrol and he kept the fifty-dollar bill folded and ready in the side pocket of his coat. But the more he thought on the matter, the less grew his resentment against Mr. Block.

Don had an evenness of mind, a capacity for seeing both sides of a question; and it seemed to him that Mr. Block was not wholly to be blamed. That is to say, Don reminded himself, assuming that Mr. Block had cause to wish to be on friendly terms with the officers of the law, there was no reason why he should not make what approaches seemed to him discreet.

"And he hasn't asked me to do anything," Don reminded himself. "Only not to go monkeying with what ain't my business anyway."

But he was fixed in his intent to return the money on the first occasion.

"If I kept it," he decided, "he'd think I was ready to do anything he wanted. I'll give it back to him the first time he comes by."

Don was on his way upriver toward the Narrows, jogging at a moderate twenty-five-mile gait, when he saw Mr. Block again. A car swept up behind him, and Don, without turning his head, remarked its coming and expected the car would slow down as it overtook him. Only the most hardy motorists were apt to pass a traffic officer, even when his pace was slow.

But this car swept boldly by and went on, and, as it passed, Don looked aside and saw the driver's hand wave in greeting, and he recognized Mr. Block. For a moment he slowed down, faintly dismayed at this discovery, and the other car pulled ahead. Then Don quickened the pace of his motorcycle and held the other even. Mr. Block was driving, he discovered, at only a little more than thirty-five; a speed permitted by Chief Given's instructions. Don was relieved at this, and disappointed too; for the other's seemly speed gave him no pretext for halting Mr. Block—as he wished to do.

But a little farther on, where there lay a long reach of road that was straight and for half a mile or more open to easy view, Mr. Block pulled up beside the road, and when Don stopped by the car, Mr. Block nodded and smiled.

"Morning, officer," he said cheerfully. "Fine day!"

Don nodded, dumb with his own embarrassment.

"How's the traffic?" Mr. Block inquired. "Keeping you pretty busy nowadays?"

Don, straddling his motorcycle to keep it from falling, fumbled in his pocket. "Here," he said abruptly. "I don't want this." And he held out to the other the fifty-dollar bill.

Block stared at it in wide surprise. "You don't?" he repeated.

"No," Don insisted. "No, take it."

Block chuckled. "Why," he protested, "if you don't want it, that's your affair. But why give it to me?"

"I'm giving it back to you," Don explained. "You gave it to me the other day, but I don't want it."

"I did?"—in frank incredulity.

"Wrapped around them cigars."

Mr. Block laughed. "You're crazy, man. I don't carry fifty-dollar bills to light cigars with, nor I don't lose them in my pockets. Guess you found it, didn't you? You go home and advertise, sum of money found; and if nobody claims it, I'd keep it, if it was me."

"I don't want it," Don insisted, baffled and at a loss.

Block shook his head, grinned again. "Well, that's up to you," he declared. "I don't know anything about it. Any time I give you fifty dollars without knowing I did it, you can have it. You might get rich that way!"

There was an undercurrent in his words, and Don sensed it and had many things he wished to say, but the saying was difficult.

He could only repeat: "I don't want it. You take it back!"

"I'll tell you," Block offered. "I'll match you for it. Here." He fumbled in his pocket. "Odd or even?" he challenged. "You name it. We'll settle it that way."

"It ain't mine," Don insisted. "It's yours."

Block chuckled. "Odd or even, to see whether it's yours or mine," he repeated. "That's fair!"

Don tried to follow this, but Block spoke again, more urgently, so that Don at last stammered: "Why, odd!" And at that Block pulled from his pocket another bill. "This for fifty dollars too." And he looked at it, and he spoke explosively.

"By Gad," he cried, "you stuck me, old man! Odd it is."

And he passed the second bill to Don; thrust it into Don's uncertain hand. Before the young man's slow wits could frame the protest that came hotly surging, Block had meshed his gears, released his clutch. His car slid swiftly away.

Don stood dumbly, staring at the money in his hands. He looked after the disappearing car and he looked in furtive fashion back along the road.

In the end he put the money hurriedly in his pocket and mounted and rode irresolutely after Mr. Block, seeking to decide what he must do.

But his very irresolution made his pace so slow that he failed to overtake the other man; when he came to the Narrows, Mr. Block had passed through and was gone. Don gave up his dull pursuit.

His senses were confused. Fifty dollars, and then fifty more! He would have to tell his father; this much was sure. And he dreaded the moment of that telling.

But on his homeward way a flat tire delayed him past the constable's dinner hour, and Don assured himself that they could not discuss this matter in the public square. He ate alone and moodily, passed old Luke with no more than a word when he began his afternoon patrol. The ugly business lay heavy on his mind.

VIII

THIS was to prove one of those days when matters seem bound to go awry. Don had patched his inner tube in the morning, but the patch failed to hold, so that on the upriver run in the afternoon he had to stop once more. Then, three or four miles below the Narrows, he found a car run off the road into the ditch and was delayed again. The car had swerved too far out to pass another machine, slid off the road and mired. Don fetched a team from the nearest farm to drag it back upon the road again.

By the time he got to the Narrows his tire was flat again and he stayed there to have the tube vulcanized. Then a heavy shower broke, and the rain fell drenchingly for an hour, while thunder, like a cannonade, rumbled down the steep valley between the mountains that hem the river here. Don waited out the rain, and when he started home at last, it was late, and the road was still so muddy that he dared not try to make any considerable speed. So he took southward his deliberate way

(*Continued on Page 74*)

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(Continued from Page 72)

After the rain there remained a bank of lowering clouds which brought an early twilight. Don saw that it would be dark long before he came home. His father would have had supper and returned to duty; his own supper, keeping warm in the stove, would be waiting for him. But if he went home to eat, he would be late in coming to Peg's, and Don decided he was not particularly hungry. Better an extra hour of Peg's company than supper. He wanted to see Peg; felt that he might reveal to her the matter which so sorely troubled him. He began to frame that telling in his mind, automatically picking his way between the puddles in the road.

Something overhauled him; the headlights struck the road ahead of his machine. A heavy car could, with some safety, make better time than he was making; and Don pulled to the side of the road to permit this vehicle to go by. The other machine passed him, and he saw that it was a truck as big as a moving van, yet so well powered that it was holding a generous thirty-five-mile gait and doing a little better on the straightaways.

He had no glimpse of the men on the seat as the truck passed him, but it needed no such confirmation to assure him that this was the truck which had stopped in the square a few days before.

Block's truck, then; or a truck driven by men Block knew and in some wise commanded. And at the recognition, the money in Don's pockets began to burn.

It was for this truck's passing that Block had prepared the way; it was so that Don might be sure to ignore the truck that Block had first tricked him into receiving one fifty-dollar bill, and then another. And at this understanding, Don quickened his speed and held on the truck's tail; and he tried to determine what to do.

The truck was driving at no unreasonable speed. Its very weight served to steady it upon the road; and the man at the wheel, Don saw, eased it carefully around the corners. A good driver, he thought approvingly, and a man who knew his business. No pretext for stopping him. Don was quite sure in his own mind what the truck contained. But he had no orders to look out for liquor smugglers, he told himself. If the truck was laden with contraband, it was after all not his affair. The road wound, meandering along the river; the truck made good speed and Don, to keep his place behind it, had to risk now and then a dangerous spill. He was foolish, he argued speciously, to do this unless he meant to overhaul the truck and stop it; and he could not make up his mind to stop the whisky runners.

No thought of caution deterred him. There would be two men on the truck, and armed, but the odds did not alarm Don. He had a sort of stubborn blindness which would not readily be daunted when his mood was sure. Nor was he restrained by the consideration that there would be profit for him in the passing of this truck; that Block would come this way again in a day or two with another fifty-dollar bill. Don meant to return that money. He was not sure just how the thing was to be done, but his father would advise him. In the old constable Don was, to this time determined that at all times he would confide. Between them they would study it out and speak to him sternly turn his activities to some other thoroughfare

The truck, while Don thus reflected, had drawn ahead; he saw its red tail light disappear around a curve, picked it up again, lost it once more. So fell farther and farther behind. And when by and by, approaching Chapman, he came to the Barry farm, the truck was out of sight. He stopped and turned aside and left his motorcycle by the road while he went in.

He found Peg in the kitchen with her mother, washing the supper dishes there. They greeted him, Mr. Barry and Mrs. Barry and Peg, each in their several ways. Mr. Barry grunted and filled his pipe and wandered into the other room.

Peg looked at him with wide eyes, affecting that surprise which always left him baffled, as she cried: "Why, Don! Who'd you come to see?"

And Mrs. Barry said volubly: "Late home, ain't you, Don? I didn't hear you go down by. You been to supper and back again?"

He confessed that he was late, that he had not been home.

"Then you ain't et?" she exclaimed "Peg, fix him up a bite of something."

And she made Don wash his hands at the sink while Peg, scolding him for the trouble he was causing, brought out fresh biscuits and fried mackerel and strained honey and asked whether she must make coffee for him.

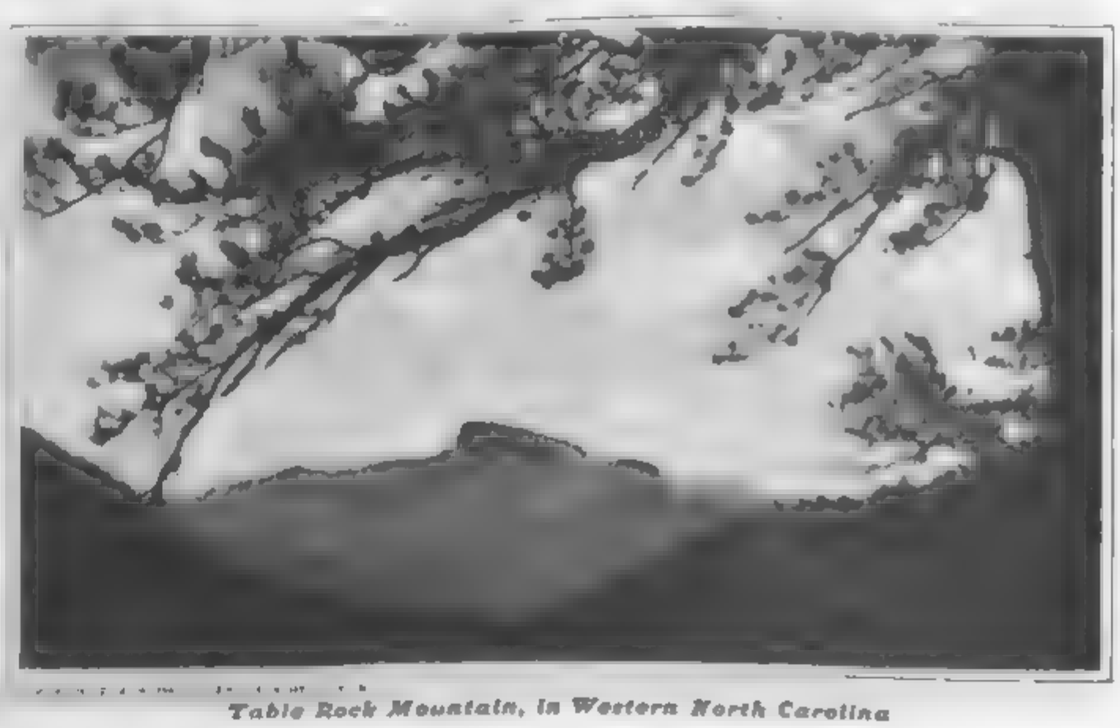
He shook his head, his mouth full; and Mrs. Barry went into the dining room where Mr. Barry was about to start to town for the paper, and Peg finished the dishes while Don ate, whisking each dish away when he was done with it.

While he was eating, he tried to think how he would tell Peg about Mr. Block and the money and the truck. He wished she might help him bear the burden of these grave concerns; and he was hungry for the sympathy and the understanding she would sometimes give him in a measure so finely bountiful. But he had, as the event proved, no chance to speak of these matters to Peg.

The telephone rang and Mrs. Barry called from the dining room that it was Don they wanted, and the young man went to answer, some misgiving already stiffening his cheeks

It was Mrs. Wake who had called him; he heard her uncertainly at first, for she was weeping, spoke to him through her sobs. His father was dead, she said. He had been run over by a truck and killed at his post in the square. Joe Gillaspie, in his ancient buggy, behind his old white horse, had just brought Lucas Tomson home.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



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WARNING HILL

(Continued from Page 23)

"Tommy, how's your eye?"

"It doesn't hurt. . . . Daddy?"

"Yes?"

"It wasn't Mr. Street's fault."

"No, of course it wasn't."

"Daddy, aren't you hungry?"

"No."

"Why aren't you hungry?"

"Because there are times when people aren't. You'll know. . . . Eat your eggs, Tommy."

"I'm not hungry either. Daddy, why was the sky so red?"

"Eat your eggs," said Alfred Michael. "Don't you see? I want you to grow up to be a man."

"The sky was awfully red," said Tommy; "redder than the coals in the fireplace."

"Yes," said Alfred Michael. His face gave a curious twitch. "Tommy?"

"Yes, daddy."

Alfred Michael had risen from the table, and Tommy saw that he had not touched a bit of food, and he was doing a most astounding thing. He was snapping his watch chain from his vest, and more curious than that, there was no watch upon it.

"Daddy, where's your watch?"

"Gone," said Alfred Michael, "but the chain isn't. The chain is for you. Take it and put it away, and don't tell anyone about it till tomorrow morning."

"You mean," said Tommy, "it will be a surprise?"

"Yes," replied his father gravely, "probably. I want you to keep it safe until you are able to wear it. It's a good gold chain. Perhaps when you look at it sometimes you'll remember what I'm going to tell you now."

Alfred Michael coughed, looked at Tommy and coughed again, and suddenly seized a tumbler from the table and drank the water in it very fast.

"Confound it!" he said. "I've never done this sort of thing before. I—I'm hanged if I know exactly what to say!"

He paused and laughed, and though Tommy could see nothing to laugh at, he remembered that something had really amused his father.

"Promise me not to cry, will you, Tom? No matter what happens, give up crying. You've got to be a man."

"Yes," said Tommy. "Daddy, why don't you want the chain?"

"I'm tired of it," Alfred Michael said. "You'll probably get tired of it, too, but don't get as tired as I am. Don't be a coward like me."

It was shocking to hear his father say such a thing. Tommy felt something rise within him—loyalty or love, he never knew just what—which made his face grow red and made him want to cry.

"Huh," said Tommy, "you're not afraid of anything, I guess."

Though Alfred Michael helped himself again to water, something was wrong with his voice.

"Cowards aren't always afraid," his father said. "They're tired. You'll see some day what I mean, Tom, but that isn't the point. The point is that you've got to be a man."

"I will be," said Tommy, "just like you."

"No, you won't." His father spoke very quickly. "Listen, Tom. Put that chain in your pocket and listen, like a good boy. You've got to be a man who gets on in the world, who can understand it and—not struggle like a poor spoiled child. You'll see what I mean some day. You'll have to put away the long, long thoughts and be like most men who've never had them. Be a hard man, Tom, but a good one. Do you see what I mean? And be an educated man. I want you to go to college, and you'll find that the hardest thing of all. Nothing shows life in a worse light than knowledge, but you'll be better if you're strong enough to stand it, and you'll be strong enough. You'll have to be. I'm not so sure that everything doesn't depend on necessity. I wonder, if anything had ever seemed halfway necessary to me, I suppose I might—but never mind ——"

"Daddy," said Tommy, "what's necessity?"

"God bless me!" cried Alfred Michael. "That's exactly what you're going to find out. Tom, you don't look badly with that eye. Go in and hit in and don't cry-baby. I guess that's all."

"All of what?" said Tommy, because he could not understand.

"All of everything," said Alfred Michael. "There isn't much to everything and that's all." And Alfred Michael slapped him on the back hard, as if he was a man. "You know"—he looked Tommy in the eye and smiled very cheerfully—"I'm not so sure it all isn't going to be the best thing for you. I tried, like every other idiot of a parent, to build you an umbrella and to put pack around you, and I'm not so sorry now I didn't. Don't ask me why. You'll see what I mean. You're going to go in and lick 'em, Tom. Remember, I told you so. Remember, I never said you couldn't. Remember, some things stay bright, Tom, no matter how the rest of them weather. And now there's a good job over. Go up to Aunt Sarah for your reading. You're late already. And now shake hands. I'm proud to have met you, sir. Good night."

"Daddy," said Tommy, "won't you come up later and hear me say my prayers?"

His father's shoulders gave the queerest sort of jerk, exactly as though a door had slammed unexpectedly behind him, and yet the whole house was very quiet.

"Now, there's an idea," said Tommy's father. "I'll do my very best to be somewhere around, Tom. Good night."

His father turned away and strode across the hall to the room where the books were, and closed the door; and as Tommy stood there looking after him he felt very lonely. Everything seemed to have gone, leaving him in a strange and barren place. Tommy was old enough to know it was absurd. He was in his own house. The lamp was burning on the center of the dining table. As long as he had known anything he had known the walls of yellow oak and the built-in sideboard of yellow oak with two candlesticks upon it. There was the same slightly musty smell which he had always known. Outside the dining room was the hall. He had always known the hall, dark, to be sure, but a friendly dark till then. Now the hall seemed an enormous passage filled with veiled shapes leading into loneliness as vast as cloudy mountains in the sky. The lamp from the dining room cut a rectangle of light out of the darkness, which only made the hall the blacker. As Tommy walked into the light, instinctively he trod upon his toes, for fear of a shadowy something which was everywhere. There was not a sound except for the ticking of the clock far up the stairs, coming through the darkness like the whispering of the green-necked ducks upon the Welcome River shore. His foot met the worn strip of carpet which ran from the front door to the back. Beneath it a board creaked horribly, and then again there was silence except for the ticking of the clock, and he was all alone, a very little boy—all alone except for something still and black always just behind him, which had never been in that hall before.

Only later did Tommy know what that black silence was, that walked always just behind him. It was fear. It was gripping at Tommy Michael, sending his heart leaping to his throat, giving him a desire to shriek and robbing him of the power. Tommy Michael could not walk toward the stairs. If he did he knew that blackness would fall and crush him as surely as a wave of green salt water.

Beneath the door of the room where the books were was a crack of light. Tommy ran to it as fast as he possibly could, not daring to look behind. His fingers fumbled with the latch and then the door was open and Tommy was safe in the light.

"Daddy!" he said. "Daddy!"

All along the wall in the dim light were the books of Thomas Michael. A lamp on his father's writing table was turned very low. His father was by the fireplace with a felt hat pulled over his eyes. A cupboard door by the mantelpiece was open and his father held a shotgun in his hand.

"Daddy!" said Tommy. "Daddy!"

His father stood motionless. Then he made a queer coughing sound deep in his throat.

"What is it, Tom?" he said. "Why haven't you gone upstairs?"

"Because something made me afraid," said Tommy.

"What made you afraid?" And curiously enough, his father seemed afraid, too, and started toward the half-open door.

"Something"—Tommy caught his breath—"something in the hall."

Alfred Michael dropped the barrel of his gun into the crook of his left arm—his heavy duck gun, which carried ten-gauge shells—and strode gingerly to the door.

"Nonsense," he said, "there's nothing. Go upstairs, Tom, and I'll wait right here till you get to the top. Remember, I'll be right here, and don't be afraid. Nothing can hurt you if you're not afraid."

"Daddy," said Tommy, "where are you going?"

"Out," said Alfred Michael.

"But, daddy," said Tommy, "why have you got your duck gun?"

"For company," his father said. "Hurry, Tom, and go upstairs. Don't keep Aunt Sarah waiting—and, Tom ——" A change in his voice made Tommy turn. His father was standing there, nursing his gun on the crook of his arm. "Good night, Tom," Alfred Michael said.

As Tommy climbed the dusky stairs he heard his father step down the hallway and heard the boards creak smartly beneath his tread. A creaking noise and a gust of air—the front door was open.

"All right, Tom?" His father's voice was hushed into a whisper.

"All right," said Tommy, and then a rumbling slam told him that the front door was closed, and once again Tommy was all alone in a strange place, but not really alone.

Even in Aunt Sarah's room something was just behind him. Tommy knew it. He did not dare to look around, and Aunt Sarah glanced at him over the top of her spectacles.

"What ails you?" said Aunt Sarah. "Are you frightened of the dark?"

Never in the world would Tommy have told her that he was afraid, for he knew that Aunt Sarah would never have forgotten it. For weeks she would have sharpened her wits on a boy afraid of the dark.

"No," said Aunt Sarah. "Hand me down the Bible. What's the Psalm we're at?"

"The Ninetieth Psalm," said Tommy, "but, Aunt Sarah ——"

It had been Aunt Sarah's idea that Tommy should read the Bible to her every night. Every night Tommy climbed the stairs despite his contrary inclinations, like one of the Athenian boys in the book his father sometimes read him, who was sent to entertain the Minoan bull upon the Isle of Crete. Every night it was his duty to seat himself on a small stiff chair directly opposite Aunt Sarah's dark one with the grapes upon it, with a heavy leather Bible perched upon his knees, and then to read, in a voice sufficiently loud and clear, passages which she selected during the day. At the same time it was his duty to sit up straight, to hold his head at a proper angle and not to allow his gaze to wander from the page or to sniffle. It was remarkable how acute Aunt Sarah's hearing was for noises of the small,

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annoying kind. During this hour also it was his duty to listen to Aunt Sarah while she retailed certain reminiscences of her youth, such as a ride by coach to New York, where she attended a song recital, and of dancing parties at a defunct academy for ladies. But above all it was his duty to listen to the exploits of her brothers and his grandfather, Thomas Michael; strangely uninteresting exploits they always seemed to Tommy, dealing principally with early morning risings and cold plunges and abstinence from the excessive use of sweets.

"The Ninetieth Psalm?" said Aunt Sarah. "Well, hand me the book, since you can't read. Your grandfather got a blackened eye once, I recollect. Mother put a piece of meat on it. Ho-ho. . . . Well, the Ninetieth Psalm —— Why do you wriggle and look over your shoulder?"

"Aunt Sarah," said Tommy, "daddy's gone out."

"Hey?" said Aunt Sarah.

"Daddy's gone out," said Tommy, "and he took his gun with him."

"His what?"

Aunt Sarah stopped turning the pages, and Tommy knew from the way she looked that she had heard him the first time.

"His gun," said Tommy.

Aunt Sarah gave a smart tug to her shawl. "That's like him, I declare," said she, "always playing about with weapons. Like as not he'll shoot himself. What are you wriggling for?"

Aunt Sarah began to read; she was a tireless and accurate reader. Her voice never faltered, and those solemn words passed through Tommy's thoughts, stilling them by their somber magic.

"'Thou turnest man to destruction,'" Aunt Sarah read; "'and sayest, Return, ye children of men. For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.'"

Aunt Sarah paused and adjusted her glasses.

"Ho-ho," she remarked, "I don't know why that's so consoling. Well—well, they'll read it over me, I have no doubt. Tommy, what makes you jump so? Can't you ever sit still?"

"Aunt Sarah," said Tommy, "I heard a gun"

"And why should you jump," said Aunt Sarah, "when you hear a gun, I should admire to know? It's your father wasting time shooting bottles—always wasting time. . . . 'Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep: in the morning they are like grass which groweth up.'"

Dimly Tommy heard the words. They were like solemn music in an enormous vaulted place. Aunt Sarah was nothing but a faint shadow. His voice was like a stranger's voice, speaking from a vast distance, and awful in the certainty of knowledge. As he thought of it afterward, he knew he could not have been afraid any longer. He was a little boy in a dream so immense that fear itself was gone.

"Aunt Sarah!" cried Tommy. She could have had no difficulty hearing him, for his voice had risen almost to a scream. "There's something coming up the stairs!"

"Nonsense!" said Aunt Sarah. . . . "'For all our days are passed away in thy wrath; we spend our years as a tale that is told.'"

But Tommy was right. There was someone on the stairs. There were hasty stumbling footsteps.

"Mrs. Michael!" Tommy knew the voice as that of Elmer, the hired man. "Mrs. Michael, ma'am!"

Aunt Sarah walked to her door surprisingly fast. "Mrs. Michael's in her room," she said. "What is it?" Elmer was in the doorway. His face was white as paper; his hands were shaking like his voice. "Speak up!" said Aunt Sarah sharply. "What is it? Have you lost your tongue?"

"It's Mr. Michael, ma'am!" began Elmer. "Oh, Lord, ma'am, Mr. Michael's killed himself."

For just a moment, in the dull silence that followed, Tommy did not think. He seemed to have heard only vaguely what Elmer said, and his eyes were on his Great-aunt Sarah, a grim old woman in a black dress, with her hand cupped behind her ear; a dead old tree, he thought long afterward, which stood unbending before a gale.

"Killed himself?" Aunt Sarah repeated. "Killed himself, you said?"

"Oh, Lord, ma'am," Elmer's voice broke. "I was down to the stables, ma'am, and I heard a shot out back by the shore, and I ran there, because shooting didn't sound right, and there he was, his head all——"

"That will do," Aunt Sarah said. She swayed slightly and her shoulders shook as though at last the wind had struck her. "It was an accident, of course. Mr. Michael stumbled and fell. Do you understand me? Stumbled and fell. Now make for town and get a doctor."

"It won't do no good, ma'am," said Elmer. "His head —— Jim Street helped me lift him up ——"

Aunt Sarah's voice checked him as surely as a hand across his mouth.

"Run for the doctor," she said. "It was an accident—remember to say that."

It was a night of faces. That was what always stayed fast in Tommy's memory—faces lighted by something strange to Tommy Michael, partly of wonder, partly of awe and fear. Jim Street's was the next face. It appeared at Aunt Sarah's door a second after Elmer's had left. Mr. Street was crying as a boy might cry, except without a sound.

"He's right," said Jim Street. "It's no good to get the doc, Miss Michael. I was waiting by the gate to have a word with him and—you better set down, ma'am."

Aunt Sarah sat down and folded her hands on her lap.

"It was an accident," she repeated. "Of course it was an accident."

"No, ma'am. Alf killed himself. There wasn't nothing else to do. He lost his pile, and you know Alf. He always was a dead-game sport."

"Hey?" said Aunt Sarah. "A what?"

"A dead-game sport, ma'am, and it wasn't as though it mightn't have been all right. It was Jellett did it as sure as if he'd drawn a bead!"

Jim Street's voice checked in a sob. Aunt Sarah leaned forward and looked at him above her glasses. Her lower lip was trembling.

"Don't be a fool, Jim Street," said Aunt Sarah. "It was an accident. Alfred couldn't—of course it was an accident."

"I tell you it wasn't, ma'am." Poor Jim Street didn't have the sense to make things right. "I know what I know. I got a brother working up there—up there on the Hill. Jellett asked him to fetch him a pair of shoes. My brother was just down at the house telling me, ma'am, and when he came to Jellett's room with the shoes, the door was open a crack and Alf and Jellett was talkin', ma'am—you don't mind my callin' him Alf, because we played when we were kids—and Alf was sayin' he would sell him the gunning shanty, ma'am."

"Hey?" said Aunt Sarah. "Sell him what?"

"The gunning shanty, ma'am, that Mr. Michael built over by the beach. My brother couldn't help but hear, and Jellett wouldn't buy now, because he said he could get it cheaper later, because he knew Alf was—had lost money, ma'am. Damn him for a bloodsucker! He might have bought it just as well, and Alf—he told him he wouldn't get it ever. Oh, yes, ma'am, Alf knew what he was doing when he stepped outside. Alf was a dead-game sport."

Aunt Sarah's face was yellow in the lamplight. "He wouldn't buy the gunning shanty?" she said. "It's lucky I own the house, or he'd have tried to sell it too. He wouldn't buy the gunning shanty when he's been after us to sell it all the year?"

"No," Jim Street's voice broke. "And Alf, he had to have the money, ma'am. He told me so this mornin' himself. And when he didn't, he ——"

"It was an accident," said Aunt Sarah. "Of course it was an accident."

"Of course it was an accident," said Jim Street. "Yes, ma'am, I understand."

Aunt Sarah reached for her stick that was by the table.

"But just the same," she said, "I'll tell Jellett what I think of him. Give me your hand, Jim Street. I'm getting old. I'm getting dreadfully old."

And then Tommy found his voice, because he was afraid again—terribly afraid.

"Daddy isn't dead?" he cried. "Daddy isn't dead?"

And then their eyes were on him. He felt their glances as something tangible and heavy as a blow.

"Yes," Aunt Sarah said. "Come here and hold my hand."

"Did ——" Tommy's voice was hushed. It often seemed to him strange that he should have caught the significance as early as that of Jim Street's words. "Did that man—who drove the horses ——"

His words trailed into stillness, and no one answered. The fear which Tommy had felt was leaving him in anger against that shining carriage and the man who held the reins.

"When I grow up ——" he began.

"Be quiet, Tom," Aunt Sarah said. "Come here and hold my hand."

"Just the same," said Tommy Michael, "when I get big ——"

"You'll have to be bigger'n me," Jim Street replied, "before you can tackle folks on Warning Hill."

And then there was another face. His mother was in the door and her face, too, was white. She did not seem surprised to see Jim Street; she did not seem surprised at anything.

"What is it?" she asked. Her voice was not more than a whisper. "Is Alfred ——"

But she knew what they meant without their saying a single word. Her lips went very tight together. Neither of them cried—his mother or Aunt Sarah.

"Where is he?" Her voice was still nothing but a whisper.

"Down by the shore, ma'am."

"And you left him?" Her voice was louder. "You left him all alone?"

"I was going back, ma'am," said Jim Street. "I'm goin' to stand by."

Estelle Michael turned toward the door, her lips still tight. "We've got to bring him here," she said. "He can't stay out there alone."

"We will," said Jim Street, "just as soon as Elmer's back with the doctor. It'll take two, ma'am."

"Of course it will take two." The sharpness was back in his mother's voice. "There's you and me, isn't there? And, Tommy, get the lantern in the kitchen. Tell Nora she's to light it."

"You ain't going to take Tom?" cried Jim Street. "It ain't right, ma'am, to take ——"

"He'll have harder things to do," his mother said. . . . "Tommy, you're not afraid?"

"No," said Tommy, but his heart was deathly cold.

And Jim Street looked at him as though he was a man and not a boy.

"Alf would like it," he said. "He's like his daddy, ma'am. A dead-game sport, and I guess that goes for everybody here." Jim Street coughed and looked embarrassed. "Maybe, ma'am, you might let me take Tom home tonight. He might feel better and—nothing's going to hurt him there."

But Tommy scarcely heard him. He was thinking still of the shining carriage and of that man who held the reins. Some intuition which balances the helplessness of little children must have made him know that there was danger in that carriage, as deadly as the danger of Pharaoh's chariots. Though no one told him, he could tell that it had smitten his father down and that he too might fall beneath its wheels.

VIII

THAT was how he came to know the Streets, and the dooryard by the river, and to be friends with Mal and Mary. They

(Continued on Page 81)

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were kind to him that night. Even Mal was kind, and Mr. Street was right; nothing ever hurt him there; nothing ever hurt him until he went to Warning Hill, and four years went by before he got as far as that.

Across the harbor, Warning Hill stood mysterious and splendid. But Tommy Michael never got there until he was eleven. Mary was the one who helped him go, for Tommy got to Warning Hill in Mal Street's skiff the yellow one which Jim Street used sometimes for eels, with a sprit-sail on her, covered with blue patches. Though a long time had passed, Tommy knew he would get there some day a long time, for is there ever a longer gap than that strangely misty lapse between seven and two figures?

There was so much that happened in that time, and yet where it went, Tommy could never tell. It always seemed to him that all in one day the first chill world smote him, and when it happened, all that had gone before was vague and blurred, a jumble of old voices and old visions that sank into the silence of the Michael house and lurked in the wrinkles of his mother's face, until it all became impossible and unconvincing, like Aunt Sarah's stories of a greatness that was past.

"Remember, Tommy," his mother used to say, when he was little and came home tired from school, "you're just as good as any of them."

Years later he could shut his eyes and see her still, thin and very white, with the gloss gone from her hair and the spring gone from her step, but with her lips held tight together.

"Eh, what's that?" Aunt Sarah would say, and would put down her knitting. Aunt Sarah had grown very old, but she was always knitting.

It was a Saturday afternoon. During the week it was always pleasant to think that Mr. Cooper did not need an errand boy at the national bank of a Saturday afternoon. Tommy had on his school suit, which he wore to work in the summer, corduroy trousers, darned black stockings and high black shoes, still solid, because he lifted up his toes when walking, as his mother had told him, except when he was thinking. He had a way of thinking still.

The sun was very bright that afternoon, in a clear warm summer sky, and the ripples of Michael's Harbor sparkled in the sun. The Michael's Harbor elms were whispering in the breeze, exactly as though someone might be hiding in their branches; and from the edge of Welcome River where Tommy stood, he could see across the harbor. The houses of Warning Hill were there, aloof and mysterious as they had always been, yet soft among a green that the distance made to verge on purple, with a golden light upon them from the sun, so that Warning Hill was like a promised land, closed and secret as Tommy stared across the water.

At the water's edge, not five yards from where Tommy stood, Mal Street was working at his skiff, whistling between his teeth as he stepped the mast and spread the sail. Mal's hands already were strong, like Jim Street's hands. Mal was bigger than Tommy Michael. He could swim farther than any boy at school, up by the dam near Munsey's Bridge. His shoulders were heavy and long; his wrists jutted far out from his ragged shirt cuffs.

"Nix," said Mal, "you can keep on askin' till your face gets blue. I'll go 'round the edge, but I won't land. Shucks! We'd only get thrown off, and anyway, I'm as good's they are, and better maybe. When you come right down to it, I wouldn't wonder if you was better too."

"Then why're you afraid to go?" Tommy asked. "We'll only just step ashore and look around."

"You shut your trap!" said Mal. "Afraid, huh? I guess I can lick any kid up there as easy as I can you. Shucks! They only make me tired. If you was ever to the golf club, caddyin', you'd be tired of 'em too. You shut your trap."

Tommy shut it. He was a mild boy, slim and pale, and not like the other boys at the Michael's Harbor school, but now and then, when Mal spoke, Tommy had the strangest thoughts.

"Yes," said Mal, "if you saw all those dudes who think they're smart, you'd want to keep away, all righty. They walk around in white pants like underdrawers. They make me sick."

Tommy had seen them. By that time it was hard to miss them if you lived in Michael's Harbor. He could stand by the gateposts any day at home and watch the carriages go past, and now there were automobiles lots of them—with shining brass and clouds of dust behind.

"Lend me the boat then," said Tommy. "I can sail her alone."

Mal looked up and scowled.

"What the blazes are you always wantin' to go there for?" he demanded. "You're just a village kid, ain't you, the same as the rest of us kids? You'll only get put off."

"Don't you ever get thinking about it?" asked Tommy. "Sometimes I sit by the road and get to wondering, sort of—just sort of wondering ——"

Mal's voice rose in high derision. "Shucks! You and Mary are always thinking, and it don't get you anywheres!"

As Mal spoke, a mincing quality in his words made Tommy aware that Mary had joined them. She had come down the shaky back steps of the Street house, timidly, one step at a time, barefoot in the summer, still; and the wind kept blowing her tangled hair about her face, and her voice had that far-away note that he remembered long ago. Tommy often remembered, in other days, how things looked when Mary came down those steps. He could feel the wind from the water, soft and cool, and hear its murmur, strangely distant. He could see those shaky steps which the improvident Jim Street never mended, descending to the dead eel-grass on the shore, and a little girl upon them, barelegged, with the wind playing lightly at her faded blue-checked dress; a slender little girl who seemed always to be listening, a frail little girl on the shore of Welcome River, with a face that was sharp and sensitive, and singularly unlike the faces of other girls in school. Often and often Tommy knew that her mind was somewhere else. You could easily get yourself to think that her mind was flying, too, right into the face of things, where her mother's once had flown—beyond the eel-grass and beyond the acrid scent of Jim Street's corncob pipe.

For no reason that he could tell, his throat would grow taut sometimes as he remembered. Who knows? He might never have journeyed to strange lands if it had not been for her, and if the ripples of the harbor had not sparkled in the sun.

"Why shouldn't he think," says Mary, "if he's got a mind to think? Maybe he's got more to think about than you."

"You shut your trap!" said Mal.

Mary looked past him dreamily and pushed her hair from her shadowy brown face. "I guess I can talk if I've a mind to!" She walked farther down the steps and dug her toes into the dusty sand. "What was it he was saying?"

"He wants to take my boat," said Mal, "over to Warning Hill. Ain't he always wanting something?"

Across the stretch of shining water the houses were like palaces in a book. You could see their roofs and chimneys. The sail of the boat was flapping. The sheet rope slapped against the stern.

"He's pretending like I pretend," said Mary. "You don't know. He wants to make out he's sailing to a foreign land. You let him take the boat."

Mal scowled and spat with the dexterity so carefully cultivated by the Michael's Harbor boys. "I'll let him take it—like ducks I will!"

Her hair was always blowing across her eyes. She pushed it back again. She looked at Tommy soberly. He seldom saw her smile.

"You ought to do what you've a mind to, Tom. You take his boat."

"Like ducks he will!" said Mal.

"Tom!" called Mary so suddenly that Tommy jumped, and as fiercely as Mal himself might. "Tom, you take that boat! Get in and shove her off. I'll hold him, Tom. I want to see you go. You tell me what it looks like, Tommy, when you get back home."

There was no time to wonder, but later Tommy knew they must have been fired by the same bright wish. For no reason, unless you should do what you want, Mary wrapped her arms around Mal's middle. There, perhaps, was the way of the world—a turn, and who knows what? Though Tommy was small, with pipestem arms, though he was perfectly sure that Mal could bruise his body, it did not make a bit of difference. There must have been a dash of something in the Michael blood, in the shadows back of Alfred Michael and of Thomas Michael even. When Mary called to him his spirit was not afraid. Tommy forgot his shoes were on, though they were the only pair he owned. He sprang into the mud of Welcome River and pushed off the yellow skiff.

Mal had learned a lot of words from the barber shop and from the older boys who hung about the station platform. They burst from him like a pack of exploding firecrackers. It did not take Mal more than fifteen seconds to wrench himself away and spring into the water, but Tommy had seized the sheet rope. A gust of breeze took the sail, and the skiff slid from the shore. Tommy glanced back, half afraid, he remembered always, and yet not wholly so. There was the shore of Welcome River as he had always known it, with the ramshackle boathouses and buildings along its edge, just as he had always known them. Yet it seemed to Tommy they were different. He was Ulysses leaving the Cyclopes' shore. His crew, in the galley benches, were churning the water of a wine-dark sea. Like the Cyclopes, Mal had taken to throwing rocks. One of them whizzed close to Tommy's ear.

"You come back!" shrieked Mal. "I'll be laying for you! I'll knock your slats in when you come back!"

Tommy knew Mal was the boy to do it, but in the strange elation which had seized him Tommy thought nothing of consequences. The rowers were sitting well in order to smite the wine-dark sea. Mary was standing on the shore, while Mal sought vainly for another stone. The wind was blowing at her dress and Mary had raised her arm. Her voice came out to him over the breeze, very shrill and high:

"Good-by, Tom! And don't you be afraid of 'em at Warning Hill!"

And Mary was like Calypso on the shore, as he had read of her in a broken-backed old Odyssey at home. Did Mary Street really know, he sometimes wondered, that he was going on a longer journey?

Tommy Michael trimmed the sail as the skiff slid from the river to the harbor. Long ago Jim Street, who seemed to have any amount of time, had taught him how to sail a boat. The little waves went slap against the bottom of the skiff. The fresh wind struck him, nearly as moist and cool as spray. As he pushed down the centerboard and plugged it fast, the water made a mysterious sound, like a hundred small soft voices. One of the harbor gulls swooped by him, all gray above and white as a cloud below. A foreign land all new to him was dead upon his bow.

Yes, Warning Hill was new to Tommy then. You could not get to it by land any longer, unless you had business there. The road which led to it across the salt marshes had been closed by a gate several years before. If you came too near, a short, red-faced man would emerge from a small house by the gate, dressed in short trousers and gaiters.

"Get out!" he would say. "This ain't for the likes of you!"

Oh, those were the days when gentlemen were gentlemen. You should have seen him touch his cap when the carriages rolled by! On the whole, however, he must have had a harassed time, because the village boys were always at him, as though they had been called to a holy war. To see the gates shutting you out from Warning Hill was enough to raise your ire, and it puzzled Michael's Harbor, where old people lived who could remember when Warning Hill was nothing but a wind-swept pasture with a heap of rocks on its highest point, piled by the Dutch, the story went, for a beacon fire on a stormy night. Those days when Tommy was a boy were so remote in manners if not in time that people still were puzzled by the vagaries of invaders from the city who took the morning train. Before the harbor was a suburb there were no barriers of class. Inside the barrier itself were people who disliked it. One recalls what Mr. Simeon Danforth said, as he stood watching the masons build the posts out of field stones.

"Damme, if we aren't getting soft!" he said. "We're building a Roman Wall around our children, but you wait till the Picts come down on us and the Danes strike us from the water."

Mr. Danforth might have said a great deal more, for Mr. Danforth knew. The wall and the gates of Warning Hill epitomized a phase of life itself. In the village and on the hill that age-old struggle ran. Everyone was building barriers, struggling, pushing to keep their children safe, in some vain hope that walls would make them better.

Time and again the Picts had come to Warning Hill. There were always boys with spirit enough to break away and to attempt to right the world. Tommy had been there once himself. They had sallied upon the gate like Crusaders skirmishing before the Holy City, six of them, barelegged and muddy, with Mal Street in the lead. Mal Street had been great that day, inspiring everyone with his cool courage.

"Hold steady till you see the whites of his eyes!" Mal told them, and he had hit the man in gaiters square on the nose with a rotten apple before they broke for cover.

The waves were striking on the bottom of the skiff—slap-slap—as Tommy held his course to Warning Hill. Now and then a gust of wind would take the skiff with a sudden force and would make the water sing as water must have since the beginning of all time.

"Lay aft there," Tommy called, "and ease the sheets!"

It was not hard to play the game. You could easily think that there was someone else aboard; his footsteps sounded in the slapping of the water. Tommy could see his own house, over astern to port, gaunt and gray, with the elms about it. He could see a smashed window in the cupola and broken shutters, and clothes hanging to dry by the old carriage house, and the bushes near the choked old garden by the beach. His house and everything he knew was slipping too far astern for help. The yellow skiff was very near to Warning Hill.

The houses on the hill had grown very large, all of them like castles. On a stretch of green above him was one of rough brown stones that was larger than the others. Its gray slate roof was a mass of pointed towers. There were balconies in front of its windows and the lawn came down from it in great long steps. Tommy looked hastily at the shore line. Everywhere before him were rocks and rough water.

"Look out forward!" called Tommy Michael. It was pleasant to feel that someone else was there. "Ready about!" called Tommy. "Stand by to beach her!"

Though Tommy was pretending, he could manage a small boat. It was pleasant having things both make-believe and real, because you could slip from one to the other as you pleased. Tommy had seen a place to land where the rocks had dropped away to leave a little strip of sandy beach with a stretch of marsh grass behind it. A minute later Mal Street's skiff was nosed into the sand with a flapping sail and Tommy was shoving in the anchor. Tommy was very careful to make no unnecessary noise. He was sharing the feelings of greater men than he. Balboa would have understood, and

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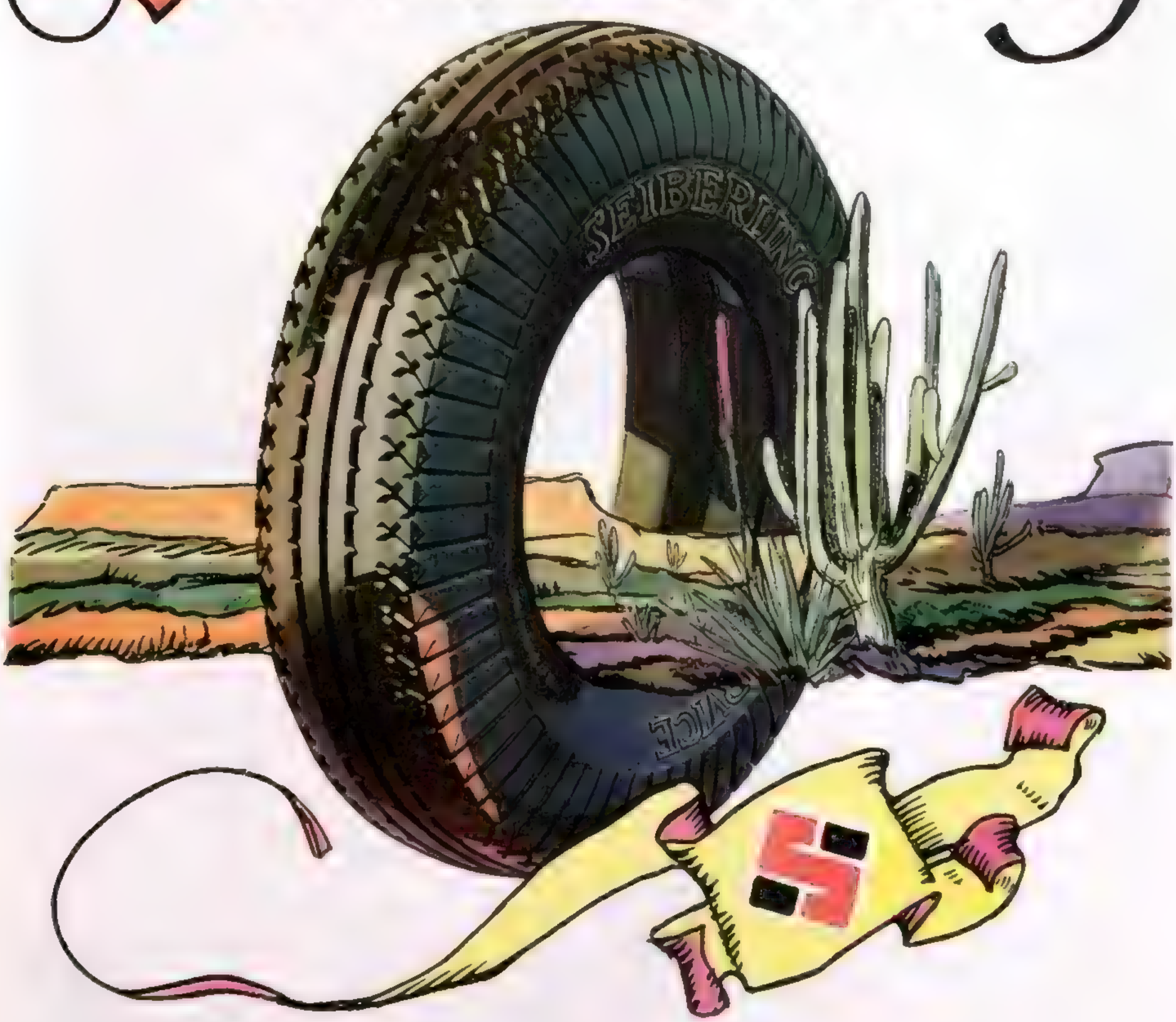

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old De Soto and Champlain, that Tommy was a brother to them all, as he walked through the marsh grass of a strange country, where fiddler crabs scuttled to their holes before his step.

Tommy walked forward a little way and stopped, but no one was in sight. There was only the lapping of the harbor waves.

"Stand by the ship," said Tommy. "I'm going on ahead."

Nothing answered. Only the waves were splashing on the shore. Before him was a small building whose door sagged half open and whose windows were gaping like sightless eyes. Its empty stillness startled him, and a curious something besides, as if someone were there, though nothing was there at all. The house, the beach and the marsh made a solitary lonely country, because a row of poplars cut it off from the mainland like a wall.

"Stand by the ship!" said Tommy. "I'm going through those trees!"

Of all the sights that Tommy Michael was to see, he could never recall one finer than the one which met his eyes.

IX

TOMMY was standing upon a lawn. It was magnificently green, without a single weed upon it, with every blade of grass exact in height. A freshness of growing things was in the breeze, the scent of flowers and green. It seemed to him that soft hands were touching his face and his rumpled hair as he drew in his breath. He forgot that he was a slender, tow-headed little boy, in a faded shirt, torn trousers and muddy shoes, with eyes wide and mouth half open. Far away on the rising ground was the house of brown stones which he had seen from the water. All about him on the lawn were so many beds of flowers of so many colors and sizes that they seemed to shift and change everywhere he looked. It was ten, twenty times as large as any lawn and garden in Michael's Harbor. Straight toward the brown-stone house, not far from where he stood, was a broad white path, running straight up steps and terraces among the flowers, and on either side of the path were figures of large green animals. Tommy could see an elephant and a lion and a long-necked bird.

"Golly!" said Tommy right out loud. "Every one of 'em's made of bushes!"

As he spoke, a voice from behind him answered: "Of course they're made of bushes!"

The voice was soft and clear, like the running of cool water. Tommy could almost believe it was not a real voice at all, until he remembered, as he turned himself about, that the grass was thick and that the wind was blowing. He saw that a little girl was standing not ten feet away, looking at him with dark and level eyes.

She might have been a painting. She had that mysterious power sometimes possessed by a canvas to etch itself upon the memory. The tilt of her nose, the upward twist of her lips, her white frilly dress, her bare legs and socks and shiny little shoes were all a part of an impression and meant nothing in themselves. What Tommy remembered was an unsubstantial something, a lightness in her little body, a glimmer in the depths of her eyes that made you think, should you turn your head, that she might disappear into the sun and dancing shadows. She did not disappear. She even took a step toward him—a light feathery step—and stopped. Her hair was brushed straight down her back like Alice's in Wonderland. She was smiling faintly, and that curious light was dancing in her eyes.

"Of course they're made of bushes," she said again. "They're like the box trees in Pliny's garden."

Tommy drew in his breath; he had forgotten about the animals by the path.

"Who—who are you?" Tommy said.

"I'm Marianne," she said. "Marianne Jellett, of course. Who are you?"

For a moment Tommy came near to running away, for he knew he was in the enemy's country once he heard that name. He was vaguely aware of something which was not right, of a disloyalty to memory—and yet he stayed.

Tommy Michael drew another deeper breath. "I guess you don't know me," he said. "I'm Tommy Michael." Curiously enough his name meant nothing to her.

She put her head a little to one side, as a bird might, Tommy thought.

"Are you?" said Marianne. "I was just hoping something strange might happen, and nothing strange has ever happened until now. *C'est une bonne chance*—that's French. Do you know French?"

"I'm going to study it," said Tommy, "when I go to school next fall."

"I learn it from Miss Meachey," said Marianne—"she's my governess, you know—and then I've learned some bad words, too, from Cleonie. She's mamma's maid, and sometimes when I don't have anything else to do, I say them to Henri. He's our chauffeur, and he's French too."

She smiled at Tommy faintly. Her voice was exactly like the rippling of a brook, it seemed to Tommy Michael. He could not understand half of what she said. Yet it was so strangely pleasant that he stood there, not knowing what to answer, and it seemed to him again that soft hands were touching his face.

"You like me, don't you?" Marianne inquired. Tommy nodded slowly. "Well, I don't mind," said Marianne. She smoothed the ruffles of her dress with a thin little nervous hand, and laughed. It was very pleasant to hear her laugh. It was like the singing of the birds, it seemed to Tommy, and the whispering of the wind. "I knew you did," said Marianne. "I could tell."

"How?" asked Tommy.

"I don't know, but I could tell," said Marianne.

Tommy saw that she was looking at him, at his shoes and trousers, and at his sun-bleached shirt. It was that frank, unwavering curiosity of a child, seeing everything without the light of charity. Tommy realized he was as different from her as a being from a different world. Tommy became aware that his shoes were caked with rich salt mud. His trousers—never very passable—were also muddy. Such things had scarcely mattered where he came from, but on that lawn, besides the impeccable whiteness of Marianne, he felt a sudden twinge of awkwardness. His shirt—of a sort known as the Garibaldi blouse—was secured about his middle by a string—a "stomach string" Tommy called it—which he now noticed had become undone and was twining rakishly about his legs. He found himself blushing with a new shame as he endeavored to push it back.

"This isn't my best clothes," Tommy explained. "I've got a blue suit I wear to church."

"Oh," said Marianne, "I don't mind, but we'd better go and sit under that tree perhaps. If one of the gardeners came he might not know what to think."

"What," said Tommy, "would he think?"

"Oh, nothing," said Marianne.

She skipped before him, nervously, across the grass, now and then looking over her shoulder to see if he would follow, just as Lorna Doone had done in the valley of the Doones. She stopped beneath a young copper beech with bending branches which nearly touched the grass.

"Sit down," said Marianne. "It's—it's really cooler here."

She paused and patted the pleats of her dress and looked at him from the corner of her eye.

"It's funny," said Marianne. "I know who you are. I've seen you lots of times."

"You've seen me?" stammered Tommy, and it seemed a most peculiar thing that she should have ever seen him.

"Yes," said Marianne, "often when I go driving. I've seen you by the gates of that old house with a cupola on top. I've wondered who you were."

Tommy felt his face grow red. "It's my house," he explained. "It may be old, but it's a pretty big house."

Then he wondered for the first time if she had invited him beneath that beech so that no one else might see him. It was not a pleasant thought, but it would not go away.

"What do you do?" asked Marianne.

"Do?" echoed Tommy. "I milk the cow and split the wood, I guess, and help my mother inside."

"Do you?" said Marianne. "I've wondered what boys did down there. What else?"

"I work," said Tommy, "for Mr. Cooper in the bank, running errands, sweeping out in the afternoon, winters, and all day, summers. I've got to help at home."

"Oh," said Marianne, and that was all. The decorous smoothness of the lawn—everything seemed to be laughing at Tommy Michael.

Then, in that way in which a mind will flash back sometimes, Tommy remembered something else. It was on the road to Michael's Harbor long ago. A carriage was coming down that road, with a body of yellow and red paneling upon it, and its wheels made a shining blur. Four bay horses were drawing it. Out of the white dust cloud which eddied about them they lifted their forefeet as though they heard music. A little girl in that carriage was watching him. Her hair was down her back like Alice's in Wonderland. She wore a tiny hat with ruffles on it.

"Mamma!" Tommy heard her voice above the slapping hoof beats and the rattling of the wheel. "Look, mamma, at the common little boy!"

There she was looking at him again, with her hair still down her shoulders. She must have seen something astonishing on his face, for she had stopped smiling.

Tommy remembered and got slowly to his feet. "I guess," said Tommy, "I hadn't ought to have come here. I guess you never knew anybody like me."

It was curious, but as he spoke she looked like any other girl. She was standing beside him. Her lips were parted—small red lips.

"Why?" Her very voice had changed. "I don't know what you mean."

"I guess," said Tommy, "people like you and me ought never to know each other. We'd never know what each other means. I came over here because I remembered something. I hadn't ought to have come."

There was a moment's silence. She looked at him, then looked away and pulled at the edge of her dress.

"But I want to know you," said Marianne, "and I can know you if I want to."

"No," said Tommy, "I guess you wouldn't want to if you did. I guess I hadn't ought to have come. I'm going now."

"But I want to know you." Music—her voice was like the softest music, and all at once she was gentle and very kind. "Don't you like me?"

Surely anyone is very foolish to speak lightly of the intellect of children.

"Yes, I do," said Tommy, "but it wouldn't do any good. You'd only laugh."

"No, I wouldn't." She was strangely eager. "You can come here every day, right by this tree, and no one will ever know, and I'll bring you down ice cream. I don't suppose you often have ice cream."

"I guess you're always used to getting what you want," said Tommy, "from the way you sound. All you kids up here must always get everything you want . . . I've got to be going now."

Surely Tommy must have had a second sight that afternoon. He knew only much later how used Marianne was to getting what she wanted, even when she couldn't have it.

"But how are you going?" Marianne's mind was always darting back and forth, like something in a cage, when she could not have her way. "How did you come?"

"In a boat," said Tommy. "I'm going to sail her back."

"To the harbor?" There was more color in her face. "I suppose you think I'm proud. Well, I'm not proud. I'll sail back with you. So there! Patrick is over at the station to meet the train, and he can drive me back and leave me by the gate, and no one will know a thing about it. He's only bringing maids."

Often Tommy was to wonder what would have happened if he had told her no. He was standing in that sunny place with his whole life in the balance, though of course he did not know. Does anyone ever know until it is too late?

"It won't make any difference," said Tommy; "you'll be proud just the same."

"And I'm going just the same. Where's the boat?" Her eyes were very bright.

"You'll get your dress all dirty," he objected.

"What if I do?" began Marianne. "I've got lots of others. . . . Oh, Jiminy!" In the polite school which Marianne attended this was a strong expression. Her voice had dropped to a whisper. "Jiminy! There's papa! He's coming down the path. We'd better run!"

"Marianne!" someone was calling not very far away. "Marianne!"

"Hurry!" Marianne seized his arm. "He'll be furious if he sees us!"

"Why?" asked Tommy, and he did not stir a step.

"Marianne!" came the voice. "Confound it! Marianne!"

"Won't you run?" Her breath came very fast. "You haven't any business here. You're—oh—you're a village boy!"

That flame in Tommy flared into his face.

"Run away yourself," he answered, and it was all because she had called him a village boy, though it was exactly what he was. He turned his back upon her and walked out from beneath the tree. She said something which he did not hear, but he heard the rustle of her dress, and Marianne had gone. Tommy Michael stood alone upon the sunny turf. He had drunk the wine of life itself, and now, whether he wanted it or not, the wine was in him. Whether he wanted or not, he was out in the sunlight to meet whatever came—and Marianne had run away.

X

A THOUGHT was pulsing through Tommy. It was in the wind about him and in the garden air.

"Come now, Tommy," the thought was saying; "your father wouldn't have been afraid."

That same thought had come to Tommy when he had taken his first high dive off Munsey's bridge, while everyone waited to see if he dared, and earlier yet, when he first rode a horse in back of Mr. Marston's livery stable. But now those rustic feats of daring appeared slight tasks before what he was facing. Now he was risking himself for an idea, so half formed that he could not wholly grasp it.

Tommy saw that a short plump man was walking down that path which was lined with bushes cut like animals. He had on a gray suit with beautiful straight creases. His hair was sandy colored and very thin on top of his head. His face was plump and placid, like a fat man's face, Tommy thought, but not as happy as a fat man's face; his eyes were the same light blue as Marianne's, but you could not see behind them. When he saw Tommy he stopped walking.

"Hello, young man," he said. "What are you doing here?"

"Nothing," Tommy swallowed, and strove to steady his voice; "just looking around."

"Just looking around, eh?"

The plump little man did not seem angry or even interested. He did not seem anything at all. Tommy did not guess till years were gone that Grafton Jellett must have been in a very genial mood that day.

"What are you looking for? And how the devil did you get here?"

"I wanted to see," said Tommy. "I came over in a boat. There isn't any harm, is there, just looking around?"

"Over in a boat, eh? Well, how do you like it?"

"It's not so bad."

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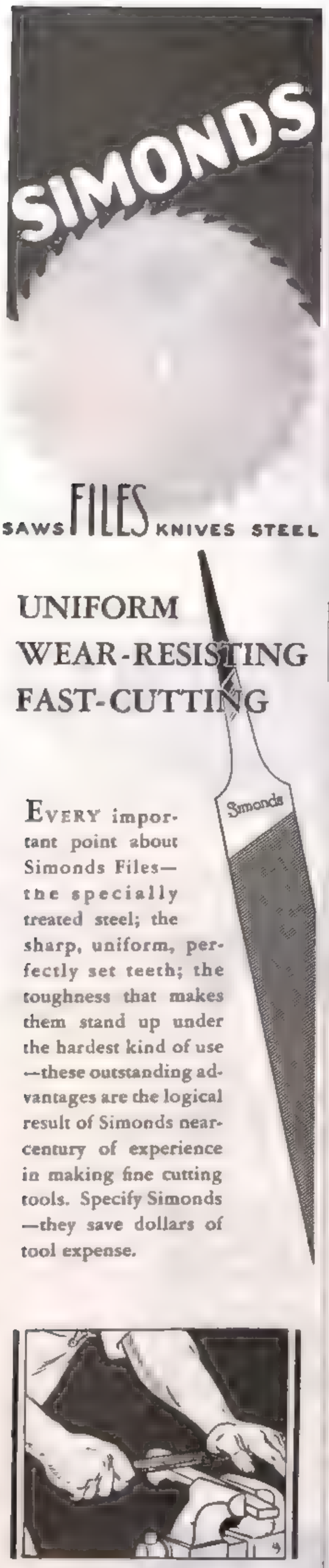
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"Not so bad, eh?" A ripple of something—you could not tell what—passed over that gentleman's face. "Do you know who I am, son?"

"I guess," said Tommy, "you're Mr. Jellett, aren't you?"

"You guess so, eh? Well, you guess right. And you're not afraid of me, eh? Well, I own this garden, son."

"Well," said Tommy, for he seemed called upon to speak, "we've got a garden, too."

"You've got a garden, too, eh? Well, well. Did you happen to see anything of a little girl down here—about a year younger than you, son?"

"No." Instinctively he lied. It seemed the proper thing to do, since Marianne had run away.

"Well, well," said Mr. Jellett, and suddenly he began to chuckle, "and you don't think the garden is so bad, eh? Not as good as yours, eh, son?"

Tommy's face grew hot. He could feel even then the condescending impoliteness. Mr. Jellett, like Marianne, was amused because he was a poor boy with mud upon his shoes. "I like our garden better," Tommy answered, and closed his lips. "It's got weeds in it, but I like it better."

Mr. Jellett gave another coughing chuckle. "Have you got time to see the rest of it, son?" asked Mr. Jellett.

"Yes, I guess so," Tommy answered.

"You guess so, eh?" said Mr. Jellett. "Come along."

As they walked side by side the things that Tommy saw were blurred in his memory, for he knew that Mr. Jellett was laughing at him all the while. That was why—the only reason in the world—Mr. Jellett let him walk along those paths. There were enormous flowers and miles of paths, it seemed to Tommy, always with flowers along their edges. They passed man after man on hands and knees, weeding and snipping at those flowers, and everything was perfect, without a single weed. Now and then the men would look up when they saw Mr. Jellett and Tommy walking side by side. They walked on shady paths where ferns grew on rocks and water gurgled out of fountains. They walked in the sun where flowers grew like the flames in a driftwood fire, until finally they stopped near that brownstone house. There was a great stone railing in front of it, surrounding a flat space covered with grass, large enough for all the boys in the harbor to play ball.

"Come up the steps, son," said Mr. Jellett, "and you can see it all."

They walked up the steps and the garden lay beneath them, terrace after terrace of garden. Suddenly the garden seemed to Tommy Michael like a great wall, which was towering high above him.

"How do you like it, son?" asked Mr. Jellett. "Still think it's as good as your garden, eh?"

Tommy drew in his breath and loyalty gripped him for the things he had always known.

"I like our garden better," he repeated. "We've got some roses too—awful big roses off some of the bushes by the barn."

"Awful big, eh?" said Mr. Jellett. "Well, well, you don't say. And here's my house. I suppose yours is pretty big, too, eh?"

"Yes," said Tommy, "our house is pretty big."

Mr. Jellett chuckled again. "Come inside, son," he said, "and see if it's like your house."

Tommy knew just as well as he knew anything that there was only one reason why Mr. Jellett let him in. Mr. Jellett was diverted by a grubby little boy who was standing by his guns. Now, surely it was a cowardly thing to do, as Tommy himself could understand. Who says that children do not understand the niceties of life? A hatred for all the newness and all the splendor of it left Tommy close to tears of helpless anger, and all he could do was let Mr. Jellett chuckle and walk silently beside him.

"After you," said Mr. Jellett. "Here's the hall."

Now, heaven knows, Mr. Jellett's hall was a terrific place. It was a golden-oaken glory which formed a horrid parody of an English country house. The stairs mounted to a gallery with Oriental rugs hanging over its balustrades, and upon the newel post an enormous gilded lady in a nightgown held a lamp. Close beside Tommy a huge open fireplace surrounded by colored tiles gaped like a cave, and on either side of it were two suits of armor. It was all very still and cool, and filled with a dustless odor. Mr. Jellett was pointing to some pictures on the yellow oak paneling, close to a great door.

"Turners," said Mr. Jellett. "Turner was a great artist; and there's a Burne-Jones. I like him better myself, and here"—he opened a door—"here's the dining room."

Tommy had a glimpse of a tremendous table and a row of chairs with high pointed backs, and a sideboard as large as a boathouse, all covered with plates and candlesticks of a yellow metal. They were gold.

"Does it remind you of home, son?" inquired Mr. Jellett.

"No," said Tommy. He could not keep his glance on one thing at a time. "No."

"Doesn't, eh?" said Mr. Jellett. "Well, what do you think of it?"

"It's not so bad," repeated Tommy, and drew his breath in hard. Who says that boys do not know? He could feel the humiliation of it as keenly as though he were a man. He wished he had never come. He wished that Marianne had called the gardeners to chase him home.

"Not so bad, eh?" said Mr. Jellett. "Dear me, now. Come this way, son." He walked across the hall and opened another door. "Here's one of the drawing-rooms."

It was all satin and plush, and filled with chairs and tables that had very tiny crooked legs. The floor was as shiny and smooth as glass, and everywhere were mirrors and chandeliers, surrounded by twinkling glass prisms.

"Not so bad either, is it?" said Mr. Jellett. "And here's my library." He opened another door and pushed Tommy ahead of him into another room, with bookcases along its walls almost to the ceiling. Through a soft haze of cigar smoke Tommy saw that three gentlemen were seated in soft leather chairs. They all stared at him in a way that made him cold. They all had on rich silk cravats, and enormous gold watch chains decorated their vests, but for a moment their faces were a blur.

"Now, what the deuce," one of them said to Mr. Jellett, "have you brought in?"

"A young visitor," said Mr. Jellett. "I've been showing him the house and garden, and he says it's not so bad."

Two of the gentlemen who were younger than the third began to laugh.

"Bully!" cried one. "Perfectly bully!" He was the one who had spoken first, a thin man in a blue suit with a hard brown face. "I'd never have guessed you had a sense of humor, Jellett. But there—something's wrong with him. He doesn't join together."

The other younger man stopped laughing and also became very serious. He leaned over and stared cautiously at Tommy. He was pale; his hair was yellow and parted in the center.

"There actually is something wrong," he remarked. "What made you bring him in here to spoil my concentration? Am I wrong or am I right? Is something hanging out of him? Am I wrong or am I right?"

Tommy turned crimson and tugged at his middle. It was his stomach string again.

"Curious," said the pale gentleman; "most awfully curious. Maybe we all are parting in the middle. It may be the end—to be parted in the middle."

"Oh, Lord!" said the brown-faced gentleman. "Why won't you go home, Wilmer?"

Then Tommy knew who the pale gentleman was. The men at the post office frequently spoke of Mr. Horatio Wilmer. They said he was very fast, though Tommy could see nothing speedy about him.

"Now, Willie Judkins," said Mr. Wilmer to the brown-faced man, "it isn't right to say that. It isn't kind. If I am not behaving it is all your fault. Now, stop, because you spoil my concentration."

"Oh, Lord!" repeated Mr. Judkins. "Why won't you go home? My car can take you. Where's Marianne, Jellett? Weren't you going to bring in the child?"

Mr. Jellett indicated Tommy with a stubby forefinger and chuckled.

"I couldn't find her," he explained. "I brought him in instead. Tell us about your house, son. He's got some roses, too, and some of them are awful big, down by the barn."

The third gentleman leaned forward. He had not appeared to be enjoying the conversation but had sat looking at everyone with half closed eyes.

"Oh, dry up, Grafton," he said. "Of course you've got a good garden, but what the devil will it matter in a hundred years?"

He spoke in a hoarse loud voice which made everybody turn to where he sat heavily, as though he had eaten too much to move. He turned his head slowly toward Tommy and raised a heavy hand.

"Sit down, boy," he said, "and have a drink. Jellett, ring the bell and get him ginger ale. You asked him into your house, didn't you? Then show your manners. Go on, Jellett, ring the bell."

"I was just going to, of course," said Mr. Jellett. "What'll you have, son—ginger ale?"

A man had come to the door. Tommy knew enough to tell he was a butler.

"Ginger ale for the young man," said the heavy gentleman, twisting a pair of gray mustaches. "Haven't I seen you somewhere, boy? Don't you work in the bank?"

Tommy nodded. A glass was in front of him, but he did not touch it. Everybody kept looking at him.

"What doing, boy?"

Tommy wished the heavy gentleman would not be kind, because kindness made it worse.

"What Mr. Cooper tells me," said Tommy. "He had me work for him ever since my father died. We've got to work at home."

"I'm sure Mr. Jellett can understand that," remarked the heavy gentleman. "He used to do what people told him to. And what's your name, boy? My name's Danforth—Simeon Danforth—since our host doesn't introduce us."

"Confound it, man!" Mr. Jellett's face was different, Tommy could see, though it appeared as placid as ever. "How do I know what his name is? I picked him up in the garden. He'd sailed over the harbor in a skiff, and when he said the garden was not so bad ——"

Mr. Danforth nodded sympathetically. "Oh, quite all right with me, Grubby," he said. "Don't let it bother you for a moment. . . . What is your name, boy?"

"It's Michael," said Tommy—"Thomas Jefferson Michael."

For some reason Mr. Jellett seemed surprised, though his face looked just the same. In fact, everyone seemed surprised.

"Michael, eh?" he said. "You're not the son of Alfred Michael?"

Mr. Danforth coughed behind his hand and shook the ice in his glass. Mr. Wilmer aroused himself.

"Michael?" he said. "Michael? Why, they're the ones who won't sell you that land, eh, what? That beach land, eh, what? Won't someone tell me? It spoils my concentration'"

"Oh, Wilmer," said Mr. Judkins, "do shut up!"

Mr. Jellett, however, did not seem disturbed. His concentration, at any rate, was perfect.

"And Mr. Cooper has you work in the bank?" he inquired. "Well, well! How much does he pay you, son?"

And now, at last, Tommy could speak proudly without pretending.

(Continued on Page 90

PEERLESS

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THE INSTANT you look at this car you know it's a thoroughbred. Lines, beauty, size, roominess—all tell of sensational value for $1195. The Peerless management put a million dollars into getting the Six-61 ready to produce at its amazing low price. Ride in it, and you'll say the money was well spent.

Six-61 Standard Sedan $1195
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Men's wear shops and shoe stores that lead in smart style sell Bostonians. In New Haven, J. Johnson & Son are showing the new Spring styles

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COMMONWEALTH SHOE & LEATHER COMPANY
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(Continued from Page 88)

"Eight dollars a week," he answered, "when I'm not in school. I don't know what they'd do at home if it weren't for me."

"Eight dollars," said Mr. Jellett, "is a lot of money." In later years Tommy learned to recognize the exact inflection of Mr. Jellett. He spoke as others might speak of the wind and tide and other laws of Nature, with heads bowed before inexorable fact. It was the way in which very rich men always spoke of money, Tommy was to learn; the smaller the sum, the greater would be their reverence, because of course it was a symbol, like the rune on a pagan sword

"Yes," said Mr. Jellett, "eight dollars is a lot of money."

And he looked ahead of him at nothing and pursed his lips. Mr. Wilmer seized the occasion to giggle like a boy in church in the midst of prayer

"Say it again," Mr. Wilmer begged; "oh, please now, say it."

"Oh, Wilmer," said Mr. Judkins, "do shut up!"

Mr. Jellett seemed to rouse himself from a daydream. "I don't see what's amusing," he said mildly, "when I remark that eight dollars is a lot of money."

For some reason everyone fell silent. All those three gentlemen looked at Mr. Jellett curiously and soberly, as though waiting for something to happen next, but nothing happened. Mr. Jellett sat down in a leather chair and at almost the same moment a door opened, admitting a tired-looking young man with a small mustache.

"The office is on the wire, sir," he said. Mr. Jellett rose

"All right, Hewens." His gaze rested on Tommy as though Tommy were a piece of misplaced furniture. "Show this young man out, will you? . . . Good-by, son."

Mr. Jellett should have known. He had not been stupid when he was young. Tommy could read what Mr. Jellett meant, which was something he did not say. He meant: "I'm through with you. Get out, you little snipe."

"Come on. This way!" said the tired young man. He meant: "Come on, you dirty little village boy"

Yes, Tommy had sense enough to see, if the rest of them had not. They were putting him out of that house like a tramp, after inviting him inside. There was reason enough for his lips to close tight and for his eyes to grow wet and bright. His pride could not hold back what lay within him as he ran down those broad stone steps from the terrace toward the mass of color from those garden beds. Tears sprang to his eyes; his shoulders shook. And there was the end to his voyage in a boat with a sail to a strange, far land. It was ending, as many a voyage has ended, in a wild longing for what lay behind; for his own place where the wind was gentle in the elms and nothing was new, where weeds grew high upon the drive and paint blistered on warped clapboards, and friendly voices called him from porches along the village street.

Then, as though a hand had fallen on his shoulder, Tommy Michael stopped his running and turned toward the brownstone house, and said the most ridiculous thing:

"You just wait! I'll be as rich as you some day!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 28

To a Skirt

OH, ONCE you were primly Victorian
And dragged half your length on the street,
Collecting bad germs and cockroaches and worms
When dames did not have any feet.

But when you crawled up to the ankles,
The world gave a gasp of surprise,
And the loafers and simps got a now-and-then glimpse
That gravely affected their eyes.

How the puritans volleyed and thundered
When at last you crept up to the calf!
They knew very well things were going to hell,
But the girls merely gave them the laugh.

And allowed you to clamber still higher,
Until any vagabond breeze
Could give a sly flirt to the hem of a skirt,
Revealing long-mythical knees.

And still you climb onward and upward!
Oh, when are you going to stop?
Or will you climb higher the form we admire
Until you go over the top?

However, we men do not shudder,
Nor care how much higher you soar;
For soup bones and such, we have seen them so much,
That legs are no treat any more.

—*Lowell Otus Reese.*

Progression

BEFORE this roguish day of slang,
How did we turbid thoughts convey?
When every little thing went hang,
"Well, that's too bad," we'd dully say.

We hadn't learned the good old wow,
"Believe you me, it gets my goat!"
Today we speak right up—and how!
"Good night!" "Your granny!" "What a note!"

Before this soothing day of slang,
How did we provocation ease?
When in the tub the phone twice rang,
And Central said "Excuse it, please!"

—*Mary Dorman Phelps.*

Synthetic Spring

[With the assistance of Bartlett's Familiar Quotations and a cast of eminent poets, listed in the footnote.]

"COME, gentle spring, ethereal Mildness! come"[1]
"Spring in the world! And all things are made new"[2]
The winter season puts me on the bum;
"Sweet spring, full of sweet days,"[3] *I welcome you.*

Ah, "when the spring comes slowly up this way"[4]
And I can read "The joyous Book of Spring,"[5]
You'd be surprised how blithe I am, and gay,
And how I skip and dance and even sing.

"Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow,"[6]
"Blow from the south, with odors sweet,"[7] *I guess*
Those lines don't make much sense; I used them, though,
Because they came in handy, more or less.

But let's go on and speak of "birds awing"[8]
"When Spring unlocks the flowers to paint the soil"[9]
"And hither tempt the pilgrim steps of Spring"[10]—
Digging through Bartlett is a lot of toil.

Come, let us be "companions of the spring"[11]
The "primrose . . . springtime's harbinger"[12] *is here;*
And that, I reckon, covers everything
That Bartlett quotes about this time of year.

This poem has but little sense or reason,
But neither have most poems of the season!

—*Berton Braley.*

[1]James Thomson [2]Richard Hovey [3]George Herbert [4]Samuel Coleridge [5]William Allingham [6]Percy Bysshe Shelley [7]J. M. Thomson [8]Oh, any poet [9]Reginald Heber [10]Robert Bridges [11]J. Logan [12]Beaumont and Fletcher.

DR. HILL is a prominent New York physician and abdominal surgeon; Managing Director and Chief of Staff, John E. Berwind Maternity Clinic; Consultant, Booth Memorial Hospital; Associate, Woman's Hospital and Flower Hospital, all of New York. Dr. Hill has been director of the Berwind Clinic since its inception. His practice is in the fashionable Park Avenue section of New York.

"I know of nothing better than Yeast to combat clogging of the intestines"

—DR. IRA L. HILL *of New York*

Brilliant abdominal surgeon

"IT IS *generally recognized that skin eruptions frequently come from sluggishness of the intestines. It is less generally understood, but quite as true, that more important general disorders, neurasthenia and even anemia, often are due to the same cause. I know of nothing better than fresh yeast, taken regularly, to combat constipation and its associated ailments.*"

YEARS of specialization in the field of abdominal surgery give unusual weight to this statement by one of New York's most brilliant medical men.

Dr. Hill is actively connected with four of New York's important hospitals and clinics. From his experience he warns: not only skin disorders but even more dangerous ills frequently have their source in unhealthy clogging of the intestines.

"To combat constipation and its associated ailments," he says, "*I know of nothing better than fresh yeast, taken regularly.*"

In a recent survey covering the United States, half the doctors reporting said they prescribed fresh yeast for constipation and related ills.

Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh. Unlike dried or killed yeast, it contains millions of living, active yeast plants. As they pass daily through your intestines they combat harmful poisons, purify the system. The skin clears, eyes brighten, digestion improves. You are less subject to colds and sore throat. You have regained your birthright—radiant health and happiness.

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily, one before each meal or between meals, plain or dissolved in water either cold or hot—not hotter than you can drink.

To get full benefit from yeast you must eat it regularly and over a sufficient period of time. At all grocers' and many leading cafeterias, lunch counters and soda fountains. Buy 2 or 3 days' supply at a time and keep in any cool, dry place. Start today: know what real health can be!

Write for booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. D-85, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., N. Y. C.

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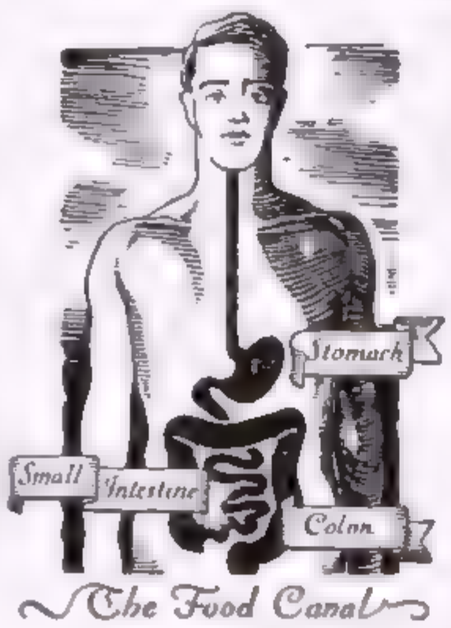
Here is where 90% of your ailments start, doctors agree. From throat to colon is one continuous tube. How easy for poisons from clogged intestines to seep through the system and attack you in your weakest spot. But here yeast works to insure elimination, purify the system. Keep this entire tract clean, active and healthy with Fleischmann's Yeast.



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Illustrated Davenport bed covered with [illegible] color green antique ink damask $200

Chair to match. Arms [illegible] and front reupholstered Rayon plush $90

This suite is in a wide range of beauty and coverings from $245 to $450—Slightly higher prices west of the Rocky Mountains.

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NOT a room that stands cold and idle most of the time—an expense. Not a room that adds 20 to 25 per cent more to the rent. This *modern* guest room is the finest room in the house—your living room—with a modern Kroehler Davenport Bed.

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But—when extra sleeping space is needed, or every night for that matter, one easy motion transforms the davenport into a bed—full size—with thick, restful mattress—a deeply comfortable bed.

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Superior quality and beauty are *built into* the Kroehler Assured Quality Furniture *inside* as well as outside. The famous Kroehler Hidden Qualities assure *long-lasting service and beauty.*

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A new, improved All-Steel Spring Underconstruction replaces the old-fashioned webbing, resulting in greater comfort and longer service.

All frames are made of selected hardwood, kiln-dried to remove moisture. To insure permanence, corners are doweled, glued and strongly braced. Contrast this with *soft wood frames merely nailed together.*

Cushions are of tiny, resilient coil springs, interlocked to form a single unit. Only new, white, felted cotton is used for the padding. Filling is of highest grade moss. The folding frame of the davenport bed is all-steel, fitted with sagless cable fabric or coil springs

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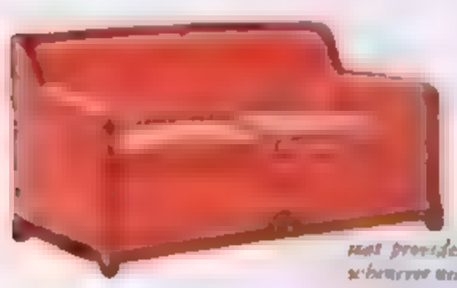


This good-looking love seat provides a comfortable guest bed wherever needed—as illustrated—$135

KROEHLER

This Kroehler Label *identifies the genuine*

ALWAYS POLITE

(Continued from Page 11)

report that everything is going fine. Since my last report, I have made a slight change in my plans, and I am now spending a few days in the Yosemite Valley. As I am very busy, and as it would take a long time to explain everything, I will merely state that things are coming along great.

If you have never been to the Yosemite Valley, you should by all means take a trip up here. Nothing could be more imposing than El Capitan, unless it be Glacier Point. Nothing could be more inspiring than Yosemite Falls, unless it be the Bridal Veil Falls. And never have I seen anything as beautiful as Mirror Lake. We were both so affected by the beauty of the moon and the stars shining down on this body of water that we stayed out until after midnight last night. Truly this is a paradise on earth. Most sincerely,

ALEXANDER BOTTS.

TELEGRAM

SAN FRANCISCO CALIF APR 16 1926 9 10 A

ALEXANDER BOTTS

GLACIER CAMP

YOSEMITE VALLEY CALIF

GET BACK TO SCHUMAKERS SAW MILL AT ONCE AND PUT ON DEMONSTRATION STOP YOUR ABSENCE HAS SERIOUSLY ENDANGERED SALE TO SCHUMAKER STOP WIRE THIS OFFICE EXPLANATION OF YOUR CONDUCT STOP WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN YOSEMITE STOP WHERE IS THAT TRACTOR STOP HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY

FARMERS FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY

TELEGRAM

SAN FRANCISCO CALIF APR 16 1926 9 16 A

JOHN DEANE

MERCEDILLO CALIF

WE HAVE LOCATED BOTTS IN YOSEMITE VALLEY STOP HAVE ORDERED HIM TO RETURN AT ONCE TO SCHUMAKERS SAW MILL AND PUT ON DEMONSTRATION STOP DEALER IN BAKERSFIELD WIRES HE HAS NO TRACTOR ON HAND AVAILABLE FOR SHIPMENT

FARMERS FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY

SALESMAN'S DAILY REPORT

Date: Friday, April 16, 1926.

Written from: Glacier Camp, Yosemite Valley, Calif.

Written by: Alexander Botts.

Subject: Reply to your wire.

I am very much pleased to report that I certainly am going good. Never in my life have I felt more satisfied with myself. And when I tell you everything that I have been doing, you will have to agree that I am getting better and better all the time.

I received your telegram late this afternoon on my return from a long tramp through the woods. There is nothing like a little good strenuous outdoor exercise in congenial company to set a man up and make feel glad he is alive. In your telegram you asked a number of questions and requested that I wire you an explanation of my conduct. As the explanation will be a little long, I have decided to write instead of telegraph. And if I mail this report tonight you will get it tomorrow anyway, and the delay will be of small importance. Your telegram sounded as if you were worried about me, but as soon as I explain matters you will see that everything is going wonderfully.

In my report of Tuesday, April 13, I related how I had arrived at the saw mill with the tractor and had arranged for a demonstration on Wednesday afternoon. On Wednesday morning I sat around for an hour or two after breakfast, and then decided that I would take the tractor out for a little spin to make sure that it was in proper running order for the afternoon demonstration.

I drove along the private road which goes from the saw mill through about five miles of woods to the main state road. The machine ran perfectly, and I had covered about three or four miles when I noticed a large and handsome sedan coming up the road toward me. I pulled over to one side, and when the sedan got opposite me it stopped and I was delighted to observe that it was driven by Miss Mildred Deane. As I think I mentioned before, she is a very attractive girl. And I was naturally very much pleased and flattered that she had not forgotten her promise to stop off at the saw mill and assist me in this sale to Mr. Schumaker.

She at once introduced me to the other people in the car. There was a rather uninteresting-looking elderly lady who was called Aunt Eunice. She was Miss Deane's aunt. There was a young man by the name of Ernest Clarkson. And there was Miss Sally Schumaker, the daughter of the lumber king, who was a small dark-haired girl, fairly good-looking, but nothing to compare with Miss Mildred Deane. Perhaps I forgot to say that Miss Deane is most remarkable in that she is exactly the right size—neither too big nor too little. Her hair is just the right shade of golden brown, and her eyes are exactly the correct shade of blue. In fact she has all the qualities necessary to help me put over a tractor sale.

Furthermore, she has a most persuasive way about her, as was at once apparent by the way she began asking me to teach her how to drive the tractor.

"It can't be done," I said, very decidedly. "A girl has no business driving a big heavy machine like a tractor."

"What you need to do," she said, "is to calm yourself down and talk sense. If you teach me to run that thing, I can drive it in the demonstration, and when Mr. Schumaker sees that your machine is so simple that even a child like myself can handle it he will be very favorably impressed. Come on, let's go."

She got out of the car, climbed up onto the tractor seat, and smiled at me most pleasantly. I at once realized that if she would only smile at old man Schumaker in that way, he would be completely lost, and would buy anything she asked him to. I am rather impervious myself to the charms of the opposite sex, but my logical mind was impressed by the young lady's reasoning. If she were to drive the tractor in the demonstration, it could not help but make it more impressive. Furthermore, it was clearly my duty as a salesman to be polite and agreeable to the best friend of the daughter of my prospective customer, Mr. Schumaker.

"All right," I said; "move over here and take hold of these handle bars."

Miss Deane learned very fast. She was already a good automobile driver, and she is so intelligent that she got the knack of handling the tractor almost at once.

[NOTE On former occasions, when teaching a beginner how to operate a tractor, I have usually sat beside him and given him verbal directions as to what he should do. I have now discovered, however, that things go much better if teacher and pupil both squeeze into the driver's seat and both take hold of the handle bars.]

After running up and down the road for a half an hour or so Miss Deane had acquired perfect control of the tractor. We drove back to the parked sedan and stopped. The three people in the car seemed to be getting a little impatient.

"I think, Mildred, that we had better be going," said Aunt Eunice, in a rather whining tone of voice. "If we are going to reach the Yosemite in time to see anything this afternoon, we shall have to be moving."

"Right you are," said Miss Deane. She then turned to me. "Alex, old thing," she said, "we'll have to run up to the saw mill and put on that demonstration just as fast as possible."

"But we can't," I said. "Mr. Schumaker is off in the woods somewhere. He won't be back until this afternoon."

"I can't stay that long," said Miss Deane. "I thought your demonstration would be this morning, and I have promised these people to get them to the Yosemite."

"This is terrible," I said. "I was counting on you to help me."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Miss Deane. "We'll put off the demonstration, and you can come along with us to the Yosemite. Then when we get back, after two or three days, you will be all rested up and in wonderful shape to give Mr. Schumaker a swell sales talk. And I will have plenty of time to drive the tractor around and help you in every way I can."

"But I have arranged to give the demonstration this afternoon," I said. I spoke these words very positively, to let her see that I am a man who is not easily swayed from his purpose.

"Mr. Schumaker has got along all his life so far without a tractor," said Miss Deane, "and it won't hurt him to wait a couple of days more. Besides, you are the very person we need to make this party a success. Sally and Ernest here are secretly engaged or something. Anyway, they won't look at anybody but each other. If you come along there will be four of us to take long walks through the woods and play around together, while Aunt Eunice sits on the porch and tends to her knitting. If you don't come, I will either have to butt in on Sally and Ernest, or take walks all by myself, or sit on the porch with Aunt Eunice and knit."

"You could take walks with Aunt Eunice," I said.

"No," said Miss Deane, "Aunt Eunice has the rheumatism. All she can do is sit on the porch and knit. There is no use arguing about it, Alex. You have got to come. If you don't, you will just ruin our whole trip to the Yosemite; and I know you are too much of a gentleman to want to do anything like that."

"Well," I said, "of course I would hate to spoil the whole party."

"And you can't do any good here anyway," she went on. "It's beginning to rain. If you put on a demonstration in a shower, Mr. Schumaker will get all wet and cold, and he will not be in a pleasant, receptive state of mind."

At this moment a raindrop splashed onto my nose. "You are right," I said. "It is indeed starting to rain; and probably you are correct in thinking that a wet-weather demonstration would be a cheerless affair."

"So you'll come with us?"

"I shall be pleased," I said, "to accept your kind invitation."

As Aunt Eunice seemed in a hurry, I decided to park the tractor in the woods instead of taking the time to drive it back to the mill. I took especial pains to conceal it, because I did not want anyone tampering with it during my absence. By driving up the middle of a brook which crossed the road near by I avoided making any tracks which curious people might have followed. I finally parked the machine in a clump of bushes between the stream and a large overhanging rock. In this place I was sure that no one would find it in a hundred years.

After hiding the tractor I hurried back to Miss Deane's automobile, and we were soon speeding on our way toward the Yosemite Valley.

I have given this very full account of everything that happened that morning, in order that you may see that I am, now as always, up on my toes every minute, and that I am conducting this Schumaker deal with energy, initiative and sound common sense.

A less intelligent salesman would probably have stayed behind and stupidly insisted on holding the demonstration on the afternoon scheduled. But I am happy to say that I had the good sense to change my plans. The results are most encouraging. I avoided giving a demonstration in a dismal rain. And with my usual politeness, courtesy and tact I have obtained the good will of the best friend of the daughter of the man to whom I expect to sell this tractor. When I get back to Mr. Schumaker's saw mill and put on a demonstration and sales talk with the help of Miss Mildred Deane, it is obvious that the sale will go across quickly and smoothly.

Our trip to the Yosemite has been a complete success. We have now spent two full days enjoying the beauties of Nature in this magnificent valley. And I am glad to report that I have been uniformly courteous and polite, and have lost no opportunity for making myself agreeable to Mr. Schumaker's daughter and to her best friend—thus paving the way most effectively for the coming tractor sale.

Just as Miss Deane prophesied, Aunt Eunice has spent practically all the time sitting on the porch of one of the camp houses. And she actually has her knitting with her and is completely absorbed in the production of some sort of a sweater. Seldom have I seen anyone who seemed to have such a completely negative personality.

The other four of us have put in our time rambling about through the woods and enjoying the great outdoors. It was at once apparent that Ernest and Miss Sally Schumaker were very much attached to each other. And for a while Mildred and I were considerably annoyed by their conduct. At frequent intervals as we walked through the woods Sally would become fatigued. She would sit down on a rock or other convenient resting place. At once Ernest would sit down beside her. And before long they would have their arms around each other, and would be putting on a very heavy petting party.

At first this bothered me a good deal. I knew that at the time they were completely oblivious to Mildred and myself. But I was afraid that after a while they might chance to look up and observe the disgust which we could not keep out of our faces. They would then suddenly realize the spectacle they were making of themselves, and they would be so overcome by embarrassment that the pleasure of our woodland excursion would be ruined.

As I have said I was most anxious to do the polite and courteous thing. And I was suddenly reminded of a story I had once heard of a very courteous action in years gone by. The story seemed so apropos that I told it to Mildred at once.

"It seems," I said, "that some sort of a Turkish or East Indian prince was once dining with King Edward in London. The prince didn't know anything about table manners in England, and he proceeded to take a drink out of his finger bowl. Now that may be all right in Turkey, or Brooklyn, or North Fork, Iowa. But at Buckingham Palace it is pretty near a felony. Everybody was all in a flutter, they were afraid that the prince would all of a sudden find out what a boner he had pulled and he would be so embarrassed that the whole party would be a flop.

"But the king was a real master of the art of being polite, and he did exactly the right thing. He took a long drink out of his own finger bowl. All the other guests then did the same, and everything was all right."

As I finished this story, I looked over at Sally and Ernest. And I regret to state that they were hugging each other like the hero and heroine in the slow motion pictures.

"Some people," I said, "just don't seem to know how to behave themselves in polite society."

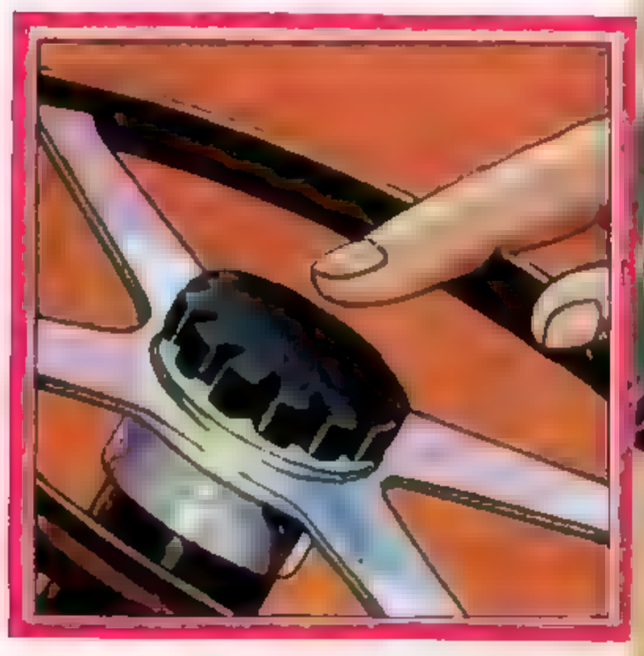
"Ain't it the truth?" said Mildred sadly. "But I suppose it is our duty to be polite, just as King Edward was."

This turned out to be a very good idea. And from then on we were able to keep Ernest and Sally from being embarrassed by pretending to go through the same motions that they were, and deceiving them into thinking that we enjoyed the same sort of thing that they did. In justice to

(Continued on Page 96

The MOST BEAUTI

NEW "FINGER-TIP CONTROL"



An important advance in driving convenience and safety. A single button, in the center of the steering wheel, starts the motor, operates the lights and sounds the horn. You can keep your eyes always on the road, and your foot always on the brake when starting or re-starting on a hill.

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THE tastefully modern design, the beauty of line and color of the new style Willys-Knight Six distinguish this attractive car as the outstanding creation of the country's leading style specialists. Only among the costliest custom-built cars can you find adequate comparison with the artistry of finish and perfection of appointment which characterize this inexpensive Willys-Knight.

There are thousands who have always desired a Knight-motored car but until now have been restrained by the necessarily higher cost of the *patented* double sleeve-valve engine. By them, this distinctive new Six is welcomed as history's finest Willys-Knight value. By present Willys-Knight owners, the new car is acclaimed as still further proof of Willys-Overland's constant progress in engineering, body design and refinement of detail.

See the new style Willys-Knight Six at the showroom of your nearest Willys-Overland dealer. A demonstration will reveal the smoothness, silence, pick-up and speed of its superior power plant, while long service will prove its dependability and economy.

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COACH $1045

Coupe $1045; Sedan $1145; Touring $1045; Roadster $1045. Wire wheels included. Prices f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio, and specifications subject to change without notice. Equipment, other than standard, extra.

SEAMLESS SANITARY HANDLE

HERE at last is a household knife that is completely sanitary. There is not a seam, crack or crevice where germs can collect in the solid bakelite handle. It will not crack or warp in boiling water, and the rich appearance of the mottled, maroon bakelite makes this Household Slicer as welcome on the dining-room table as in the kitchen.

Kleanblade Steel—the stainless steel made according to Remington's formula. Every blade sharp—hand-honed at the factory.

Remington Household Knives are sold where good cutlery is sold. If your dealer hasn't this knife in stock, send us his name and $1.50 for Household Slicer #8608. It will be mailed to you promptly.

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125 Years of Quality
25 Broadway New York City

Remington Kleanblade Stainless— *5½ inch blade*
PRICE $1.50

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(Continued from Page 93)

myself I may say that we put on a pretty good imitation. At times we were much better than the original.

I have included these events in my report so that you can see how well I am handling this Schumaker proposition. By my gentlemanly and considerate conduct I am building up a tremendous amount of good will, which will be invaluable when the time comes for these people to use their influence in persuading old Mr. Schumaker to buy a tractor.

In your telegram you request that I go back to the saw mill and put on the demonstration tomorrow. That is entirely in accord with our plans. We all—with the possible exception of Aunt Eunice—hate to tear ourselves away, but we have nevertheless made arrangements to leave this delightful spot tomorrow morning. We will reach the saw mill by noon tomorrow, and after selling Mr. Schumaker the tractor we expect to continue to Mercedillo tomorrow night. From now on, therefore, you should address me in care of the Deane Supply Company, Mercedillo.

I have spent more time than I wanted to on this report, but I felt it was my duty to let you know all of the facts. You do not need to worry any more. Everything is going beautifully. Very sincerely,

ALEXANDER BOTTS.

TELEGRAM

MERCEDILLO CALIF APR 17 1926 6 16 P

FARMERS FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
HARVESTER BUILDING
SAN FRANCISCO CALIF

YOUR WIRE OF YESTERDAY STATED THAT BOTTS WOULD BE ON HAND TODAY SATURDAY TO PUT ON DEMONSTRATION AT SAW MILL STOP WE WAITED ALL DAY BUT HE NEVER SHOWED UP STOP SCHUMAKER HAS BOUGHT MOUNTAIN GOAT TRACTOR STOP THIS LEAVES US OUT IN THE COLD COMPLETELY STOP YOU ARE THE SLOPPIEST AND MOST IDIOTIC PEOPLE TO DO BUSINESS WITH I EVER HEARD OF STOP IF YOU CANT COOPERATE WITH ME BETTER THAN THIS I WILL CANCEL MY CONTRACT WITH YOU JOHN DEANE

TELEGRAM

SAN FRANCISCO CALIF APR 19 1926 9 02 A

JOHN DEAN
MERCEDILLO CALIF

YOUR WIRE OF LAST SATURDAY NIGHT RECEIVED THIS MONDAY MORNING STOP REGRET EXCEEDINGLY THAT THINGS HAVE GONE WRONG STOP I WILL GO TO MERCEDILLO MYSELF THE LATTER PART OF THIS WEEK TO TALK THINGS OVER WITH YOU J D WHITCOMB
WESTERN SALES MANAGER
FARMERS FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY

TELEGRAM

SAN FRANCISCO CALIF APR 19 1926 9 04 A

ALEXANDER BOTTS
CARE DEANE SUPPLY COMPANY
MERCEDILLO CALIF

HOLD UNTIL CALLED FOR
WE REGRET THAT RECENT EVENTS MAKE IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR US TO RETAIN YOU IN OUR EMPLOY STOP KINDLY FORWARD US YOUR FINAL EXPENSE ACCOUNT WITH BALANCE OF ADVANCE EXPENSE MONEY AND WE WILL MAIL YOU OUR CHECK FOR SALARY DUE YOU TO DATE.
J D WHITCOMB
WESTERN SALES MANAGER
FARMERS FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
SALESMAN'S DAILY REPORT

Date: Monday, April 19, 1926.
Written from: Schumaker Saw Mill.
Written by: Alexander Botts.
Subject: Everything going fine.

This is just a short report to let you know that all is well. We haven't sold the tractor as yet, but I am not worried at all. In fact, I consider myself the luckiest and most fortunate man in the whole world.

In my last report I told you that we expected to leave the Yosemite on Saturday morning. Later, however, we changed our plans. It was after supper on Friday night that Mildred suddenly announced her desire to stay in the Yosemite over Sunday. At first I was opposed to this. But naturally I would not want to be impolite, so I decided to remain also. And later events proved that, as usual, I was right in my decision.

It was early Saturday morning that I conceived one of the most brilliant ideas that has ever come to me in my life. It suddenly occurred to me that as long as Mildred was going to be such a great help to me in this Schumaker tractor sale, I ought to try to arrange matters so that she could help me in all future affairs of this kind.

As soon as possible I took Mildred for a walk in the woods and asked her what she thought about the matter. And I was delighted to find that she grasped my point of view at once. As I have said before she is a most remarkable person. She is the only girl I ever met who has the intellect and mental power to understand exactly what I am talking about at all times. In fact, she even seems to understand what I am thinking about, whether I say anything or not. And in less than five minutes we had not only decided to get married but to get married right away. We found Ernest and Sally, and told them they ought to do the same—thus making it a double wedding.

At first Sally objected. "I don't dare," she said.

"Why not?" asked Mildred. "You want to get married, don't you?"

"Yes, but I'm afraid father might be mad. I don't think he approves of Ernest any too much."

"That's the very reason why you should do it now," said Mildred. "Suppose your father does disapprove of Ernest? My father thinks Alex is less than nothing. What if you are afraid your father might get mad? I am absolutely sure that when my father hears about this, he'll go off like a whole store full of fireworks. That's why we have to get it over quick. The longer we delay, the longer it will string out the shouting and hollering and arguments. But when the thing is done, there will be one grand explosion and then things will calm down. The world accepts an accomplished fact."

Naturally, Ernest and Sally were both much impressed by this masterful argument, and finally they agreed to take the plunge.

There seemed to be a lot of red tape. We had to drive around in the car and hunt up the authorities and sign a lot of papers and get licenses and everything. Then we had to find a minister. So it wasn't until early this morning that the double wedding took place.

So far, we haven't told any of the friends and relatives—not even Aunt Eunice. Mildred did not want to do anything to disturb the old lady at that particular time. You see, Aunt Eunice had almost finished the sweater upon which she had been knitting. And Mildred felt that any unexpected news might tend to make her nervous. Her mind might start wandering from her work; she would probably start dropping stitches, and the entire sweater might, in consequence, be ruined.

Right after the ceremony the four of us returned to the camp, loaded Aunt Eunice and the baggage into the car, and drove down here to Mr. Schumaker's saw mill, arriving about eleven this morning. I found the tractor just where I had left it, and brought it in to the mill.

We learned that Mr. Schumaker—following what seems to be his usual custom—was out in the woods somewhere and was not expected back until about three this afternoon. It is now half-past two. We have had luncheon, and I have been improving my time while waiting by writing this report. Mr. Schumaker should soon be here, and when he arrives we will surprise him with one of the finest tractor demonstrations he has ever seen.

LATER. MERCEDILLO, CALIFORNIA. 9 P.M. Much of interest has happened since I wrote the first part of this report.

Mr. Schumaker got back to the mill, as was expected, about three this afternoon. At first he did not want to see any demonstration, but Mildred and his daughter Sally and I talked to him so convincingly and persuasively that he finally let us show him what we could do.

And we showed him plenty. Mildred did most of the driving, and the way that girl made the old tractor snake logs up and down hill, over rocks and through brooks and everywhere was a marvel to see. When the exhibition was over, Mr. Schumaker told us he was very much impressed. It appears that the poor fool had had no more sense than to buy himself one of those Mountain Goat tractors a couple of days before.

"But I never would have done it," he admitted, "if I had known how much better your machine is."

As soon as I heard him say this I started in and told him he ought to buy one of our machines also. But right away Mildred interrupted.

"One Earthworm isn't enough," she said, very positively. "With the number of logs you have to move, Mr. Schumaker, you need at least twelve machines. And as long as father isn't here today to help Mr. Botts, I am going to talk this thing out with you."

And she went ahead and gave a sales talk that was as logical and convincing as anything I could have done myself. And it was a whole lot more pleasing and interesting. Sally Schumaker told her father that the proposition looked good to her. Fortunately Ernest had the good sense to keep out of sight, while Aunt Eunice, as was to be expected, kept on with her knitting.

Finally the old man came around. He did not take twelve machines, but he did sign up for eight Sixty Horse Power Earthworms, and his order will be sent in to you through the office of the Deane Supply Company. He retained the demonstration machine, and wants the other seven shipped at once.

As soon as the papers were signed, Mildred and I placed Aunt Eunice in the sedan, climbed in ourselves, said good by, and started for Mercedillo to break the glad news to father—leaving Ernest and Sally at the mill to spring their own pleasant little surprise on Mr. Schumaker.

[NOTE: I forgot to say that we had decided not to spill the news of the happy marriages until after we had sold Mr. Schumaker the tractors. We thought that it was wiser not to start any sort of a family discussion which might have distracted the old gentleman's attention from the business in hand.]

On the way to Mercedillo Aunt Eunice told us that she had finished the sweater, and Mildred told her that we had been married. At once Aunt Eunice was all in a flutter with excitement, and I realized that Mildred had been perfectly right in letting her finish the sweater before telling her this news. After twittering and babbling somewhat incoherently for a while, Aunt Eunice settled down to one remark: "What will your father say?" She kept repeating: "What will your father say?"

"I haven't any idea what he will say," remarked Mildred pleasantly, "but it's sure to be good. If you want to get an earful, aunty, you had better stick around when I tell him."

Upon reaching Mercedillo we drove directly to Mr. Deane's residence.

"I want you to leave everything to me, Alex," said Mildred as we entered the front door. "I want to handle this business myself."

"Just as you say, my dear," I said.

So I remained in the front hall while Aunt Eunice fled upstairs and Mildred went into the living room to let father in on our little secret. I didn't hear what she said to him, but she must have told him all about it right away, because he began shouting and hollering in what I can only describe as a very loud and vulgar way. And after he had told Mildred what he thought of her, he came out in the hall and started to explain what he thought of me.

"This is an outrage!" he said. "An outrage! What do you mean, you dirty little city slicker, by presuming to marry my only daughter? I'll have it annulled!

(Continued on Page 98)

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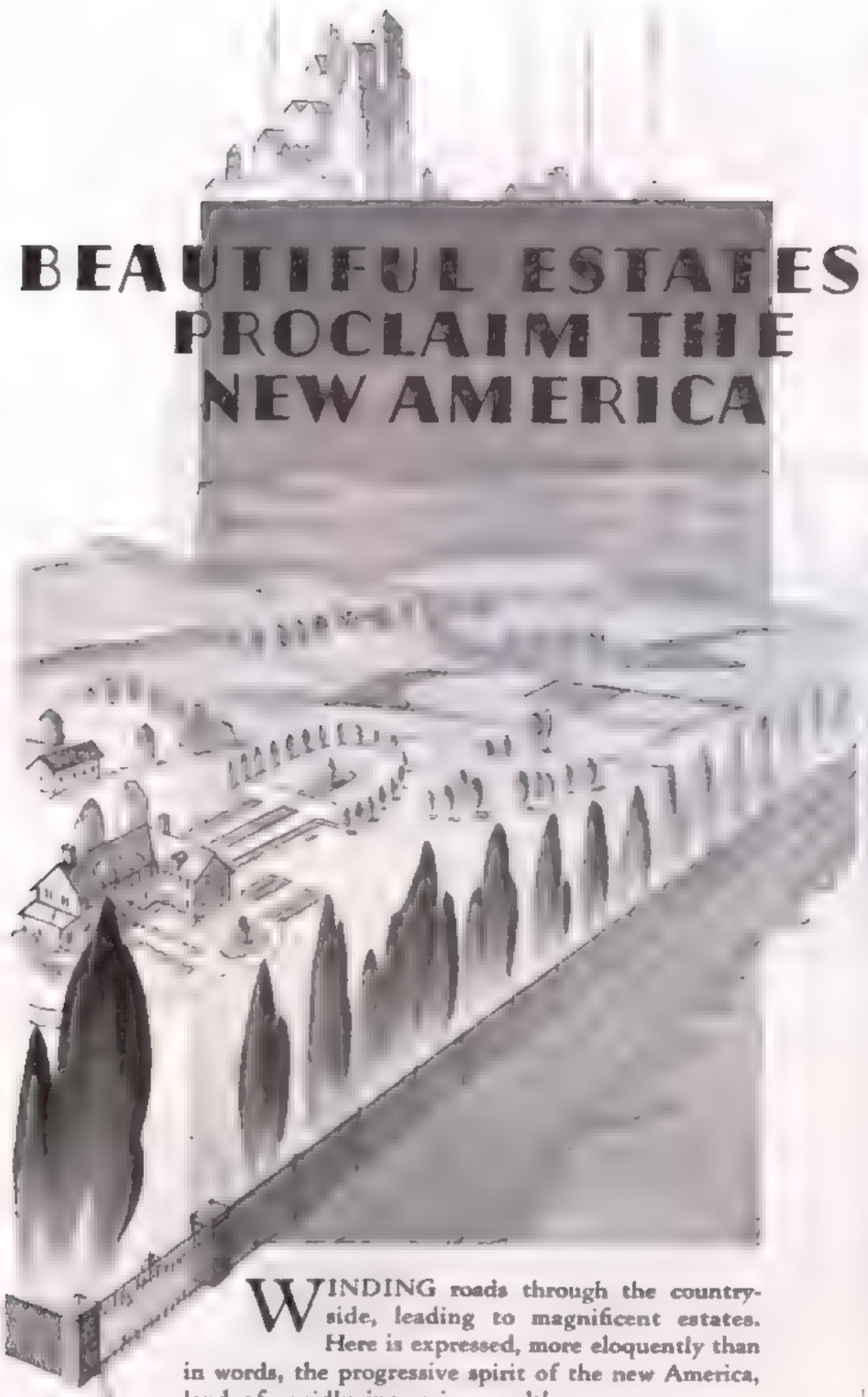

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(Continued from Page 96

And what's more I'll wring your scrawny little neck!"

"At-a-boy, father!" said Mildred, who was behind him. "You're going fine! The louder you yell, and the more you work yourself up, the sooner you'll get through and quiet down so we can talk sense."

At these remarks Mr. Deane went into even a greater frenzy than before, pacing up and down, waving his arms around and positively foaming at the mouth. I do not remember exactly what he said, but I gathered that he was distinctly displeased both with his daughter and with myself, and that he wanted me to get out of the house before he kicked me out, and never to darken his door with my obnoxious presence again.

As may be imagined, all this placed me in a somewhat embarrassing position. But I am proud to say that I retained my composure, and did not demean myself by talking back to him or by arguing with him in any way. I merely told him, as politely and tactfully as I could, that he was making a fool of himself, that I did not intend to leave, and that I sincerely hoped he would try to kick me out, so that I would have a good excuse for knocking his block off. My calmness, instead of quieting him down, only seemed to infuriate him more. But for some reason or other he made no attempt to eject me by force. And finally, just as Mildred had predicted, he got himself so tired by yelling that he began to subside through pure weariness. As soon as he was thoroughly talked out, Mildred led him gently back into the living room. I followed along, and we all sat down and talked things over. Mildred summed up the situation in her usual clear and convincing manner.

"We're married," she said, "and we're going to stay married. Alex and I are both more than twenty-one. We both know what we want. So there is no use arguing about it any more. The only thing we need to discuss is the future."

"I can't stand it," said the old man weakly, "to see you go off with this man and leave me all alone. You're the only daughter I have."

At this Mildred smiled at him very affectionately. "You're a pretty good old guy, dad, even if you have a vile temper," she said. "I'm very fond of you, and I'm sure you're going to do the proper thing. If you want to keep your daughter in town, you'll have to keep your son-in-law in town. And the only way to keep your son-in-law in town is to give him a job."

"Yeah?" said Mr. Deane.

"Absolutely!" said Mildred. She then talked along in her usual convincing way, explaining exactly what she wanted. And after a while Mr. Deane came around and agreed to everything.

It has all been decided. I am to be vice president of the Deane Supply Company, in full charge of tractor sales. In this position I will have an opportunity to make an even greater use of my unusual selling ability than I did as a salesman employed directly by the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company. And I am glad to know that you seem to approve the change I am making.

Mr. Deane has just handed me your telegram in which you say, "We regret that recent events make it impossible for us to retain you in our employ." This telegram is worded in such a way that when I first read it I thought it sounded as if you were trying to fire me. On second thought I realized that this could not be so, because of course you could not conceivably have any reason for wanting to get rid of me. I can only assume that you must have guessed the course which events were taking, and wished to save me the pain of resigning.

I wish to assure you that my regret at leaving the employ of the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company is as great as your regret in losing me. And I am sure that my new relation to you as dealer will be in every way as satisfactory as our former association.

I am sure that I am going to be a far, far better tractor salesman than ever before. Mrs. Botts is sure to be invaluable as an assistant. I cannot get over my admiration for the way she is able to manage such men as Mr. Schumaker and her father. They seem to do exactly what she tells them. In fact, I seem to be the only man she has ever met that she cannot boss around. Perhaps that is why she likes me because I am her master.

In closing this, my last report to the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company, I wish to say that Mrs. Botts and I are going to buy a very comfortable little house on the edge of town. I had thought of getting an apartment down near the office. But she didn't like the idea, so I have decided on this house farther away.

Very sincerely,

ALEXANDER BOTTS.

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[repeat for one hour]
STELLA WILL BE MORE ECONOMICAL--- SHE'LL FORGET HER NEW CAR COMPLEX--- SHE DOES NOT WANT A NEW CAR---SHE DOES NOT WANT A NEW CAR---
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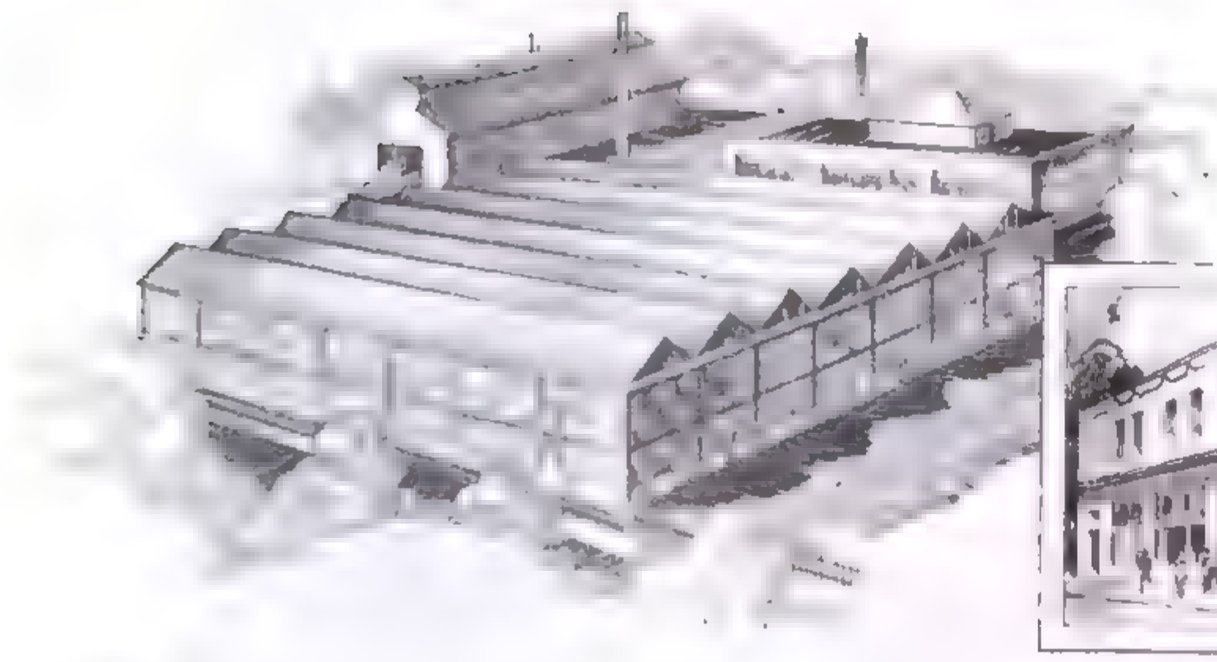

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FORGING AHEAD

(Continued from Page 13)

Hector Crum, dullard cousins who were tolerable only to each other; Sidney Rosen, rich but awful; ugly Mary Haupt, Elaine Washmer, and Betty Geer, who reminded Basil of a cruel parody they had once sung to the tune of Jungle Town:

Down below the hill
There lives a pill
That makes me ill,
And her name is Betty Geer.
We had better stop right here. . . .
She's so fat,
She looks just like a cat,
And she's the queen of pills.

Moreover, they resented Basil, who was presumed to be "stuck-up," and walking home afterward, he felt dreary and vaguely exploited. Of course, he was grateful to Mrs. Reilly for her kindness, yet he couldn't help wondering if a cleverer boy couldn't have got out of taking Rhoda to the Lake Club next Saturday night. The proposal had caught him unaware; but when he was similarly trapped the following week, and the week after that, he began to realize the situation. It was a part of his job, and he accepted it grimly, unable, nevertheless, to understand how such a bad dancer and so unsociable a person should want to go where she was obviously a burden. "Why doesn't she just sit at home and read a book," he thought disgustedly, "or go away somewhere—or sew?"

It was one Saturday afternoon while he watched a tennis tournament and felt the unwelcome duty of the evening creep up on him, that he found himself suddenly fascinated by a girl's face a few yards away. His heart leaped into his throat and the blood in his pulse beat with excitement; and then, when the crowd rose to go, he saw to his astonishment that he had been staring at a child ten years old. He looked away, oddly disappointed; after a moment he looked back again. The lovely, self-conscious face suggested a train of thought and sensation that he could not identify. As he passed on, forgoing a vague intention of discovering the child's identity, there was beauty suddenly all around him in the afternoon; he could hear its unmistakable whisper, its never-inadequate, never-failing promise of happiness. "Tomorrow—one day soon now—this fall—maybe tonight." Irresistibly compelled to express himself, he sat down and tried to write to a girl in New York. His words were stilted and the girl seemed cold and far away. The real image on his mind, the force that had propelled him into this state of yearning, was the face of the little girl seen that afternoon.

When he arrived with Rhoda Sinclair at the Lake Club that night, he immediately cast a quick look around to see what boys were present who were indebted to Rhoda or else within his own sphere of influence. This was just before cutting-in arrived, and ordinarily he was able to dispose of half a dozen dances in advance, but tonight an older crowd was in evidence and the situation was unpromising. However, as Rhoda emerged from the dressing room he saw Bill Kampf and thankfully bore down upon him.

"Hello, old boy," he said, exuding personal good will. "How about dancing once with Rhoda tonight?"

"Can't," Bill answered briskly. "We've got people visiting us. Didn't you know?"

"Well, why couldn't we swap a dance anyhow?"

Bill looked at him in surprise.

"I thought you knew," he exclaimed. "Erminie's here. She's been talking about you all afternoon."

"Erminie Bibble!"

"Yes. And her father and mother and her kid sister. Got here this morning."

Now, indeed, the emotion of two hours before bubbled up in Basil's blood, but this time he knew why. It was the little sister of Erminie Gilbert Labouisse Bibble whose strangely familiar face had so attracted him. As his mind swung sharply back to a long afternoon on the Kampfs' veranda at the lake, ages ago, a year ago, a real voice rang in his ear, "Basil!" and a sparkling little beauty of fifteen came up to him with a fine burst of hurry, taking his hand as though she was stepping into the circle of his arm.

"Basil! I'm so glad!" Her voice was husky with pleasure, though she was at the age when pleasure usually hides behind grins and mumbles. It was Basil who was awkward and embarrassed, despite the intention of his heart. He was a little relieved when Bill Kampf, more conscious of his lovely cousin than he had been a year ago, led her out on the floor.

"Who was that?" Rhoda demanded, as he returned in a daze. "I never saw her around"

"Just a girl." He scarcely knew what he was saying.

"Well, I know that. What's her name?"

"Minnie Bibble, from New Orleans."

"She certainly looks conceited. I never saw anybody so affected in my life."

"Hush!" Basil protested involuntarily. "Let's dance."

It was a long hour before Basil was relieved by Hector Crum, and then several dances passed before he could get possession of Minnie, who was now the center of a moving whirl. But she made it up to him by pressing his hand and drawing him out to a veranda which overhung the dark lake.

"It's about time," she whispered. With a sort of instinct she found the darkest corner. "I might have known you'd have another crush."

"I haven't," he insisted in horror. "That's a sort of a cousin of mine."

"I always knew you were fickle. But I didn't think you'd forget me so soon."

She had wriggled up until she was touching him. Her eyes, floating into his, said, "What does it matter? We're alone."

In a curious panic he jumped to his feet. He couldn't possibly kiss her like this—right at once. It was all so different and older than a year ago. He was too excited to do more than walk up and down and say, "Gosh, I certainly am glad to see you," supplementing this unoriginal statement with an artificial laugh.

Already mature in poise, she tried to soothe him: "Basil, come and sit down!"

"I'll be all right," he gasped, as if he had just fainted. "I'm a little fussed, that's all."

Again he contributed what, even to his pounding ears, sounded like a silly laugh.

"I'll be here three weeks. Won't it be fun?" And she added, with warm emphasis: "Do you remember on Bill's veranda that afternoon?"

All he could find to answer was: "I work now in the afternoon."

"You can come out in the evenings, Basil. It's only half an hour in a car."

"I haven't got a car."

"I mean you can get your family's car."

"It's an electric."

She waited patiently. He was still romantic to her—handsome, incalculable, a little sad.

"I saw your sister," he blurted out. Beginning with that, he might bridge this perverse and intolerable reverence she inspired. "She certainly looks like you."

"Does she?"

"It was wonderful," he said. "Wonderful! Let me te. you "

"Yes, do" She folded her hands expectantly in her lap.

"Well, this afternoon ——"

The music had stopped and started several times. Now, in an intermission, there was the sound of determined footsteps on the veranda, and Basil looked up to find Rhoda and Hector Crum.

"I got to go home, Basil," squeaked Hector in his changing voice. "Here's Rhoda."

"Take Rhoda out to the dock and push her in the lake." But only Basil's mind said this; his body stood up politely.

"I didn't know where you were, Basil," said Rhoda in an aggrieved tone. "Why didn't you come back?"

"I was just coming." His voice trembled a little as he turned to Minnie. "Shall I find your partner for you?"

"Oh, don't bother," said Minnie. She was not angry, but she was somewhat astonished. She could not be expected to guess that the young man walking away from her so submissively was at the moment employed in working his way through Yale.

V

FROM the first, Basil's grandfather, who had once been a regent at the state university, wanted him to give up the idea of Yale, and now his mother, picturing him hungry and ragged in a garret, adjoined her persuasions. The sum on which he could count from her was far below the necessary minimum, and although he stubbornly refused to consider defeat, he consented, "just in case anything happened," to register at the university for the coming year.

In the administration building he ran into Eddie Parmelee, who introduced his companion, a small, enthusiastic Japanese.

"Well, well," said Eddie. "So you've given up Yale!"

"I given up Yale," put in Mr. Utsonomia, surprisingly. "Oh, yes, long time I given up Yale." He broke into enthusiastic laughter. "Oh, sure. Oh, yes"

"Mr Utsonomia's a Japanese," explained Eddie, winking. "He's a sub-freshman too"

"Yes, I given up Harvard Princeton too," continued Mr. Utsonomia. "They give me choice back in my country. I choose here"

"You did?" said Basil, almost indignantly.

"Sure, more strong here. More peasants come, with strength and odor of ground."

Basil stared at him. "You like that?" he asked incredulously.

Utsonomia nodded. "Here I get to know real American peoples. Girls too. Yale got only boys."

"But they haven't got college spirit here," explained Basil patiently.

Utsonomia looked blankly at Eddie.

"Rah-rah!" elucidated Eddie, waving his arms. "Rah-rah-rah! You know."

"Besides, the girls here ——" began Basil, and stopped.

"You know girls here?" grinned Utsonomia.

"No, I don't know them," said Basil firmly. "But I know they're not like the girls that you'd meet down at the Yale proms. I don't think they even have proms here. I don't mean the girls aren't all right, but they're just not like the ones at Yale. They're just coeds."

"I hear you got a crush on Rhoda Sinclair," said Eddie.

"Yes, I have!" said Basil ironically.

"They used to invite me to dinner sometimes last spring, but since you take her around to all the club dances ——"

"Good-by," said Basil hastily. He exchanged a jerky bow for Mr. Utsonomia's more formal dip, and departed.

From the moment of Minnie's arrival the question of Rhoda had begun to assume enormous proportions. At first he had been merely indifferent to her person and a little ashamed of her lacy, oddly reminiscent clothes, but now, as he saw how relentlessly his services were commandeered, he began to hate her. When she complained of a headache, his imagination would eagerly convert it into a long, lingering illness from which she would recover only after college opened in the fall. But the eight dollars a week which he received from his great-uncle would pay his fare to New Haven, and he knew that if he failed to hold this position his mother would refuse to let him go.

Not suspecting the truth, Minnie Bibble found the fact that he only danced with her once or twice at each hop, and was then strangely moody and silent, somehow intriguing. Temporarily, at least, she was fascinated by his indifference, and even a little unhappy. But her precociously emotional temperament would not long stand neglect, and it was agony for Basil to watch several rivals beginning to emerge. There were moments when it seemed too big a price to pay even for Yale.

All his hopes centered upon one event. That was a farewell party in her honor for which the Kampfs had engaged the College Club and to which Rhoda was not invited. Given the mood and the moment, he might speed her departure knowing that he had stamped himself indelibly on her heart.

Three days before the party he came home from work at six to find the Kampfs' car before his door and Minnie sitting alone on the front porch.

"Basil, I had to see you," she said. "You've been so funny and distant to me."

Intoxicated by her presence on his familiar porch, he found no words to answer.

"I'm meeting the family in town for dinner and I've got an hour. Can't we go somewhere? I've been frightened to death your mother would come home and think it was fresh for me to call on you." She spoke in a whisper, though there was no one close enough to hear. "I wish we didn't have the old chauffeur. He listens."

"Listens to what?" Basil asked, with a flash of jealousy

"He just listens"

"I'll tell you," he proposed: "We'll have him drop us by grampa's house and I'll borrow the electric."

The hot wind blew the brown curls around her forehead as they glided along Crest Avenue.

That he contributed the car made him feel more triumphantly astride the moment. There was a place he had saved for such a time as this—a little pigtail of a road left from the excavations of Prospect Park, where Crest Avenue ran obliviously above them and the late sun glinted on the Mississippi flats a mile away.

The end of summer was in the afternoon; it had turned a corner, and what was left must be used while there was yet time.

Suddenly she was whispering in his arms, "You're first, Basil—nobody but you."

"You just admitted you were a flirt."

"I know, but that was years ago. I used to like to be called fast when I was thirteen or fourteen, because I didn't care what people said; but about a year ago I began to see there was something better in life—honestly, Basil—and I've tried to act properly. But I'm afraid I'll never be an angel."

The river flowed in a thin scarlet gleam between the public baths and the massed tracks upon the other side. Booming, whistling, far-away railroad sounds reached them from down there; the voices of children playing tennis in Prospect Park sailed frailly overhead.

"I really haven't got such a line as everybody thinks, has I, for I mean a lot of what I say way down deep, and nobody believes me You know how much alike we are, and in a boy it doesn't matter, but a girl has to control her feelings, and that's hard for me, because I'm emotional."

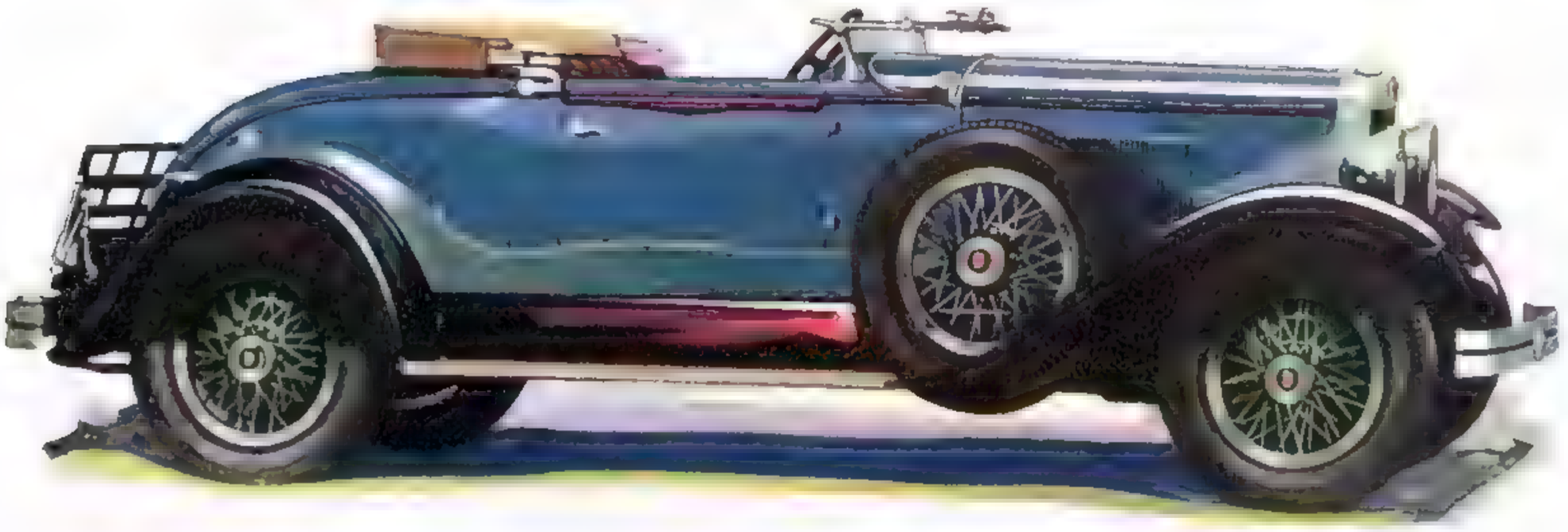
"Haven't you kissed anybody since you've been in St Paul?"

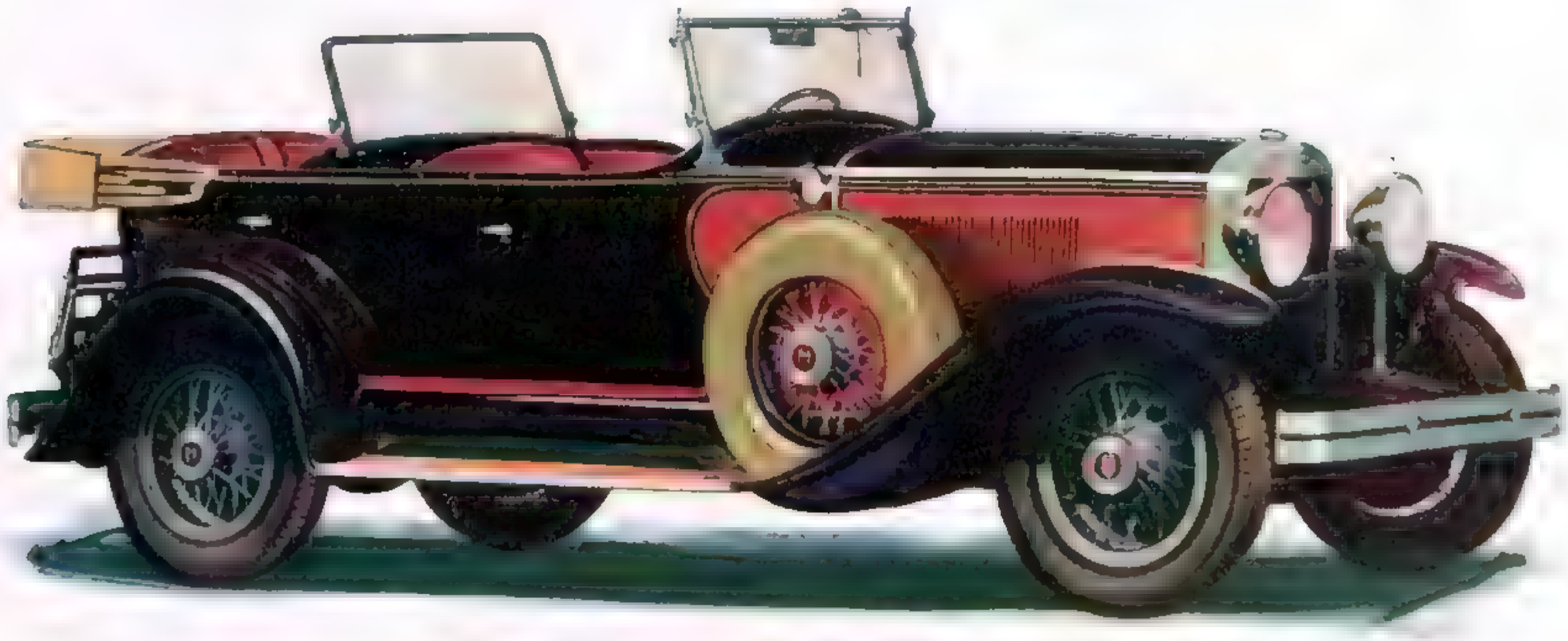
"No"

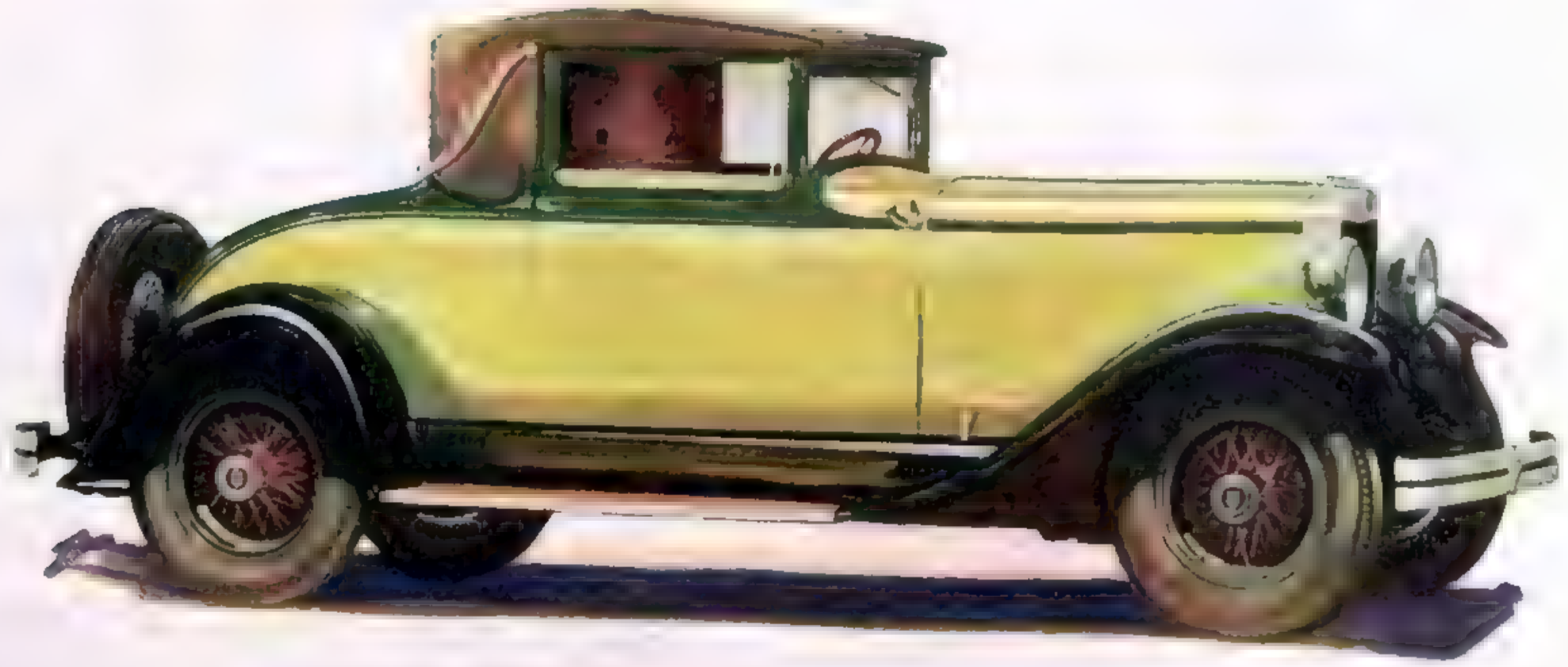
He saw she was lying, but it was a brave lie. They talked from their hearts—with the half truths and evasions peculiar to that organ, which has never been famed as an instrument of precision. They pieced together all the shreds of romance they knew and made garments for each other no less warm than their childish passion, no less wonderful than their sense of wonder

He held her away suddenly, looked at her, made a strained sound of delight.

(Continued on Page 105)







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Cars illustrated are: (above) Model 615 six cylinder Roadster, with Rumble Seat, 115 inch wheelbase, $1195; (center) Model 827 eight cylinder Five Passenger Phaeton, 127 inch wheelbase, $2195; (below) Model 615 six cylinder Cabriolet, with Rumble Seat, 115 inch wheelbase, $1295. (Special equipment extra on all models). In addition Graham-Paige offers a wide variety of body types, three sixes and two eights, at prices ranging from $885 to $2495. All prices at factory.

GRAHAM-PAIGE

THE TEENIE WEENIES.

"DOCTOR, there is something I'd like to do," remarked the General one morning as the two Teenie Weenies sat on a clothespin under the shade of a nodding dandelion.

"It seems to me you are doing plenty right now," answered the Doctor, who was whittling a cane out of a match. "Don't you call manufacturing Teenie Weenie Peanut Butter, Teenie Weenie Wheathearts, Teenie Weenie Pickles, Teenie Weenie Popcorn, Teenie Weenie Sardines and Teenie Weenie Vegetables something to do?"

"Yes," said the General, "we are kept pretty busy, but I have always wanted to manufacture candy."

"CANDY!" exclaimed the Doctor.

"Yes, candy," answered the General. "I have always wanted to make a really fine wholesome candy. A candy that children can eat, all they want, without getting sick. Haven't you heard grownup folks say to children, 'Now you may have just three pieces—you will be sick if you eat more'? I want to make a candy that will not make them sick and a kind that grownup folks won't have to dole out to children two or three pieces at a time."

"That's a fine idea!" exclaimed the Doctor. "I'd—I'd like to help you. Such candy will be a real joy to children everywhere, but it will have to be made out of the finest and purest butter, cream and sugar we can get."

"I want your help," said the General, "for you know what is healthful and your knowledge is needed."

The two little men set to work and they cooked up hundreds of thimbles full of candy before they discovered Teenie Weenie Toffies.

Then they set to work in earnest and made great heaps of the delicious candy.

The Lady of Fashion designed pretty blue and waxed papers to wrap about the toffies, in order to keep them from sticking together and to keep them clean.

To keep the toffies always fresh, the General had the candy put into air-tight cans. The can not only keeps the toffies fresh and clean, but it protects them from the bees.

Now bees know what is just about the best in sweets and it did not take them long to discover how delicious Teenie Weenie Toffies were. They made a great deal of trouble for the Teenie Weenies, for armed guards had to watch continually the tiny factory where the candy was made.

When the toffies were packed and sealed in the cans they were loaded onto wagons and pulled by squirrels to the storehouse.

Even though the candy was in armored cans the bees buzzed around so alarmingly the squirrels refused to work unless armed guards went along to protect them.

The General was forced to send a squad of Teenie Weenie soldiers with each can, and many a fight the little soldiers had with the big bees. The bees knew enough to keep well out of the way of the tiny bayonets on the little guns and the soldiers were very careful not to get in touch with the bees' stingers.

"It surely is some task to make candy so good it has to be protected by the standing army," laughed the Doctor one evening after the bees had given the little folks a great deal of trouble.

"Well, it's worth it," said the General, "for every time a boy or a girl, or a grownup, eats a piece of Teenie Weenie Toffies I know they are not only having a delicious sensation, but they are eating something pure and wholesome."

Mr. Wm. Donahey, the Teenie Weenie artist, has painted a series of thirty-six portraits of the Teenie Weenies. One of these portraits will be found in each pound tin of Monarch Teenie Weenie Toffies

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Popcorn
Peas

(Continued from Page 101)

There it was, in her face touched by sun—that promise—in the curve of her mouth, the tilted shadow of her nose on her cheek, the point of dull fire in her eyes—the promise that she could lead him into a world in which he would always be happy.

"Say I love you," he whispered.

"I'm in love with you."

"Oh, no; that's not the same."

She hesitated. "I've never said the other to anybody."

"Please say it."

She blushed the color of the sunset.

"At my party," she whispered. "It'd be easier at night."

When she dropped him in front of his house she spoke from the window of the car:

"This is my excuse for coming to see you. My uncle couldn't get the club Thursday, so we're having the party at the regular dance Saturday night."

Basil walked thoughtfully into the house; Rhoda Sinclair was also giving a dinner at the College Club dance Saturday night.

VI

IT WAS put up to him frankly. Mrs. Reilly listened to his tentative excuses in silence and then said:

"Rhoda invited you first for Saturday night, and she already has one girl too many. Of course, if you choose to simply turn your back on your engagement and go to another party, I don't know how Rhoda will feel, but I know how I should feel."

And the next day his great-uncle, passing through the stock room, stopped and said: "What's all this trouble about parties?"

Basil started to explain, but Mr. Reilly cut him short. "I don't see the use of hurting a young girl's feelings. You better think it over."

Basil had thought it over; on Saturday afternoon he was still expected at both dinners and he had hit upon no solution at all.

Yale was only a month away now, but in four days Erminie Bibble would be gone, uncommitted, unsecured, grievously offended, lost forever. Not yet delivered from adolescence, Basil's moments of foresight alternated with those when the future was measured by a day. The glory that was Yale faded beside the promise of that incomparable hour.

On the other side loomed up the gaunt specter of the university, with phantoms flitting in and out its portals that presently disclosed themselves as peasants and girls. At five o'clock, in a burst of contempt for his weakness, he went to the phone and left word with a maid at the Kampfs' house that he was sick and couldn't come tonight. Nor would he sit with the dull left-overs of his generation—too sick for one party, he was too sick for the other. The Reillys could have no complaint as to that.

Rhoda answered the phone and Basil tried to reduce his voice to a weak murmur:

"Rhoda, I've been taken sick. I'm in bed now," he murmured feebly, and then added: "The phone's right next to the bed, you see; so I thought I'd call you up myself."

"You mean to say you can't come?" Dismay and anger were in her voice.

"I'm sick in bed," he repeated doggedly. "I've got chills and a pain and a cold."

"Well, can't you come anyhow?" she asked, with what to the invalid seemed a remarkable lack of consideration. "You've just got to. Otherwise there'll be two extra girls."

"I'll send someone to take my place," he said desperately. His glance, roving wildly out the window, fell on a house over the way. "I'll send Eddie Parmelee."

Rhoda considered. Then she asked with quick suspicion: "You're not going to that other party?"

"Oh, no; I told them I was sick too."

Again Rhoda considered. Eddie Parmelee was mad at her.

"I'll fix it up," Basil promised. "I know he'll come. He hasn't got anything to do tonight."

A few minutes later he dashed across the street. Eddie himself, tying a bow on his collar, came to the door. With certain reservations, Basil hastily outlined the situation. Would Eddie go in his place?

"Can't do it, old boy, even if I wanted to. Got a date with my real girl tonight."

"Eddie, I'd make it worth your while," he said recklessly. "I'd pay you for your time—say, five dollars."

Eddie considered, there was hesitation in his eyes, but he shook his head.

"It isn't worth it, Basil. You ought to see what I'm going out with tonight."

"You could see her afterward. They only want you I mean me—because they've got more girls than men for dinner—and listen, Eddie, I'll make it ten dollars."

Eddie clapped him on the shoulder.

"All right, old boy, I'll do it for an old friend. Where's the pay?"

More than a week's salary melted into Eddie's palm, but another sort of emptiness accompanied Basil back across the street—the emptiness of the coming night. In an hour or so the Kampfs' limousine would draw up at the College Club and—time and time again his imagination halted miserably before that single picture, unable to endure any more.

In despair he wandered about the dark house. His mother had let the maid go out and was at his grandfather's for dinner, and momentarily Basil considered finding some rake like Elwood Leaming and going down to Carling's Restaurant to drink whiskey, wines and beer. Perhaps on her way back to the lake after the dance, Minnie, passing by, would see his face among the wildest of the revelers and understand.

"I'm going to Maxim's," he hummed to himself desperately; then he added impatiently: "Oh, to heck with Maxim's!"

He sat in the parlor and watched a pale moon come up over the Lindsays' fence at McKubben Street. Some young people came by, heading for the trolley that went to Como Park. He pitied their horrible dreariness—they were not going to dance with Minnie at the College Club tonight.

Eight-thirty—she was there now. Nine—they were dancing between courses to Peg of My Heart or doing the Castle Walk that Andy Lockheart brought home from Yale.

At ten o'clock he heard his mother come in, and almost immediately the phone rang. For a moment he listened without interest to her voice; then abruptly he sat up in his chair.

"Why, yes: how do you do, Mrs. Reilly . Oh, I see. . . . Oh. . . . Are you sure it isn't Basil you want to speak to? . . Well, frankly, Mrs. Reilly, I don't see that it's my affair."

Basil got up and took a step toward the door; his mother's voice was growing thin and annoyed: "I wasn't here at the time and I don't know who he promised to send."

Eddie Parmelee hadn't gone after all—well, that was the end.

" . . . Of course not. It must be a mistake. I don't think Basil would possibly do that; I don't think he even knows any Japanese."

Basil's brain reeled. For a moment he was about to dash across the street after Eddie Parmelee. Then he heard a definitely angry note come into his mother's voice:

"Very well, Mrs. Reilly. I'll tell my son. But his going to Yale is scarcely a matter I care to discuss with you. In any case, he no longer needs anyone's assistance."

He had lost his position and his mother was trying to put a proud face on it. But her voice continued, soaring a little:

"Uncle Ben might be interested to know that this afternoon we sold the Third Street block to the Union Depot Company for four hundred thousand dollars."

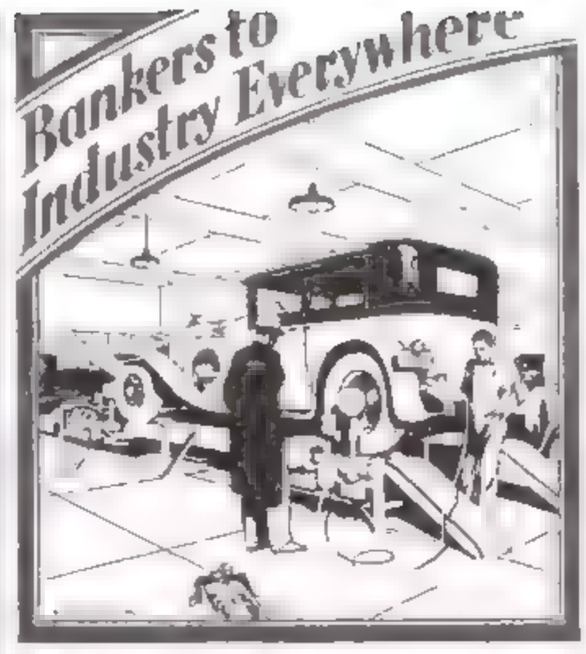
VII

MR. UTSONOMIA was enjoying himself. In the whole six months in America he had never felt so caught up in its inner life before. At first it had been a little hard to make plain to the lady just whose place it was he was taking, but Eddie Parmelee had assured him that such substitutions were an American custom, and he was spending the evening collecting as much data upon American customs as possible.

He did not dance, so he sat with the elderly lady until both the ladies went home, early and apparently a little agitated, shortly after dinner. But Mr. Utsonomia stayed on. He watched and he wandered. He was not lonesome; he had grown accustomed to being alone.

About eleven he sat on the veranda pretending to be blowing the smoke of a cigarette—which he hated—out over the city, but really listening to a conversation which was taking place just behind. It had been going on for half an hour, and it puzzled him, for apparently it was a proposal, and it was not refused. Yet, if his eyes did not deceive him, the contracting parties were of an age that Americans did not associate with such serious affairs. Another thing puzzled him even more: obviously, if one substituted for an absent guest, the absent guest should not be among those present, and he was almost sure that the young man who had just engaged himself for marriage was Mr Basil Lee It would be bad manners to intrude now, but he would urbanely ask him about a solution of this puzzle when the state university opened in the fall.

In the Adirondack Mountains, New York



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THIS spring, you can wash your floors for the last time. You can wipe away forever those fingermarks on woodwork; they will never return. You can say good-bye to scuffs and scars and clinging dust on furniture. And bring a new and radiant richness home *to stay*.

Believe it. This is not just a happy housecleaning dream. It is a reality as thousands of other women know. For they have discovered that wax, Johnson's Wax Polish, is a marvelous cleaner which does what no soap has ever done; *it stops dirt from coming back.*

As you like it; either paste or liquid. Both are the same except in form. Both hold the secret of lasting beauty and cleanliness for floors, woodwork, and furniture.

* * *

Tidily innocent of finger-prints, the waxed door and frame never lose their immaculate charm. No matter how many careless little hands . . . or grown-up ones . . . push in and out all day, the soft lustre of Johnson's Wax shows no tell-tale marks. Not even kicks from careless feet break through its guard.

* * *

As pleasantly as this scene shows, you may have the fashionable richness of waxed floors. For floor beauty no longer must be patiently coaxed and labored over, at the expense of hands and knees. Now smarter than ever, it comes at the snap of a switch.

Every bit of grime vanishes at its touch. And, as Johnson's Wax cleans, it forms a protecting film, ever so thin and almost invisible, yet so hard that dirt will not penetrate its armour. So smooth that dust glides off as from a mirror. So utterly dry and greaseless that finger-prints fade away like a breath. So tough that even careless feet scuffing on chair legs or children romping on bare floors will not break through

* * *

Johnson's

FOR FLOORS • FURNITURE

Yes, after your furniture glows anew with the soft exquisite lustre of wax, get right up on it, stand on it, and polish your woodwork to the same fashionable finish. Your heels will not leave a mark. For Johnson's Wax sheathes everything it beautifies in an invisible armour that wards off scuffs and scars.

its guard to scratch or soil the surface beneath.

More, Johnson's Wax softens old scars and blemishes, polishing into a lovely lustre, enriching woodwork and furniture with that soft sheen so fashionable today, waking scrub-weary floors, enlivening linoleum.

And leather . . . but wait! all the secrets of Johnson's Wax are unfolded in a beautiful interesting booklet, *The Vogue of Wax.* You can read it in ten minutes; you should read it, before you start housecleaning. A copy will be gladly sent you with a liberal 25c size sample of Johnson's Wax to try, for 10c, their bare mailing cost. Just mail the coupon.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, RACINE, WIS.
"The Interior Finishing Authorities"

Canadian factory: Brantford, Ontario. *Factories also at* West Drayton, Middlesex, England; Rosebery, Australia

Wax, Varnishes, Enamels, Wood Dyes, Fillers, Wall Finishes

Wax Polish

WOODWORK · LINOLEUM · AUTOMOBILES

Housecleaning's greatest helper. Now a remarkable invention makes wax-polished floors the easiest to have and care for. The Johnson Electric Floor Polisher skims over the floor by itself. You merely guide it. No pushing. No bearing down. Ten times faster than the old way, it burnishes floors to gleaming beauty. Let it help you this spring as it will help 250,000 other women. Sold, or rented by the day for very little, at grocery, hardware, paint, electric, furniture, drug, and department stores. Was $42.50. NOW $29.50

FREE $1.50 applying mop and $2.40 half-gallon of wax

S. C. Johnson & Son, *Dept.* P4M, *Racine, Wisconsin*
Send me enough Johnson's Liquid Wax for my dining table or a small floor (regular 25c size). Also your illustrated book on its uses. I enclose 10c in stamps to cover mailing costs.
☐ What dealers in this city sell Johnson's Electric Floor Polishers?

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

The "Left-behinds"

© 1929 M. L. I. Co.

A SHORT time ago a promising young business man, happily married and the father of two children, one seven and one nine, showed unmistakable signs of failing health. His doctor suspected the cause at once. A searching examination confirmed the doctor's suspicions. Tuberculosis. He was ordered to give up his business immediately and go to a sanatorium for proper treatment and care.

An uncle of the young man was greatly shocked when he heard the report. It didn't seem possible that it could be true. He asked for the evidence. They handed him x-ray photographs which showed that his nephew's lungs were seriously affected. The uncle asked permission to show the photographs to his own doctor.

When that doctor saw the photographs he said, "The right thing was done. Your nephew will probably get well. Now, what have you done for the man's family, especially the children? Have they been examined? You have no time to lose. While tuberculosis may not have made any serious inroads on their health as yet, it is hardly conceivable that his wife and children are entirely free from infection. An appearance of ruddy health does not exclude the possibility of tuberculosis."

Every child who at any age has had prolonged exposure to tuberculosis should have an immediate, thorough physical examination, especially including the tuberculin tests and x-ray photographs, to determine whether or not active or latent disease is present. While tuberculosis usually attacks the lungs, it may attack any part of the body—eyes, ears, nose, throat, glands, joints, bones or vital organs.

It is now believed that many cases of tuberculosis in adults are the direct result of infection in childhood. The germs may have been taken into the body when the person was very young and have remained dormant for many years.

Boys and girls who are apparently healthy may have latent tuberculosis; without a sign of infection—no cough, no loss of weight, good color. But years later, when some extra strain is put upon the body, the symptoms appear — loss of weight, persistent cough, "indigestion" and fatigue.

When every child is properly fortified against the ravages of tuberculosis, the final victory over this deadly enemy will be in sight.

This year there will be a great forward step in the battle against tuberculosis. Efforts will be made to protect "the others" the family and friends of the stricken person—even *before* the signs of tuberculosis show themselves, but while the disease may be latent.

Organizations for the prevention of tuberculosis—national, state and local—will warn people of the infection which may follow living in the same household or associating with one who has tuberculosis. Their action-inspiring slogan, "Early discovery—Early recovery," will be displayed on billboards, car cards and banners all over the country.

By checking tuberculosis in its earliest stages, before the germs have had time to destroy bone or tissue, tens of thousands of lives can be saved. Send for the Metropolitan's booklet, 49-E—"Tuberculosis". It will be mailed free on request.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

WE VISIT FOREIGN PARTS

(Continued from Page 32)

have to hire a couple of those Southern darkies to push us in wheelbarrows. But still we could add a knickknack or two, and we could put up the tent in the yard for a tryout, letting on it was only to amuse the children. I would not want the neighbors to think I was not right.

Elmer Frew came around with Mrs. Frew to say good-by. They were taking that nine A.M. Florida Special the next day, being a coincidence. It seems Mrs. Patterson had mentioned casually to everybody she knew in Sawneyville that we were going to Florida, and she happened to mention the matter to the Frews, who were our best friends and neighbors and closest competitors. Maybe she was too nice and sympathetic with Mrs. Frew, for what happens the next morning but Mrs. Frew comes through the fence and says in the course of conversation that the Frews are going to Florida too. Whereupon the ladies kiss and make up and it is agreed that we will all go together, and join forces in telling about it afterward. So there are the Frews, hooked, and not able to crawfish for having made arrangements.

There is a fine sun deck, opening off the main bedroom in our house, upstairs and being over the front porch, and Mrs. Patterson and I were laying off up there in rockers and wrapped up in our camping blankets and with smoked sun glasses and pith helmets, taking in the fine weather and the scenery. Mrs. Feeley was down in the kitchen putting the dinner together. She was a bossy woman, and she had locked us out by Benfey's orders, so we had to make the best of a bad fix. She was some nurse, at that, and she earned the big wages she got. It was her specialty to go around and take complete charge wherever the lady of the house was having an addition to the family.

Mrs. Frew said, "You'll be a changed girl when you get down there where you can take a good long rest. See that she rests up good before you start, Billy."

Elmer said, "It's a wonderful country down there. I got a guidebook—did you get a guidebook? Tells all about the different places to see, and what scenery to keep an eye out for, and describes the country, most interesting."

"What hills are those over there, Elmer?" I said, pointing away off, so they wouldn't get Mrs. Patterson fretting to go.

"Search me," he said, looking. "I wasn't born around here, but up in Hackensack. They're just hills. But down in that country, what I read, the scenery is so grand that even the natives go around with their eyes bugged out. But Maude here wouldn't want to tramp around scaring up scenery; not for a while. She would just want to rest, and that's what those fine big hotels down there are made for. She'll just lie back in a steamer chair and soak in that wonderful sunshine and be waited on hand and foot. Wonderful home-cooked meals, and good beds and a private bath, and everything just like home. The sun shines down there every day."

"I bet they don't have any of these sun spots I read about," I said. "Do they, Elmer?"

"Down there? No-o! It's a different latitude and longitude, you know. The book tells all about that."

We ate a square meal that night. Mrs. Patterson was generally a poor eater, because, she said, by the time she'd cooked it she was sick of it; but this evening, what with sitting out in the air all afternoon, she ate like a hero. I give Mrs. Feeley credit. She was used to cooking for women who had to be coaxed, and I'd told her to spread herself and not put any invalid chuck before me.

She tried us out with a baked flounder, split two ways, and then she trudged in with roast lamb and currant jelly, sweet potatoes browned, spinach, cauliflower and stewed tomatoes, and a tray of pulled bread. Then came orange salad with hearts of lettuce and a sweet dressing, triangles of Roquefort with toasted crackers, and a lemon meringue that was the goods and a foot wide. A bowl of junket for Mrs. Patterson; trimmings, black coffee and milk.

But I will say fairly that Mrs. Patterson was worried early in the proceedings, and she said to me when Mrs. Feeley was outside, "Who told her to cook up a big dinner for just us?"

I said diplomatically, "Maude, this is your diet laid out by Benfey. He is giving orders to Mrs. Feeley, and it will be put before you and I will have to pay for it just the same, whether you eat it or not. So don't eat it unless you are very hungry, as it is best not to overload your stomach. But this is on the American plan."

She gave me a haughty look, and called, "Mrs. Feeley, is there any more of that lamb outside? . . . Yes, bring it in."

When we were out on our sun deck the next morning after breakfast, I thought Mrs. Patterson looked a lot better already; but Benfey didn't think so. He came around and felt her pulse and put on his stethoscope and listened to her tick, and shook his head, saying, "No; far from right. Three or four days more. Yes, I know you feel all right, Maude; that's the deceitful part. Billy, you might take her out for a short walk three or four times during the day when the sun's up, and build her strength."

"And get lost," I said. "Where does that road over there go to, for instance?"

"What road? That road?"

"No," I said. "I know where that road goes. It goes to the station and comes right back, and I've made the round trip six times a week for the last year; but that don't make me any licensed guide to strangers in Sawneyville. Well, we got compasses—come on, Maude."

I had been getting into Sawneyville on the 6:45 and pulling out next morning on the 6:55, and when a man does that trick six times a week, he only wants to sit on the porch on Sunday and read the New York Sunday papers and have a snooze in the afternoon. So it would be a novelty to look the place over by daylight and see what the natives were up to.

We took a lot of walks through the country back of us during the next week or ten days. Sawneyville is on the Sawney River, and it is flat land, and our house was on the outskirts; the country got more uneven beyond us, and climbed a little at a time toward those blue hills. It was all farming country then, and it was nice to get out there in the lanes and listen to the silence and hear a cow away off. Mrs. Patterson saw to it that we reported back to the house for meals, such being the fatal attraction of the American plan.

She looked great to me, but that only made me worry, because I knew there was something serious the matter with her. Benfey strung us along, promising that maybe he'd let us go on such a day, and then changing his mind. Whatever disease she had, the only symptom I could see was that the better she looked and claimed to feel, the more Benfey was set on keeping her right at home. He said, when I cornered him, that it was something like constitutional lassitude of the ligamentary integuments, and alongside of that a good case of blood pressure was a treat to anybody.

I got books out of the local library, all about Florida, so we would be acquainted and get our money's worth when we got there, and we took turns in reading these books by the hour, and discussing them. But we kept that more for evenings and a rainy day, and after the first I went down in the village and brought back Pop Seamon and his hack. Pop was an old residenter, and he rode us around for five a day and showed us the sights with his broken buggy whip. *(Continued on Page 110)*

Eat candy for health!

Read the modern diet-rules for candy ... how to eat it as a wholesome and necessary food ..... as an aid to slenderness

Sunday, March 31, is Easter Sunday — a time for rejoicing and the breaking of fasts. Candy will be decidedly in order!

MOST of us eat candy because we like it. Just because it is so good to eat few of us think of candy as a food. Yet modern dietary science includes candy in the foods and tells us just how candy should be eaten.

What candy is

Candy is one of our best sources of quick energy. It is assimilated almost as soon as you eat it. That's why Commander Byrd carried with him on the South Pole expedition a cargo of two and one-half tons of candy. No other kind of food could provide as much quick energy in the same space.

Soldiers, athletes, explorers—people who expend great quantities of energy—know by experience that eating candy postpones fatigue. The reason is that candy is practically an immediate source of energy. The burning of other foods as sources of energy is a far longer and more complicated process. Fatigue is a sign that the fires of life are not burning to your best advantage.

Thus, it has been proved that the exhaustion that follows a marathon race is accompanied by a reduction in the amount of sugar in the blood of the runner! Marathon runners, when fed with sugar, avoid exhaustion and their blood-sugar is normal at the end of the race.

How this applies to you

Practical suggestion: If you are a housewife, an office worker, an outdoor man, or whatever your form of activity may be, you know by experience when your fatigue-time begins. Eat a piece of candy just before it comes around and notice the difference in the way you feel.

Candy is a delightful dessert. It satisfies the natural craving for a sweet to top off the meal, and is "light," that is, readily digested. Too, it adds variety to your menu.

Leading authorities recommend that children be given their candy at the end of meals. In this way they will naturally eat the amounts they should (the one objection to candy for children is that if they eat it before meals it will keep them from eating other necessary food elements).

You can get thin "on candy"!

Contrary to old-time opinion, candy is not one of those foods which must be put on the forbidden list by people who wish to reduce. In fact, in at least one scientific slenderizing régime dextrose candy is eaten between meals to the amount of about three-quarters of a pound a day as a means of overcoming fatigue and loss of energy through exercise.

A new book about candy

Dr. Herman N. Bundesen has written a very complete book for you which states the new scientific truths about candy in interesting, everyday language. It will be sent to you without charge. Use the coupon below.

Please send me Dr. Bundesen's Book on Candy.

The new Knowledge of Candy

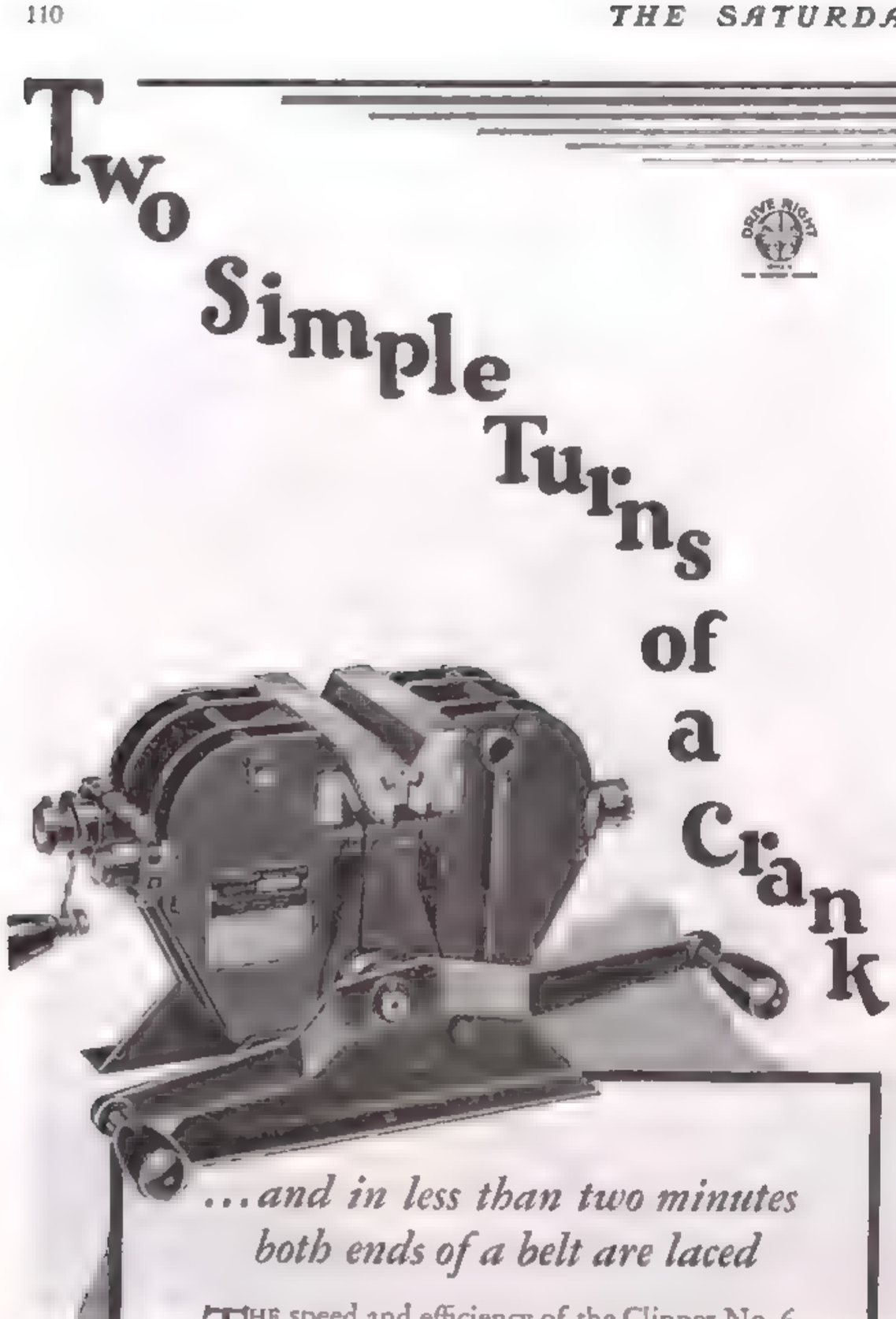
*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Of course, no one should adopt a definite weight reducing plan without consulting a physician.

Mail Coupon to EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT, NATIONAL CONFECTIONERS' ASSOCIATION, 111 *West Washington Street, Chicago*

Two Simple Turns of a Crank



...and in less than two minutes both ends of a belt are laced

THE speed and efficiency of the Clipper No. 6 Lacer is amazing. A single shopman operates it with ease. Although weighing but 56½ lbs., it laces both ends of any belt from one to six inches in width in a minute and a half.

Its remarkable pressure of 37,500 lbs. embeds the Clipper hooks flush with the surface of the belt so smoothly and uniformly that there is no weakening of the belt fibres—and a perfect, lasting joint is assured.

Price $75.00
(in United States of America)

FURNISHED WITH STAND AT AN ADDITIONAL COST

Whatever your shop requirements, there's a Clipper Lacer to meet them efficiently—lacing the smallest of belts up to the heavier and wider ones. And the use of Clipper Pins and Clipper Hooks ensures a perfect, lasting joint. For complete demonstration communicate with your nearest dealer or with the

Clipper Belt Lacer Company
GRAND RAPIDS MICHIGAN

QUALITY BELT LACING

Clipper No. 6 Speed Lacer

Continued from Page 108

"That there," he said, rolling his fine-cut, "is Boyd's Leap."

We got out of the buggy and went over and looked down where he showed us. Say, it was forty-five or fifty feet, straight down the face of a rock. Well, that was all right to tell strangers, but he couldn't rub it on me. Why, anybody that jumped down there would be liable to get hurt! "Jumped down there, did he, Pop?" I said, winking at Mrs. Patterson. "That was some jump!"

"Yep," he said. "This Boyd was follered by Indians to skelp him, and he jumped clean off the top of the rock, which, when they seen, they thought so much of him they give him quarter and sent him home. That's the story, folks."

"Aren't boys the villains!" said Mrs. Patterson. "To jump off that terrible cliff for a quarter! Well, I'm glad my girls aren't boys. And I don't believe a word of what he told about being hunted off the rock by Indians."

"Yonder's Indian Gorge," said Pop, driving along. "The Americans used to hide in there when they was hunted by the British. Fellow was laying low in a cave down in there, and a spider spun a web over the mouth, and the redcoats come along and argued all afternoon whether he was in there or not, but seeing the web ——"

"Hold on," I said. "I read that one in a book, and it happened over in Scotland to a party named Bruce ——"

"Not Bruce—Brewster," said Pop. "Natural mistake. But it didn't happen nowheres but here, because this Brewster never was nowheres but here. Related to the Brewsters of Colony Road.

"Back in there is Medicine Spring," he said, shaking his whip. "Water's full of drugs, sulphur and one thing and another. Want to go up and taste it? Great place for sick people, when I was a boy. Seen lots of them laying around there, sick as could be. Not so much these times."

"What's the water good for?"

"Never was found out, though plenty of folks tried it. Made them sick as could be. Call it Medicine Spring. Fellow used to own it and charge ten cents a quart, and he done a big business; but since he died and people could have their fill for nothing, they reckoned it wasn't worth nothing. Some folks in town are talking about starting it up again for a health resort, and selling shares. Now I'm going to show you the Giant's Marble, a bowlder bigger'n the kerridge, and so round the lady here can move it. Lays up in back there. Then there's Washington's headquarters over by New Brunswick, if you want to go to such expense. They got his bill yet—used to be the old Urquahart tavern—for three boiled hams, twelve loaves of bread, ten gallons of small beer and four bushels of oats. They weighed him on the hay scales when he was leaving to cross the bridge over the Raritan, that was pretty shaky and closed for heavy traffic, and he went just eighteen hundred pounds."

"Goodness, was he as big as that?" said Mrs. Patterson. "I always heard he was a big man, but —— However, if they have a record of it, it must be. My, what a big man!"

"He was on his horse, lady. Yes, folks, there's lots of great sights around through in here. But there's the Giant's Marble now out on the flat."

We rode over to New Brunswick that next day, and another time we went over to Perth Amboy, and again up to Elizabeth. It's a great industrial country all through there. I noticed that commuting; but I never thought anything about it, or tried to figure why Sawneyville was a dead little country town, because my mind was on the business in New York. But come to notice, the Pennsylvania, which is the only railroad with Jersey trackage that goes under the Hudson and right into New York, runs through an industrialized section for many miles before you get anywheres that you would be inclined to pick out for a swell country estate—Jersey City, Newark, Elizabeth and all that high-class manufacturing country behind Staten Island. The Central of New Jersey, and the D. L. & W. and the Erie, and so on, run through beautiful residential country, but they throw you out on the Jersey side and don't land you in Manhattan. I didn't know anything about real estate in those days; but having nothing else on my mind, I got to studying what the country was good for, as anybody will when he is away from home and business and has a few thousand dollars drawing two per cent in a check account.

Not that Sawneyville was quite dead: even in those days the Robinson Rubber Works had a factory on the Sawney River, as the local creek is called, and there were signs up along the railroad advertising factory sites with sidings; but it was certainly a sleepy town.

Mrs. Patterson and I got in the way of doing the marketing—Mrs. Feeley let her patient help out that much after an argument and appeal to Benfey—and we were moping along, one step at a time, gazing around us in a carefree way, when a fellow stops us and says, "Good morning, folks. Strangers in town, may I inquire?"

I looked at him. He was a middle-sized chap, youngish, with cheerful gray eyes and buckteeth; I had seen him before.

"In a way," I said, letting him run. "We've been getting acquainted the last couple of weeks, but I guess we haven't used the place up yet."

"Where are you stopping?" he asked genially.

"Over on Brookhill Drive."

"With friends, eh? Any idea of settling in town, may I inquire?"

"Well, I think we will stay, now that we are here," I said, grinning out loud.

"Mighty glad to hear it," he said, shoving a card. "I'm Bert Sammis, and I'm in the real-estate game. If there's anything I can do for you, don't hesitate to call on me. The way things are in Sawneyville nowadays, a man can pick up some wonderful bargains in residential property. So if you are thinking of a house to live in ——"

"Oh, but we have a house here already, Mr. Sammis," said Mrs. Patterson before I could quench her. I wanted to listen to this chap's windstorm.

"I congratulate you," said Sammis, cheerful still. "Then maybe I could suggest something to you in the nature of an investment with great speculative possibilities. Let me show you around a bit. It wouldn't be the least trouble."

He had sighted us from his blind over Barzilla Dennie's drug store and had jumped right down to grab us. He put us in his old one-lunger and cranked it till it kicked, and then jumped in with us and we were off.

"Being that you have bought your place," he said frankly, "I will admit to you that residential property is not a very good buy inside the town limits."

"How do you get talking that way?" I said. "We got ten rooms on an acre and a half for six thousand five hundred, and I call that cheap."

"Sure it's cheap," he said. "And it will be just as cheap or cheaper when you come to sell. I will tell you why a man is a sucker to buy in Sawneyville."

Well, this was a new kind of selling talk from a real-estate agent, and I said, "We are listening."

"It is because Sawneyville is restricted to only high-class residences on big plots," he said. "Twenty-five and thirty years ago, when this was all farms through here, the first developers came in and bought up and decided they would make Sawneyville a swell residential community, like—well, Morristown or Montclair. So they restricted the property in the deeds they gave; tried to restrict it forever.

"Some parts of this town, you can't build a house on less than two acres, and the house got to cost at least twelve thousand dollars and be seventy-five feet from the road. Other places people can build on as little as half an acre, but they got to put

(Continued on Page 112)

Youth welcomes air-cooled motoring -and the AIRPLANE FEEL of the brilliant Franklin

Always the pioneer—the leader—Franklin, through air-cooling, again brings amazing and *revolutionary* performance to America. Youth—and all those who recognize progress—have most enthusiastically accepted the new Franklin as the greatest motoring advance in years.

New motoring joys! Your first ride is a thrill. Here, in the new air-cooled Franklin, is an absolutely *different* and finer type of travel. Power—and to spare. Quick second gear getaway—quiet as high, even at 55 miles an hour. Effortless control—with soaring smoothness and cushion-like riding comfort. As you drive, you sense the *feel of driving an airplane.* You delight in having the car do things you never thought possible before. You marvel at its snap-quick acceleration—its supreme roadability—its eager speed.

Drive this new car! You cannot possibly appreciate the full meaning of *air-cooled motoring* until you do. *There is nothing like it!* The performance of the New Franklin, and the car itself, are in a class alone.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

The One-Thirty-Five Sedan
$2485
Sport Sedan $2625 Convertible Coupe $2610
Coupe . . 2510 Victoria Brougham 2595

The One-Thirty Sedan
$2180
Coupe . . $2160
All Prices F. O. B. Syracuse

The One-Thirty-Seven Sedan
$2775
Limousine . $2970 7-Touring . . $2870
Sport Touring 2785 Sport Runabout 2785

FRANKLIN

"Mumsie, Where Did Papa Go So Soon?"

She cannot answer you, sweetheart, because she is just now unacquainted with his whereabouts, but we can put you wise. He is now standing on his head in a cluster of poison ivy, registering a vow to have Rusco lining put on his brakes the very first day the doctor allows him to be about.

Holds in wet weather as well as in dry

RUSCO Brake Lining is treated with a special secret compound, so that water has no effect on its efficiency. To secure this additional safety feature, repair men pay more for RUSCO than for ordinary lining, although they do not charge you any more.

Your brakes are constantly subjected to tremendous strains. To keep them fit they need frequent attention. Have them inspected free at least once a month at the nearest RUSCO Brake Service Station, where trained experts use special mechanical equipment to test, adjust or reline your brakes with scientific precision.

When they pronounce your brakes okay, you'll know what good brakes are. Always ready to stop your car quicker. Always safe and sure in any kind of weather.

Send for free booklet. The Russell Manufacturing Co., Middletown, Conn. In Canada, The Russell Manufacturing Co., Ltd., St. Johns, Quebec.

Other RUSCO *Products:* Rusco-Ace Brake Lining, Benlook Brake Lining, Durak Brakeshoe Liners, Transmission Linings for Fords, Clutch Facings and Fan Belts *for all cars*. Hood Lacing, Tire Straps and Towing Lines; Belting for Power Transmission, Elevating and Conveying, Tractor Belts.

Also headquarters for U. S. standard airplane equipment—Shock Cord and Rings, Webbing, Safety Belts, etc.

Copyright 1929

RUSCO BRAKE LINING

(Continued from Page 110)

up a big fine house costing eight thousand dollars."

"Well," I said, "I think that is a fine thing, and it keeps out the common people."

"Listen, Mr. Patterson," said Sammis, "a restriction is a good thing when it expresses what sensible people would use the land for, and stops the occasional hog who will want to come in and queer a nice neighborhood with his foolishness. You can't dictate to people how they will live, even if you put it in the deed and the courts uphold it as the law. If your notions don't suit the majority, your restrictions are going to make all kinds of trouble. People will violate the restrictions, and that will bring on a mess of lawsuits, because a few cranks will like the restrictions and will fight for them tooth and nail. Your restrictions will become a dead letter, but always making trouble; or people will go and live somewhere else.

"That is what is happening to Sawneyville. If you came out here on the Pennsy, you saw the greatest manufacturing section in the East. Does that mean the land is no good? On the contrary, it is the most valuable. But not for high-class residence—do you follow me? Look here, the kind of man can afford to live in a big house on acreage keeps several servants and is rich. But he wants a high-class section all around him for miles and miles. He wants to pass through pretty scenery on his way to his home, either by rail or in his car. If his business is out this way, well and good; but if his business is in New York, which is the case of the majority of well-to-do commuters, he doesn't like the scenery en route. Understand me, we got lots of nice homes down this way, and plenty of well-to-do people; but they don't represent the majority, and that's why Sawneyville property is so cheap."

He turned the car into Brookhill Drive.

"Then you wouldn't advise me to buy here," I said, as I saw our house sail by on the left-hand side.

"On the contrary," he said, pulling up only a hundred yards beyond our front gate, "it is the greatest opportunity in Jersey.

"Here," he said, helping Mrs. Patterson down while she looked to see if Mrs. Feeley had left the bedclothes out the window, "is the old Baylor farm of a hundred and sixty acres just outside the town limits of Sawneyville. If the Sawneyville restrictions are a good thing, you will get the benefit of them here. If you will take my advice, you will cut this acreage up into twenty-five and fifty foot plots and sell them off to mechanics and working people.

"Do you know why that factory stuff down along the railroad don't go? Because there's no labor market in Sawneyville; there's no place for a working population to live. Robinson's people have to travel eight and ten miles to the job, and it's a big problem. I'm out to help Sawneyville, and if we could sell and develop as a fashionable residential community, I'd be for it; but why try to make water run uphill? Sawneyville is ideally situated for manufacturing, and facts are facts. There's a prejudice in town against it, but I know I'm right, and I can show a stranger like you.

"They can't stop you. Sawneyville is only a village, and the sewers belong to the town of Brookhaven, so you can hook in. The gas company and water company are private corporations, and they'll be glad to serve you. You open a road through there and put in your pipes, and I'll guarantee to sell enough lots to Robinson's people alone to pay for the whole hundred and sixty acres. I'm telling you, and I've told people in town for years, that this thing is a gold mine."

"How much for the farm?" I asked coldly.

"Sixty-two hundred dollars—and on terms."

"It doesn't look like such a much to me," I said, looking around me, and concentrating finally on our house. "But I'll think it over. What kind of neighbors are there? Who lives in that dump over there?"

"That mansion over there?" he said. "That is the palatial home of one of our most prominent and respectable citizens, Mr. Patterson. By the way, his name is the same as yours—ha-ha! Yes, that is the home of William Patterson, the big New York contractor. That is the type of man we want in Sawneyville, and if we could get more of such big business men with wealth and vision the future of our town would be very rosy."

"I am much impressed by what you have told me, Mr. Sammis," I said, shaking him by the hand. And really, when I thought it over, it had a practical ring to it; and Sammis himself struck me as an honest and straight-spoken sort who wouldn't exaggerate. "You'll hear from me. No, we won't ride back, thank you. We don't live too far to walk. Good day."

We went in and did justice on a light lunch composed of fried white perch, sweet pickled peaches, chicken broth, chicken salad, graham muffins, frozen custard and buttermilk, and then we ascended to our observation post, and I wrapped Mrs. Patterson in the blankets and lit a cigar. I had a good long look at the Baylor farm; it was right under our noses; and tried to see it populated by happy American workingmen—by workingmen, anyways, who had paid me a whale of a price for their home sites, whether that left them happy or fit to be tied. After all, I said to myself, philosophically, being happy don't depend on how much money a man got, and the less he got the happier he is, and no worries; that is, I am speaking as a general rule, and I will admit to it that making money never hurt my feelings any, speaking personally, but I don't let on to judge others by myself. It is just a state of mind, as Doc Benfey says.

He used that expression some days later when I brought Mrs. Patterson down there to his office. He put her on the scales and started monkeying with the weights.

"Listen, doc," I said, "about this Florida thing. Do you think she is strong enough to go alone? She is going to her sister's, who put up an argument at first, but who seems to be reconciled since I asked her if it would be O. K. for the wife to come alone. I will go, if you say so, but the fact is, doc, I'm hooked. I've just arranged to buy the Baylor farm—I'm taking two-thirds, Bert Sammis has a piece, and Editor Mallon of the Sawneyville Citizen is putting in six hundred—and we're figuring on beginning to develop and feel the proposition out."

"One hundred and forty-two and a quarter," he said. "Maude, you've gained nigh on twenty pounds. . . . What's that, Billy? Florida? What would she want to go to Florida for, except for pleasure? It's a wonderful country down there, and she'll have the time of her life, but she don't have to go if she don't want to. Do you think she's sick? Say, she's fit to put up the fight of her life."

"Well, that's a funny note," I said, only half pleased. "What is the idea of worrying me stiff with telling me she had to go and take a cure?"

"She took it," he says with a malicious grin. And then he pulled his line. "Billy, rest and recreation is a state of mind, and if a party can only convince himself, there's no reason why he can't get all the rest he needs in his own house, and no fuss and expense. Only, they won't do it. Now by means of you people cutting away from business and housework, and thinking you were starting for Florida every day, you got in the holiday frame of mind, see? But people won't do it; and the next party comes in here all shot to rags I'm going to tell him just the same, 'Go to Florida—go to California—go away and forget business and have a nice long rest!'"

Can you imagine?

Elmer and Lucy Frew came home in March. Elmer was selling those days, and he'd talked his firm into giving him Florida territory, so they had stayed all winter.

(Continued on Page 114)

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With handy DUTCH BRAND Friction Tape you can quickly, easily and permanently repair cords for Electric Lamps, Toasters, Irons, Vacuum Sweepers and Radios—stop leaks in Radiator Hose—repair Garden Hose—wrap grips of Golf Clubs, Tennis Rackets and Baseball Bats and repair any of those hundreds of articles that are bound to work loose and wear. Every inch of DUTCH BRAND is usable; every inch sticks. Real electrical insulation, too. Widely used by Big Industries, where repairs must be permanent—where Friction Tape must be right.

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WON'T RAVEL
The DUTCH BRAND trade-mark on any product means quality. Look for it on Fire Repair Kits, Tire Cut Filler, Gasket Shellac Compound, Radiator Seal, Aluminum and Gold Paints and 23 kindred products

Think how many times some good Friction Tape would have come in mighty handy around the house or car. You *meant* to buy some, but forgot to tie a string around your finger. Consider it tied now. Just step into any good electrical, radio, hardware, motor accessory or general store—*and ask for* DUTCH BRAND *Tape* in the convenient 5, 10, 20 and 35c packages. [The large 35c size is a real investment. No matter how long you keep it, the last inch is just as good as the first.] You'll know the smiling DUTCH BRAND girl in the white cap; she has been on every package of DUTCH BRAND for nineteen years; she should be in every thrifty home.

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(Continued from Page 112)

They looked a bit drawn after their travels, but they were sold on Florida

"Maudie," said Mrs. Frew, "you missed the time of your life. It's the most wonderful country absolutely anywhere, and we done it from cover to cover. You remember Seminole Cave, near St. Augustine, Elmer? It's where the Indians used to hide when the American soldiers hunted them—right in that cave!"

"And how about the Lovers' Leap near Holly Hill?" chimed in Elmer. "It seems there were two lovers, and the girl's old gentleman took after them hot and heavy ——"

"Your sister has a dream of a place," put in Mrs. Frew. "There's Sulphur Creek, and there's Sulphur Lick; Sulphur Lick is where the people drink the waters, and they're something wonderful, they say. Good for whatever is the matter with you I sent you up a case of the water to drink before breakfast—did you get it?"

"Oh, I thought it had turned bad," said Mrs. Patterson, "so I ——"

"Ahem!" I said, looking at her. "Yes, I can believe we missed a wonderful time all right. But I'm surprised you didn't buy a piece of the country, if it looked so good. Or maybe nobody would sell."

"Elmer did," said Mrs. Frew. "Elmer bought a hundred acres for two dollars and a half an acre. It is not near any big city; it is away down on the east coast near a place called Miami; but even so, people down there say the way things are going Miami will have ten thousand inhabitants by the year 1925; of course, they are all boomers down there, and you have to take their prophecies with lots of salt."

I was talking to Elmer Frew in the Mercantile Club last Thursday; there's going to be a pageant to show the industries of Sawneyville, and Elmer and I are on the committee. Elmer is manager for the Beverley Cotton Mills—you've probably seen their new plant down there on the Sawney River—and I'm the president of the Patterson Contracting Company, and they had to have the biggest builder in town on the committee—meaning me, if you are not clear as to the reference.

By the way, that Baylor-farm thing went big; I sold out in New York and went into the building game in Sawneyville, and if you want to see where I live, look and see where the wolves are hanging around the door, and that house is not mine. Oh, I've not done so bad, but I think I've helped Sawneyville while it was helping me. Opening up that Baylor tract gave people an excuse to claim that the times and neighborhood had changed, and they got the courts to bust those old restrictions wide open, and you can't buy ten rooms on an acre and a half for sixty-five hundred anywheres in Sawneyville these days, not by another twenty thousand dollars

Well, I met Elmer, and I said, "Say, Elmer, what did you ever do with that Florida acreage of yours? That must be worth money nowadays, from all I hear."

"Money?" he said. "I don't know what you call money, but that hundred acres is worth two million dollars."

"Well, well," I said, getting up and making an unsuccessful snatch for his hand. "Let me offer you my congratulations, old scout!"

"I'm not taking them," he said. "I sold that acreage twelve years ago."

"What did you get for it?"

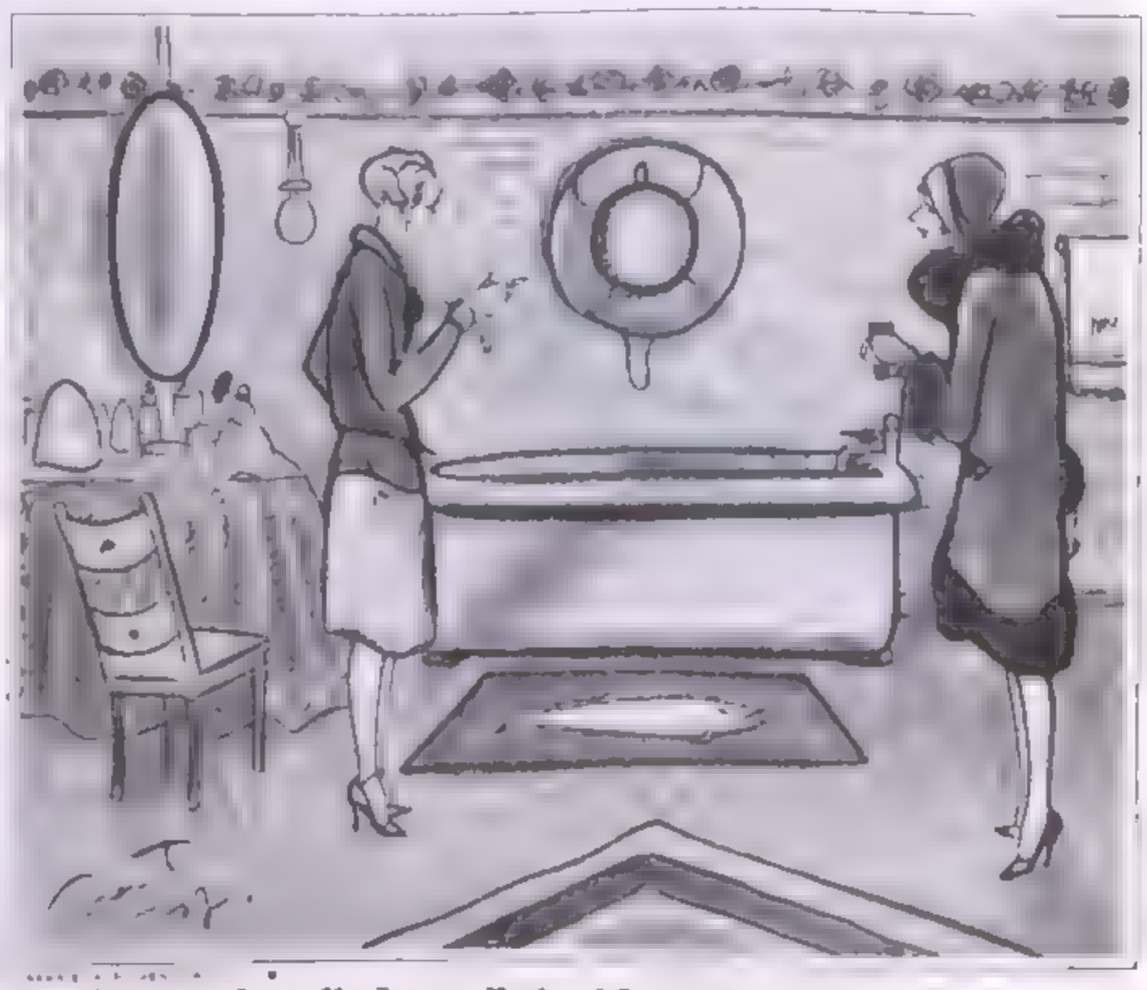
"I got fourteen hundred dollars, all cash," he said. "And I shook hands with myself then for making a nice profit."

"No! Well, that's too bad. What was your idea in selling? If you'd held on you'd have made ——"

"Why would I hold on?" he grumbled. "Was I on the ground to judge? I bought it on spec, didn't I, and wasn't I offered my profit? How could I tell, not being in touch? Listen, Billy, you inquire and find how many people bought cheap dirt down there fifteen or twenty years ago and still have it, and if I'm in the minority, come and call me names. It was different with you and the Baylor farm. I don't give you any credit for making a fortune on that. You were right here on the ground, in touch, and where you could see and judge."

But I don't know about that. I've done pretty well, and the fifteenth of March is not the day I have the laugh on the neighbors, but all the same I wish I had been in Elmer Frew's boots. Would I have sold out for fourteen hundred dollars? Not on your life. I'd have hung right on and rode it all the way home. Look at what I done with that Baylor farm that was going begging. Well, if I could make a middling fortune out of land right on my own lot line, what would I have done with California and Florida and such places where the opportunities were big? Sometimes I think I ought to be mighty sore on Doc Benfey.

But then again I think, no, it's your own fault. You stuck around your own home town when men with vision were hitting out for the Pacific and the Gulf. The opportunities to make millions were there for you like for everybody else; but you were too thick in the head—too blind, too dumb, Billy Patterson.



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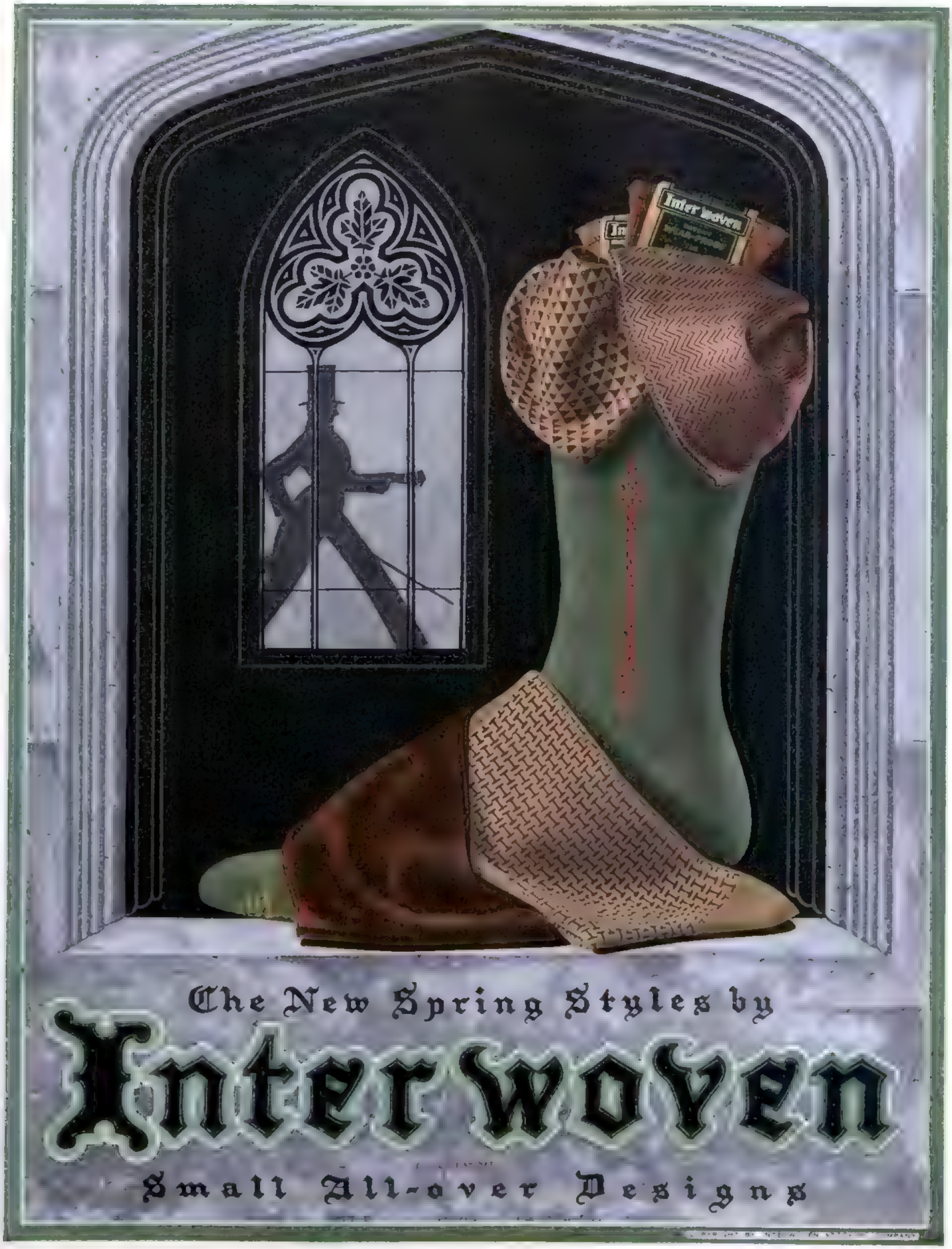
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THE NAVY IN THE WAR

(Continued from Page 21)

duty; yet it was at all times highly necessary. There was constant threat of disaster, either from an exploding mine or from shipwreck along the dangerous west coast of France. As the convoys increased in number, the mine sweepers' activities naturally expanded. Scheduled rest or repair periods were frequently interrupted by orders to reënforce coastal convoys, to clear the channels anew for incoming troopships, to go on listening duty with C-tubes, as new submarine activities were reported. Wrecked or grounded vessels made further demands on the converted fishermen for rescue and salvage work.

Through Fire and Water

When the American naval forces first arrived in France, two systems of mine sweeping were employed there. One, practiced by the English, required a pair of vessels to steam parallel to each other at the same speed, with a heavy wire sweep suspended between them. The method was not only slow and clumsy but demanded great skill on the part of the personnel. The second and more effective method was that used by the French. The invention of a young French engineer, Lieutenant Tossizza, it was simple and effective, resembling in some aspects the paravane system earlier described. From the stern of each ship which employed this system was towed a short, heavy wire cable, equipped with a kite—a device with fixed rudders which maintained a predetermined depth. To the end of this cable were attached two other cables about 300 feet in length. These also carried kites with vanes so set that when the ship was in motion the cables were deflected to form a trailing, inverted A. At intervals of twenty feet along each cable were secured cutting devices known as "*ciseaux*," which resembled crude pistols firing projectiles not unlike small cold chisels. When a mine was encountered, its mooring line was deflected into the jaws of the *ciseaux*. The impact of the line tripped a trigger firing the projectile, thus cutting the mooring and sending the mine to the surface, where it could be destroyed. This system was installed in our mine sweepers after I had accompanied Lieutenant Tossizza while he made tests and improved his invention. Later Lieutenant Tossizza called his device *Ciseaux Americains*, in honor of our forces.

The American mine sweepers proved their value within a short time after assignment to the Lorient district. Probably their most notable achievement was the clearing of an area south of Belle Isle, directly in the course of convoys sailing from Brest to Bordeaux. The field had been lately planted, and was discovered by a fisherman who saw one of the mines at low water. Three of the sweepers cleared the area in short time, despite heavy seas. One vessel, the James, commanded by Lieutenant John R. Roil, U. S. N. R. F., established what I believe to be a record, by cutting four mine moorings in less than fifteen minutes. Lieutenant Commander Archibald McGlasson, U. S. N., who led the division in this and other operations, was highly commended by the French for the work, and afterward, on my recommendation, received the Navy Cross.

Destroyers, subchasers, converted yachts and other fighting craft in the four districts expanded in numbers and activity as the war continued. Illustrative of the variety and adventurous nature of their duties are the experiences of one destroyer, the Stewart, commanded by Lieutenant Commander H. S. Haislip, U. S. N. Although one of the oldest and smallest of the American destroyers operating on the French coast, and a coal burner, equipped with old-fashioned reciprocating engines which limited cruising radius, the Stewart established a record of which the most modern destroyer might well be proud.

On March 16, 1918, when the British steamer, William Ball, was rammed by another cargo carrier in a convoy which the Stewart was guarding, the destroyer came alongside, secured to the damaged ship with lines, and steamed for the beach, where the William Ball finally sank in shallow water. Because of this prompt action, not only was the crew saved but the cargo ship was beached in such a location that both the vessel and its contents could be salvaged.

A month later, the Stewart performed heroic service when the American ship, Florence H, loaded with 2200 tons of smokeless powder, burst suddenly into flames at Quiberon Bay. Obviously, part of the cargo had exploded, creating so intense a heat that the hull split open and blazing boxes of powder spread over the water. Many of the crew were killed outright; others saved their lives by plunging overboard. Despite the danger from frequent explosions that shot gas and flame high into the air, the Stewart, the Whipple, under Lieutenant Commander H. J. Abbett, and the Truxton, under Lieutenant Commander J. G. Ware, steamed into the blazing wreckage to open up lanes for small boats and to aid men in the water. Small converted yachts also rushed to the rescue, but their wooden construction made it impossible for them to proceed through the flames without danger from fire. The depth charges on the decks of the destroyers added to their own danger. This was ignored. At one time the Stewart was so tightly jammed in the midst of burning wreckage that it was impossible to maneuver. Small boats put off from the rescue craft to pick up survivors; lines were thrown overboard to men in the water, and several members of the destroyer crews jumped overboard to aid the injured. In some instances the burning wreckage was so closely packed that the small rescue boats had to be poled instead of rowed. When three survivors were seen in a burning lifeboat blocked by ammunition cases, the Stewart steamed through the wreckage and took the men aboard. Thirty-four of the cargo ship's crew of seventy-five were saved, as a result of the gallant attempts at rescue. For their exploits Lieutenant Commander Haislip received the Croix de Guerre from the French Government, and J. W. Covington and F. M. Upton, enlisted men who had jumped overboard to aid the injured, were awarded Medals of Honor. Recommendations for decorations to many other officers and men participating in the rescue were forwarded to the American naval authorities.

The Navy In the Air

Five days after this adventure the Stewart participated in a combined air and surface attack on a submarine. American seaplanes from the Ile Tudy station first sighted the U-boat. They attacked with bombs, then dropped buoys to mark the location. Immediately the Stewart rushed to the scene and laid a barrage of depth bombs. The rising of great quantities of oil to the surface indicated that the submarine had been destroyed. Later evidence convinced many officers that the U-boat was the familiarly styled Penmarch Pete, until then one of the most active and effective of German underseas raiders.

Penmarch Pete won its informal appellation from the fact that the submarine operated regularly off Penmarch Point and in the vicinity of Belle Isle. Usually it appeared at the time of full moon, causing much destruction among Allied shipping. On the night of January 5, 1918, this U-boat torpedoed and sank four vessels out of a convoy of fifteen. One result of this successful raid was the introduction of a new routing system for convoys. Theretofore, ships had sailed from Brest in the afternoon and steamed steadily, day and night, until Bordeaux was reached. After the attack of January fifth, they sailed early in the morning, anchored in Quiberon Bay at night, and proceeded again at dawn; thus making the entire passage by daylight. The change in policy proved highly satisfactory in reducing the number of sinkings.

Aviation, that modern element in warfare, played an active part in our naval operations off the coast of France. In the Lorient district, seaplane stations were established at Ile Tudy, Le Croisic and Fromentine, a kite-balloon station was built at La Trinité, and a dirigible station at Paimbœuf. Other bases were established at L'Aber Vrach, Brest, St. Trojan, Pauillac, Montchic Arcachon and Treguier. From Dunkirk and near-by stations the Northern Bombing Group operated against submarine bases at Ostend, Zeebrugge and elsewhere along the Belgian coast. In Ireland there were stations at Queenstown, Berehaven, Lough Foyle, Whiddy Island and Wexford; in England at Eastleigh and Killingholme; in Italy at Pescara and Porto Corsini. American naval aviators patrolled the French, British and Italian coasts, guarded convoys, bombed German submarine and supply bases, operated with the British Grand Fleet and performed valuable and exciting combat duties often in company with pilots of the air forces of our Allies. Before the war ended, our naval air force in Europe included 400 planes, fifty kite balloons and three dirigibles operated by a personnel of about 1100 officers and 18,000 enlisted men. Its pilots had flown approximately 1,000,000 miles, including 6000 miles of war flights over areas infested by submarines, and its ground forces had constructed operating bases, strategically placed along the French, Irish, English and Italian coasts. This huge organization developed from a nucleus of six officers and sixty-three enlisted men which landed at Pauillac on June 5, 1917, and which represented, incidentally, the first organized military or naval unit to reach Europe after the United States had declared war.

Down at Sea

In the United States twenty-four naval aviation units patrolled the entire Atlantic Coast and operated stations along the Pacific Coast and the Gulf of Mexico. A naval unit was also established at Panama to guard the canal, and a Marine Corps station kept watch at the Azores. To produce the seaplanes, flying boats and other aircraft used in war, an aircraft factory covering forty acres was constructed at the Philadelphia Navy Yard. It was in this factory that the huge NC flying boats, first aircraft to cross the Atlantic, were built. The planes had been designed to fly to Europe under their own power during the war, but the Armistice was signed before they were ready for service.

Originally the activity of our naval aviation forces in France consisted of antisubmarine patrols and protection of convoys. In this work they are officially accredited in Navy Department reports with thirty-seven attacks on U-boats; some of them successful in whole or in part. Their greatest value, however, lay in the fact that they could sight submarines at great distances and that often the mere appearance of aircraft would cause a raider to submerge to avoid combat. Frequently, by supplying information concerning the location of submarines, they enabled destroyers, subchasers or other surface craft to make successful attacks, and convoys to avoid the areas of U-boat danger.

Later in the war, the aerial forces devoted more of their energy to bombing enemy bases. Serious damage was caused by their bombs to submarine bases along the Belgian coast before the Germans evacuated them. In Italy they attacked with similar vigor the Austrian naval bases across the Adriatic Sea. During the final advance of the Allied forces on the Western Front the services of the Northern Bombing Group were offered to General Pershing. As a result of his opinion that the group could give its most effective help to the British forces advancing in the north, its pilots cooperated throughout that period with the fifth group of the Royal Air Force. It was in this group that Lieutenant David S. Ingalls, the Navy's famous ace, scored many of his victories against opposing airplanes and in a series of raids destroyed kite balloons, airdromes, ammunition trains and supply stations.

Many exciting and often fatal adventures were experienced by the young officers who flew American naval and marine planes abroad. Fights at sea against squadrons of German aircraft, and long days and nights spent adrift on wrecked planes hundreds of miles from land, were among the adventures. Two pilots from the Killingholme station saved themselves after their plane had been wrecked in the English Channel, by swinging the tail of the machine into the wind as a sail and proceeding toward home at a speed of about two knots. Lacking both water and provisions, they maintained their course for four days and had covered more than 180 miles before a British destroyer picked them up.

A Duel With a U-Boat

One of the most thrilling experiences in the service befell Ensign G. H. Ludlow, of the Porto Corsini group. In a battle between his own squadron and a large force of Austrian planes over Pola, Ludlow's plane was badly damaged and set afire after he had shot down at least one of the enemy. The American extinguished the flames by a swift falling maneuver and, with two enemy planes on his tail, straightened out for a forced landing on the water after two bullets had scarred his helmet. In the meanwhile the American squadron forced the remaining Austrians down and turned toward its base. Ensign Charles H. Hammann, who had seen Ludlow's perilous situation, landed near him in a single-seater. Ludlow, after flooding his pontoons, swam to Hammann's plane and clung to the struts while Austrian destroyers and another squadron of enemy aircraft rushed to capture both. In spite of heavy seas, Hammann succeeded in taking off and, with his double load, flew sixty miles to the base.

The pilots' difficulties, however, were not yet over. In landing near Porto Corsini, the plane, already damaged by its earlier experiences, crashed in the heavy seas and turned on its back. Ludlow and Hammann, both injured, succeeded in extricating themselves from the broken struts and twisted wires and were picked up safely by a motorboat from the station. The two aviators recovered from their injuries in time to take active parts in later raids.

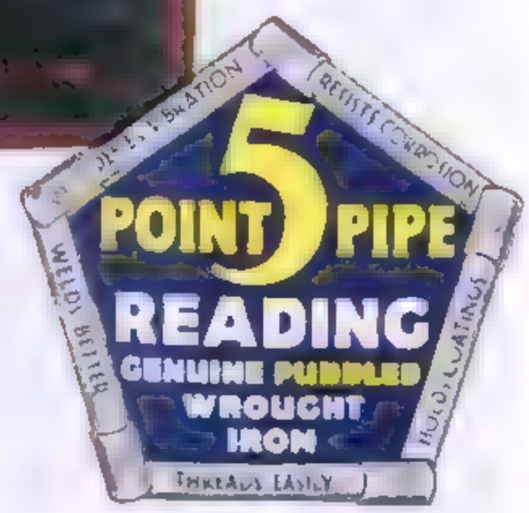
An unusual encounter between a dirigible and a submarine occurred on one occasion off the French coast. The airship—a small one purchased from the French—sighted a submarine on the surface, apparently unable to submerge because of some defect in its machinery. A strong gale was blowing at the time. Taking advantage of this situation, the U-boat captain headed directly into the wind. The dirigible attempted to follow and drop depth bombs, but because of wind resistance, could not overtake the submarine. Thereupon the German opened fire on the airship, while proceeding at his greatest possible speed into the wind. The dirigible kept maneuvering in its attempt to get within bombing position, but was finally forced to give up the attempt. Neither airship nor submarine was damaged in the encounter.

The enthusiasm, energy and accomplishments of our naval aviators abroad won

(Continued on Page 121)

Be sure of

ONLY by puddling—the kneading and working together of pure pig iron and silicious slag inside a flame-filled furnace—can genuine puddled wrought iron be produced. And genuine *puddled* wrought iron has stood the test of time—the one test that tells the entire truth about pipe performance and endurance.



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Five Point Pipe

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The enemies of ordinary pipe are many and are unceasingly at work, but "5 Point" pipe protects you from them all. Corrosion is sturdily resisted. Strain and vibration do not cause it to fracture sharply. Its excellent threading ability means joints that never work loose and leak. Galvanizing and other coatings will not peel or flake from it.

Through the ages, one pipe material has withstood *all* the forces that cut down pipe endurance. Down the generations, one pipe material has been unique among metals because it inherently possesses the qualities that make pipe endure.

This famous pipe material is Genuine Puddled Wrought Iron.

Only Reading Puddled Wrought Iron Pipe is "5 Point" Pipe

With genuine puddled wrought iron pipe—made by the time-tested puddling process only—you will be certain of full protection from the five major ills that pipe is heir to. That's because genuine puddled wrought iron pipe has stood the supreme test—the test of time.

The puddling process—the kneading and working together of fiery hot, pure iron and silicious slag inside a flame-filled furnace—coats every inmost particle of Reading Pipe with silicious slag, a substance as rust-free as plate glass. Puddling assures a tough, rope-like structure that defies "fatigue".

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Puddled wrought iron is noted for its welding qualities, its good threading, its ability to hold coatings permanently.

And the slowly passing years have proved this beyond the shadow of a doubt!

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Where men have built for permanence, you will find the remarkable lasting power of genuine *puddled* wrought iron ably demonstrated.

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Genuine wrought iron spikes kept the hull of the Frigate *Constitution* sound and seaworthy. Wrought iron nails removed from a building visited by General Washington are still serviceable.

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It is the part of thrift, then, for thee to seek out filling stations which show the green and white Quaker State sign. At these stations, thee indeed gets more than thy money's worth, and gives thy motor a treat in the bargain!

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(Continued from Page 117)

the highest commendation from all who came in contact with them. Typical of official opinion is the following tribute from Capt. D. W. Knox, U. S. N., retired, in the Navy Department account of American participation in the World War:

In general, the work of the naval aviation forces in European waters was of inestimable value. They contributed, not only directly, through their own efforts, but indirectly, through the assistance rendered to other naval and military forces, a large share in the ultimate victory. Their accomplishment was all the more remarkable from the fact that, starting from almost nothing, the forces and facilities had to be built up simultaneously with the carrying on of operations against the enemy, and was in the main accomplished by men who had no previous training or experience either in military, naval or aviation work. The great majority of the personnel was drawn from the Naval Reserve Force, recruited from every walk in civil life. Their enthusiasm and devotion to duty was remarkable. Almost without exception on first enrolling, these men begged for billets at the stations where the service was most arduous and dangerous.

Two other naval organizations which participated directly and effectively with the armies on the French battle front were the Marine Corps regiments and the long-range mobile batteries of naval guns. The exploits of the Marines, who fought with the Second Division of the American Expeditionary Forces, are now so well known that to recite them here would be mere repetition. "The whole history of the brigade in France," wrote the Secretary of War in commenting on the Marine Corps activities, "is one of conspicuous service. Throughout the long contest, the Marines, both by their valor and their tragic losses, heroically sustained, added an imperishable chapter to the history of America's participation in the World War." In this tribute the entire nation joined, and because of it and the achievements it commemorated the Navy was justly proud of the Marine Corps.

Of the naval railway batteries in France less has been said or written. They represented America's answer to the German long-range guns which fired on Dunkirk and Paris. Mounted on railway cars in contrast to the fixed mounts of enemy heaviest artillery, the huge guns were of greater power and longer range than any in the Allied armies. During the final months of the war they bombarded enemy railway bridges, tunnels, concentration points, ammunition dumps and other bases beyond the range of ordinary guns. By their bombardments of Longuyon, Montmédy and Conflans, they played an important part in cutting the German line of communication between Metz and Sedan, the main objective of the American drive of October and November, 1918. The guns were manned entirely by Naval personnel, under command of Rear Admiral Charles P. Plunkett. Each was a fourteen-inch, fifty-caliber, Navy rifle, capable of throwing a shell approximately twenty-five miles. Five batteries, composed of self-supporting trains of fifteen cars, served on the battle front. Each battery train included a locomotive, gun car, construction car, construction car with crane, sand and log car, fuel car, battery kitchen car, two ammunition cars, three berthing cars, a battery headquarters car, battery headquarters kitchen car and a workshop car.

The naval railway batteries served where, in the opinion of Allied military leaders, they were needed. During the greater period of their activity three operated with the American armies and two with the French. The first shipment of guns and mounts arrived at St. Nazaire on July 8, 1918. The second shipment, aboard the Bath, former supply ship of Squadron Four, Patrol Force, arrived on July twenty-first, and others followed rapidly. From the time of their first appearance in my district, I was deeply impressed with the zealous activity of the officers and men of the railway batteries. In order to expedite work they built barracks of lumber from crates of locomotives alongside the docks and ships where they were to assemble the batteries, and both officers and men literally ate and slept on their work.

With the Grand Fleet

Throughout their service in France the railway batteries had many difficulties to overcome. I recall with great interest a dinner conversation with Admiral Plunkett at Brest, when, after the Armistice, the admiral was on his way home, in which he described the energetic measures he was forced to adopt at times to solve the various problems which arose. French engineers, for example, protested against sending the battery trains over certain important railway lines. They insisted that the great weight of guns and mounts would break down bridges and spread rails, and their bulk would prevent passage through various tunnels. Admiral Plunkett sent his own men to measure tunnels and to compute the weight-bearing capacity of the bridges. They reported French fears unfounded. Thereupon Admiral Plunkett suggested to the French authorities that they strengthen their bridges and enlarge their tunnels if they still believed it necessary, for he was going to take his batteries over the routes, regardless of intimation of disaster. Subsequent movements proved, as Admiral Plunkett knew they would, that the French rails were capable of bearing the load without alterations or repairs.

Franklin D. Roosevelt, then Assistant Secretary of the Navy, was one of the distinguished visitors present at St. Nazaire when the first battery left for the Front. Wearing military instead of naval uniforms, as better adapted for service at the Front, the personnel presented, to Navy men, an interesting aspect. When Admiral Plunkett appeared in a major general's uniform, complete even to the Sam Browne belt, Mr. Roosevelt gazed at him with twinkling eyes. "Good heavens, Plunkett!" he finally ejaculated. "You've forgotten your spurs!"

The batteries soon proved that, however uniformed, they could maintain the Navy standard of accuracy and effectiveness of fire. Before going into action, the battery trains were run onto specially laid curved spurs to aid in aiming, and their car mounts were reënforced with heavy pit foundations to withstand recoil. Throughout their activities they fired 782 shells at important enemy positions, and were acknowledged as a significant factor in the final Allied military attacks which resulted in an armistice and victory.

The Navy's heavy guns coöperated with the Allies at sea as well as on land. Nine of our dreadnoughts saw service in European waters—the Nevada, Oklahoma and Utah, under Rear Admiral T. S. Rodgers, at Bantry Bay; the New York, Delaware, Florida, Wyoming, Texas and Arkansas, under Rear Admiral Hugh Rodman, with the British Grand Fleet in the North Sea.

Admiral Rodgers' division remained on guard at the southwestern point of Ireland to intercept and engage any German battle cruisers which might slip out to attack convoys. Admiral Rodman's division became a part of the British Grand Fleet, operated with it in maneuvers, escorted important convoys between Scotland and Norway, and, on occasion, guarded American and British mine layers in the North Sea from threatened German attacks. As an important element in the greatest concentration of naval armament in all history, it shared the duty of keeping the German High Seas Fleet blockaded in its home ports and saw that frustrated force surrender.

The first group of our dreadnoughts joined the Grand Fleet at Scapa Flow on December 7, 1917, in response to requests from the British. In the division were Admiral Rodman's flagship, the New York, and the Delaware, Florida and Wyoming. Later the Texas joined them, and in July, 1918, the Arkansas replaced the Delaware. An enthusiastic welcome awaited the dreadnoughts as they steamed past the long line of British warships after weathering a terrific gale during their twelve days' voyage. After greetings, both formal and informal, had been exchanged, the American forces proceeded at once to coördinate with their Allies. The British signals, radio and secret codes were adopted, the division was designated as the Sixth Battle Squadron and it became one of the fast wings of the Grand Fleet.

Although the German policy of holding its High Seas Fleet in port offered no opportunity for a great naval engagement, the American battleships had several encounters with enemy craft. On six occasions they were attacked by submarines. While on convoy duty off Norway on February 8, 1918, the Florida and Delaware escaped six torpedoes by prompt maneuvering. Accompanying destroyers dropped depth charges, but the U-boat escaped. On another occasion the flagship New York was rammed by a submarine. The battleship's bottom was dented and a propeller broken. The impact probably sent the U-boat to the bottom. Apart from unsuccessful attacks by submarines, the ships were always in danger from mines.

Stoked by the King

Service with the Grand Fleet meant arduous duty for officers and men. Safety required constant vigilance. Fleet movements were irregular, conflict with the German forces was expected at any time, and the ships always had to be ready to go to sea at four hours' notice. Throughout the period of their coöperation the happiest of relations existed between British and Americans. Admiral Rodman has told how, on one occasion, King George visited his flagship and was so delighted with the spotlessly clean condition of the engine and fire rooms that he personally shoveled some coal into the furnace. He was cheered by the stokers. Other royal visitors were King Albert and Queen Elisabeth of the Belgians.

How thoroughly the British appreciated the coöperation of Admiral Rodman's division was made manifest by the farewell address of Admiral Sir David Beatty, commander in chief of the Grand Fleet, delivered aboard the New York, on the eve of the battleships' sailing for home.

"There is not much that I have to say, but what I do say I hope you will understand comes from the heart, not only my heart but the hearts of your comrades of the Grand Fleet," he said.

"I want, first of all, to thank you, Admiral Rodman, the captains, officers and the ships' companies of the magnificent squadron for the wonderful cooperation and the loyalty you have given to me and to my admirals, and the assistance that you have given us in every duty you had to undertake. The support which you have shown is that of true comradeship; and in time of stress, that is worth a very great deal. . . .

"I thank you again and again, for the great part the Sixth Battle Squadron played in bringing about the greatest naval victory in history."

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Admiral Magruder. The next will appear in an early issue.

GOING THROUGH THE PARK?

(Continued from Page 37)

One saw the park in those days; one had to. There was the camp to make and stock to care for; travel usually stopped by four o'clock in the afternoon, leaving full four hours of daylight with nothing to do save leisurely rambling. It was this which brought persons really close to Nature: it cannot be done otherwise. A shady, flower-fringed lane is only beautiful when one wanders along it, taking one's own lazy time, catching the perfume of the wild rose or the elderberry, pausing to watch a bird upon its nest or studying out the conformation of the ragged mountain which forms a background at the end. When one goes through in a car, one sees the mountain, sometimes sharply, sometimes blurred. But the perfume of the rose and the song of the meadow lark are absent. Yet, often those are the things which linger, and those are the things I mean when I speak of Nature's intangible fourth dimension.

There was plenty of it on those old trips, and strangely enough, time did not drag by any means. A party of that size usually made its own fun; I remember two plays that were produced, and they were good plays, too, with actors taken from the body of the excursionists, with a mountain cliff for a background and the trees for stage wings. And of course there was the inevitable practical joker. But before the trip was over he was usually a silent and sadder man.

I remember one in particular who was simply obsessed with the idea of the practical joke. He was English, and his humor seemed of a peculiar type, observable only to him—the rollicking humor of filling sugar bowls full of salt, and other rip-snorting comicalities of the type. The entourage stood it until we got into a district possessing several unusually tame bears. Then one night a cow hand who had tired somewhat of finding his overalls tied in knots, his tobacco filled with wood shavings, and boots occupied by very damp frogs, slipped to the Englishman's tent during the dinner hour and wired half a ham to the bottom of the joker's sleeping bag, where it protruded beneath the end of the tent.

Late that night the camp awakened, by the tens and dozens. Someone was screeching wildly, evidently as he ran down the mountainside. But it ensued that he wasn't running. He was skidding, tight in his sleeping bag, with a boar dragging away at the hock of ham, and the practical joker shouting loud enough for a dozen echoes:

"I say, can't you help me? Dash it, I'm being abducted!"

But now, the business of spending a vacation has become a bit more serious. There are too many problems. The conditions of the roads, the possibility of making three hundred miles the next day, the price of gas. The leisurely thing died with the coming of the automobile, and for a long time, it was with the full consent of the traveling populace. The motor car was new, there was a thrill about skimming along over smooth roads, more and more has that feeling mounted, until at last I believe I begin to see evidences of a throwback. The motor car is becoming, to some persons at least, a commonplace thing. And they want the older, slower days.

In substantiation of this theory, I believe that I can quote the success of the dude ranch, which has grown to surprising proportions in the past ten years. Added to this is the mounting popularity of the pack-horse trip, such as is run by a big dude outfit in the vicinity of the park, and where boys and girls by the hundreds are taken through Yellowstone by trail on a trip which consumes ten weeks. Added to this are letters, arriving after a span of time in which no such longings were even suggested. But within the past few years there has been a steady increase of inquiries, and usually there is some reference to something that I thought had long ago been forgotten by city persons—the old-time wagon road.

(Continued on Page 124)

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(Continued from Page 121)

Of course, for the present, the thought of wagon roads in scenic parts of America for horse-drawn vehicles only is out of the question. Too much time and energy are being expended upon exactly the opposite; communities, ranchers, tourist districts are calling for automobile roads until it has at last become necessary to form opposition that the every wilderness of the country not be invaded.

There is something remorseless, relentless about an automobile highway. In this regard, it is even more destructive than a railroad; the ancient memories of railroading still carry romance, the thought of faraway places, strange sights. Grass often grows between the tracks, now and then a boy wanders the right of way at twilight, .22 rifle under his arm, in search of a rabbit. But there's nothing like that on the present-day automobile road.

On and on it goes, the shortest possible highway distance between two points. If a hill has stood in its way, the hill has been blasted out, leaving the raw cut a scar against the landscape. Graded fills arise, ungrassed, ugly; straight stretches protrude before one with no other object than to get a car from one place to another in the shortest possible time. It wasn't like that with the old wagon road.

Roughing it de Luxe

Winding and leisurely, it sauntered around the hill instead of over it. It lingered beside the brooks, or dabbled through them at shallow spots. The foliage grew close to the right of way; close enough, in fact, to brush against one as the old surrey moved slowly past; there was no need for it to be cut away that one might be warned of a speeding car coming in the opposite direction. It toiled up hills which held inviolate their mysteries of the country beyond until one reached the very top, it dipped gracefully and loitered where the shade was deepest. And strangely enough, that old road has not been forgotten. The call for it grows stronger as the years roll on.

However, there are certain things in the outdoor world which the progression of events seemingly has ended forever. It is quite possible that some day there will be wagon roads again, where persons who like to tour in the leisurely way can do so without the interference of automobiles. It is quite possible that the revival of horseback riding, heavily noticeable in the past few years, especially in dude-ranch country, will grow until whole wilderness areas will be set aside and no means of traversing them will be provided except the horseback trail. But there is one feature of the outdoors which seems ended. That is the big sport.

He grew with the idea of affluence which came with the building of America's first big fortunes. I should say that the Gay Nineties saw his true beginnings, and the early part of the present century, the start of his decline. But while he lived he was a thing of interest for the guides who should accompany him, and the flunkies who looked after his comfort. The wilderness was nothing in his eyes—every comfort must accompany him, even on a pack-train trip.

The big hunting expedition usually was the method by which the old-time city sport went upon an outdoor spree. The cost of it did not matter; there was the sole requirement that there should be every comfort and every luxury, and the guide selected as chief of the expedition must act accordingly. There were carpets for the tent floors, cots, hampers of champagne and other wines, case after case of whisky, a chef to do the cooking, poker chips and card tables; often a miniature city moved upon one of these hunting trips, which often lasted thirty and forty days, and the expense of the expedition ran into thousands upon thousands of dollars. As many as fifty and sixty pack horses would be used, with a dozen or more lesser guides and flunkies. There were even those sportsmen who had their gun bearers, much in the manner of African safaris. And when they returned to camp with their kill, they celebrated the day's success with Mumm's or Pol Roger, a hundred miles from the railroad. Often it was as pleasant a trip for the guides, looking forward to four and five hundred dollar tips, as it was to the principals. Often, too, it wasn't. And sometimes those big drunks turned out to be exactly the opposite.

One autumn about eighteen years ago, I looked forward to a certain trip with the sourest expectations. A new millionaire had engaged me for a trip *de luxe* into the hills, and from what I had heard, it wasn't going to be any picnic. This man -his name often was on the front page of the newspapers of those days—had been drinking heavily for two years; so heavily, in fact, that when he left New York for his outfitting point at Cody, a doctor accompanied him in case little red soldiers in plug hats should begin to chase one another around his stateroom. Beyond that was the fact that when whisky had control of the man he was about as ugly a tempered person as one could visualize.

Out he came to Cody, and arrived there beautifully boiled. He cursed everybody, especially his valets, who hopped about like the proverbial toads that they might anticipate his every wish in time to escape his abuse. And just so that there might be no lessening in the festivities, he had brought with him from New York some sixty bottles of his favorite whisky.

I talked to the doctor about it and suggested that if the man drank those sixty quarts in the high altitude to which we were going, there might be some serious results. The physician shrugged his shoulders and mentioned the fact that he was only a doctor, brought along to remedy ills, and with no way of preventing them.

"It seems to me, Ned, that you're better fitted for that than anybody else," he said.

"I? How can I help matters?" I asked. "He doesn't pay any more attention to me than he does to his valets."

The doctor smiled. "Aren't some of those horses of yours a little wild?" he asked.

I laughed then. Not only some of my horses were wild but most of them were. The amount of luggage which was to be packed into the hills was of such extent that it had been necessary for me to gather fifty-six horses at a time when pack animals were rather scarce. So I had simply gone out and got what I could—a good percentage of the animals were about as tame as a stick of dynamite.

The Wild-Horse Crusade

The next morning we packed out, while the millionaire supervised the operation and the doctor nudged me often in the ribs as he passed me. There seemed to be just one thing on that millionaire's mind, and that was the whisky.

"Put it in duffel bags or something of that kind," he suggested. "If there's one thing that's got to go through in good shape, it's that liquor."

"You bet I will," I answered. A command like that was just what I wanted. Into duffel bags and old sacks went the whisky, with a few clothes wadded around it, and other stuffing to make it apparently safe from all damage. It was the millionaire's orders, and I was safe from harm there. I was packing it exactly as he wanted it. But the thing that he didn't know was the fact that I was packing all those bags bottle-end forward, and upon horses guaranteed to buck the minute they got on a bad trail.

Out we started, the loaded millionaire singing alcoholically at the head of the long string. Higher and higher we went into the hills, until at last we reached a rocky trail where experienced horses were necessary.

"C-r-r-r-a-a-a-sh!" A novice pack horse had banged a duffel bag straight into the side of the cliff; then had butted it against a jutting tree. The millionaire sang on, unknowing. Another slammed itself into a rock, then scraped and banged away anew until he had passed the obstruction. Another followed and another and another.

"Seems to me I smell whisky!" said the millionaire as he raised his nose.

"Probably did," I suggested. "I had my flask out a minute ago."

Then I interested him heavily in the country ahead, talking of that day's camp, the next day's hunting, anything to keep him from turning back to investigate. He smelled whisky all right. The rear end of that pack train was so loaded with the fumes of it that the cowboys were all but reeling. Packs were dripping. Others clinked with broken glass. Again and again there came muffled crashing as still more bottles passed into oblivion. Late that afternoon, when camp had been reached, the millionaire examined pack after pack—to find only broken bottles.

"Looks like my idea wasn't so good," he said sorrowfully. Out of the sixty bottles, exactly two were left.

"Maybe I didn't do such a good job of packing," I said innocently. Just then one of the boys started the phonograph. The millionaire's head went up like that of an angry rooster. Over to the phonograph he went and stood there for a moment, eying it and the pile of records beside it.

"Oh, you're a good packer all right!" he snapped. "You managed to get a phonograph and three hundred records through without any trouble. But I suppose whisky is a lot more difficult!"

Starting an Avalanche

But suddenly he decided to be a good sport about it all. The whisky was gone and we were far from civilization. He opened up those two bottles and shared them with the camp. Then he went to bed, to awaken the next morning to one of the finest fights I ever saw in my life.

His lips were actually blue from suffering. He reeled as he walked; his hands shook until he could hardly hold a cup of coffee. But he stuck it out without ever a word of complaint, and three days later we had a new man in camp.

That grouch had changed into one of the most considerate men I ever saw. Often when the boys would come in, wet and tired, from a long ride, he would hurry forth from his tent and insist upon them getting in to the fire, while he sloshed through the snow at the job of picketing and caring for their horses. He carried wood for the chefs; every man's concern was his own concern. Three weeks later the outfit got caught in a blizzard and was forced to work its way out of the high country through four-foot drifts. At last we reached the down trail, to find that the snow had drifted so heavily over the edge of the mountain that descent through it was impossible.

We had to let a man out on a picket rope, while ten of us hung onto the other end, to yank him back when he went over the precipice, in order that the tremendous cornice of snow might be broken and its thundering descent reveal the narrow trail. The scheme worked, leaving another cornice, however, hanging above the steep, dangerous path, a roof of thousands of tons of snow under which we must pass. Some way, however, we made it, and the man who was constantly cheering us as we worked, who was constantly optimistic when the outlook was worst, who insisted on taking the risks with the rest of us, was a husky, laughing fellow who less than a month before had been one of the worst-tempered men I ever had seen.

However, not every trip turned out that way. One, I remember, had a tragic ending. Again it was a millionaire drinker who had come out for a hunt and, while in the hills, to get out of the habit of excessive drinking. He succeeded, and came back into Cody. Then he decided to take just one drink with a few friends.

(Continued on Page 137)

The train that runs on Hyatts is the train that you should ride

TIME was when you contemplated a long train ride with little enthusiasm. Nor was your dread of physical discomfort entirely unjustified.

But the railroads—ever in the forefront of progress—speedily improved conditions. Steel cars supplanted wooden; nature's roadbed was fortified by rock ballast; heavier rails made their appearance—double tracks, more trains, mile-a-minute locomotives, automatic safety controls.

Then, as a final touch, railroads began the use of anti-friction bearings—Hyatt Quiet Roller Bearings.

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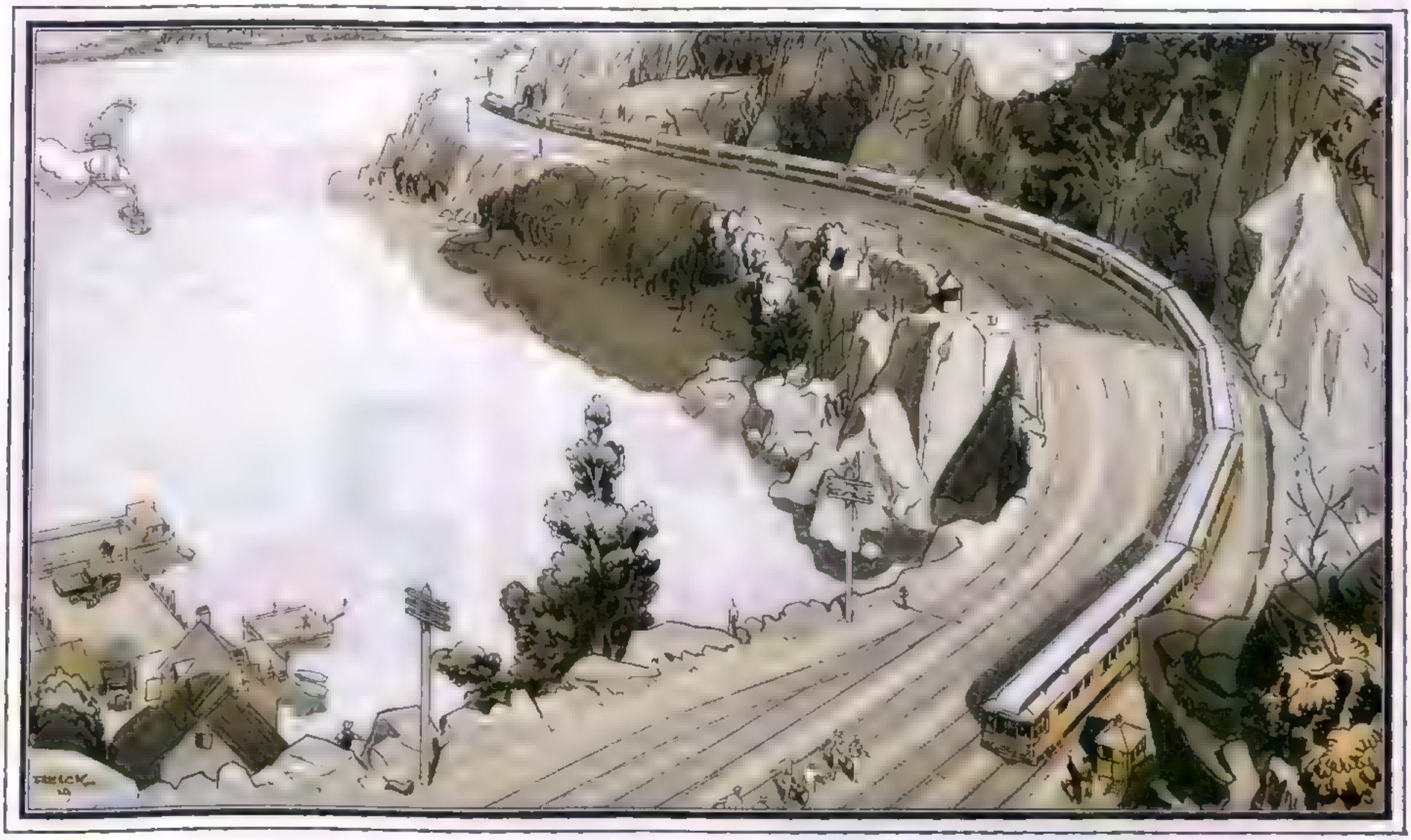

All over the country you will find coaches, dining cars and Pullmans operating on Hyatt Quiet Roller Bearings.

They are doing away with jolting starts, sluggish pick-ups, and plain bearing "drag" . . . substituting in their place the liquid smoothness and restful comfort imparted through the use of quiet Hyatts.

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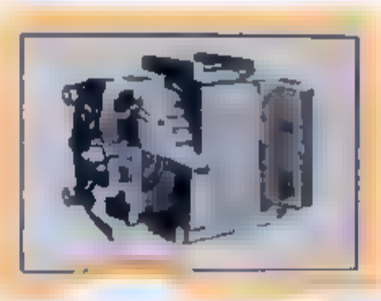
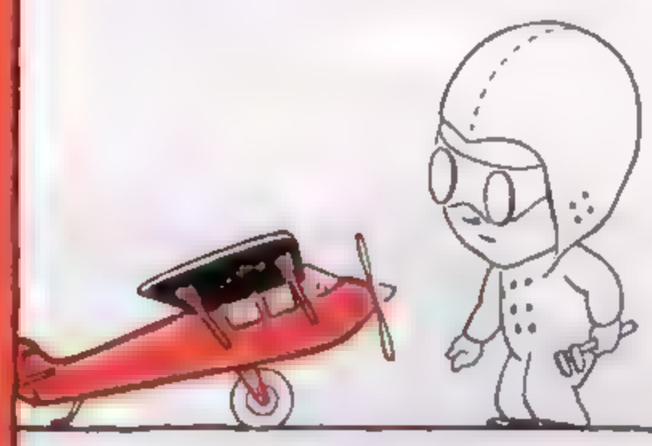


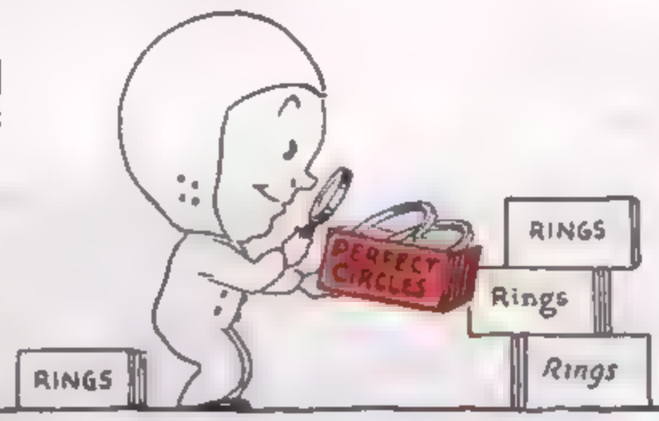
HYATT Journal Box: sectioned view at left, shows bearing in place. Box as applied to trucks under passenger cars, shown at right.

A Tip from the Air

When record-makers leave the ground
They must be sure their motor's sound



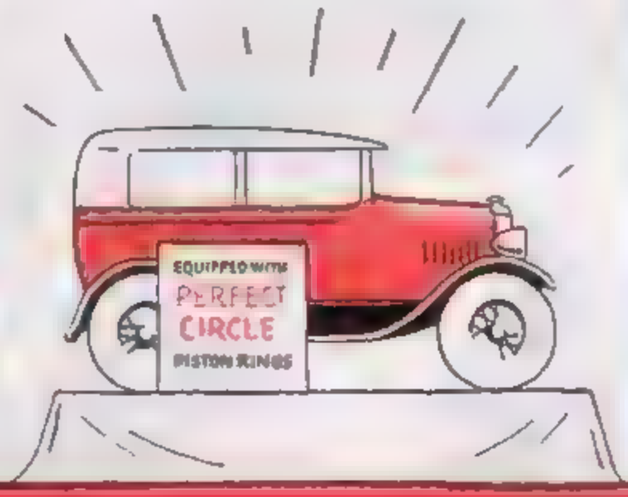
They pick their piston rings with care
To guard their safety in the air.



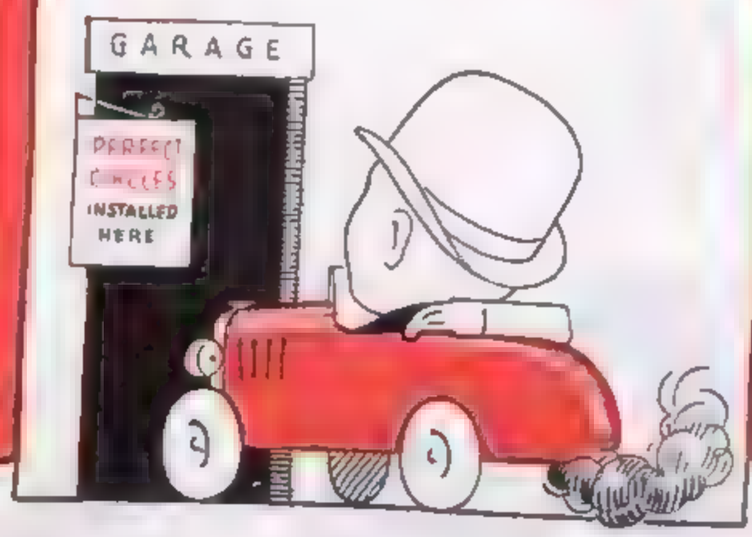
The chaps who made the longest trip *
Had PERFECT CIRCLES in their ship.

The record speed with man-made wings *
Was set with PERFECT CIRCLE Rings

The ring that's used by flying stars
Is also best for motor cars.



We need good rings (that's you & me);
... Don't fail to specify — "P. C."



Compression Type, 50c *Oil-Regulating Type, 60c* *Double-Duty Type, 75c*

* The world's speed record of 318.624 miles per hour was established by de Bernardi in a PERFECT CIRCLE-equipped Fiat-Macchi plane . . . The longest flight—4,475 miles from Rome to Brazil—was made by Delprete and Ferrarin in a PERFECT CIRCLE-equipped Savoia-Marchetti plane.

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PERFECT CIRCLE
PISTON RINGS

(Continued from Page 124)

It wasn't long until every sheep herder with a good thirst, as well as anyone else who cared to put a foot on the bar, discovered that heaven suddenly had come to earth. The millionaire had gone upon one of the grandest sprees of his whole existence and was making the rounds of the saloons, an entourage following him, a veritable royal court of liquor. In each one he would place a thousand dollars upon the bar and then give his attention to more important things, while his valet wangled the arithmetic of watching that thousand dollars consumed by whoever should happen to come through the door. Then began another phase of the excitement.

Each guide had received a five-hundred-dollar tip for his work on the hunting trip. The word passed around town that a millionaire was whooping it up and spending money in thousand-dollar lots. A struggling congregation heard of it and sent a committee down to the Irma Bar in Buffalo Bill's old hotel, to ask for a donation toward lifting the mortgage on the church.

"How much is the mortgage?" asked the millionaire after the committee had made its plea.

"About twenty-five hundred dollars."

"Then bring the papers down here and I'll end the matter," said the celebrant. "No use of having that thing hanging on. And something more—you said that minister of yours wanted to get married. That right?"

"Yes, sir."

"Send him to me. I'll take care of that matter."

The minister appeared. The millionaire led the way to a clothing store, fitted him out with an entire outfit of clothing, and pushed five hundred dollars into his hands.

"Now go ahead and get married!" he commanded, and went back to the saloon, just in time to halt in contemplation of a drunken sheep herder, badly crippled by rheumatism.

"Why don't you go to a hospital and get cured?" he asked. The sheep herder shrugged his shoulders.

"Ain't got no money."

"Drank up your whole summer's earnings, eh?"

"Just about."

The millionaire surveyed the barroom.

"Who'll stand sponsor for this man and see that he gets to a hospital?" he asked.

A business man was forthcoming with the promise. Out came five hundred dollars for the rheumatism cure. Then, as the sheep herder thanked him:

"And let me tell you one thing! If I find out you've drank up this money instead of going to the hospital, I'll knock your confounded head off!"

The Hunter Hunted

So it went day and night, while more than thirty thousand dollars traveled through the millionaire's hands, to saloonkeeper, charities, panhandlers and attendants, and while the host responded to every toast raised in his honor. But suddenly he collapsed, and the work of doctors was in vain. One of America's biggest sports had died as a result of his own hospitality.

By these incidents, however, I do not mean to convey the impression that every rich man's party which went into the hills in the old days was an orgy. Far from it. But such things were at least more plentiful than they are today.

The World War stopped the influx of the foreign sports; perhaps the last of them being the Prince of Monaco, who came into the Big Horn country in 1913 on a hunting trip as the guest of Buffalo Bill and A. A. Anderson, the artist. There, too, arose another phase of life which had done much to interfere with the outing of the big sport.

Time was, and not more than a quarter of a century ago, when a famous man could go out for a few weeks in the hills with little more publicity attending the matter than a notice of his departure and return. That was before the growth of interest in the doings of every widely known man had made him a constant recipient of constant newspaper prestige. About the time that the Prince of Monaco made his hunting trip the curiosity of the public concerning prominent men was just getting into full stride.

The prince was an unobtrusive man: one of the first things my brother-in-law, Fred Richards, who had charge of the expedition, learned was that he wanted quiet and a fair amount of game. It sounded easy, but it wasn't. Newspapermen argued to be taken along on the trip, cameramen insisted on pack horses for motion picture and still work. Every time the prince moved out of his tent there was someone to record the fact. Everything, it seemed, was there but a portable telegraph set to send to a waiting America the intense news of just what the ruler of Monte Carlo was doing on this nice, quiet hunting trip.

Time after time Fred and the prince strove to start out upon a hunt. Impossible. Newspapermen bobbed up out of the brush, cameramen arose when the two men were expecting a bear or an elk. Finally, after days of planning, the two did manage to sneak away long enough to have one day's uninterrupted hunting. But that is all the prince got out of a trip of several weeks. Even then he was luckier than the newspaper hero of today who decides to go back to dear, undefiled Nature, and allows the fact to become known to the newspapers.

The result is that the methods of taking prominent men on hunting trips have changed to conform to the times. Those engaged as guides no longer give out information about wealthy employers. Preparations are made in secret, at a ranch often forty or fifty miles from a railroad station. The man himself either gives out false information or also maintains a heavy secrecy. He sneaks out of his home town. Then, when he has arrived at his destination, he steps from the train into a waiting automobile, and is hurried away before anyone in the town has learned his identity. By this means, and this means alone, can the front-page favorite of today hope to get an elk or a bear or a moose. Otherwise, there would be a cameraman to request that he hold the pose when he raises his gun to shoot, and a sob sister to interview him immediately on what a man thinks about when shooting a brown bear.

Incidentally, there are many other phases of tourist travel which have changed with the changes of time. There was a day when it wasn't hard at all to spot honeymoon couples, for the simple reason that the honeymoon was the one big trip of a lifetime.

After that was over, the usual American family settled down to an uninterrupted existence in the same old town. The result was that, no matter how a pair tried to conceal the fact, it was soon known that they were honeymooners—other forms of tourist travelers were scarce. Today it is different; the honeymooner is lost in the crowd; everybody is traveling and a little too busy to care whether one's companions are newly married.

Then, too, there was the day when everyone simply must climb a mountain. A trip to a tourist district or a national park wasn't complete unless a person had stiffened his every muscle by making the long drag to the top of some widely known peak.

Twenty years ago it was not at all unusual for a guide to be contracted for by mountain-climbing parties that were in reality expeditions, and which came all the way from the Atlantic Coast, armed with alpenstocks, special shoes and clothing, for the express purpose of scaling peaks. Of course, mountain climbing still exists; there are clubs in mountain states which climb peaks regularly, and in Rocky Mountain National Park in Colorado there is a good guide business in accompanying tourists who desire to see the top of Long's Peak. But as an expedition, a vacation of continual mountain climbing, the amusement has passed.

Mountains can be crossed too easily over a score of Western passes by automobile. People have become familiar with high country as viewed from the comfort of a tonneau seat. In the old days much of my time was given over to those who made the long trip into the head of the Jackson's Hole country to climb the Tetons. I rarely receive even an inquiry any more.

Just as all forms of amusement have changed, so has the cost of touring changed. Of course, one hears today of "tourist prices" and "tourist gyp," but it often comes from inexperienced persons. Certainly it does not emanate from those who can go back thirty or forty years for comparisons. That was when the business of gouging tourists was a high-minded profession and when the gouger was an artist at his task.

Everything in touring wasn't served on a platter then. If a person wanted to take a long trip through the Yellowstone, for instance, or desired a hunting trip, he couldn't get a set of prices from guides, nor could he answer advertisements in outdoor magazines and know the cost of every item beforehand. Today, I often see persons who have so accurately gauged their vacation expense, clerks and school-teachers particularly, that they arrive home less than five dollars off balance on the entire budget for a six or eight weeks' excursion. But it wasn't like that in the old days.

Then, instead of everything being furnished to the tourist, the tourist himself did the furnishing. Guides were not equipped; the man who employed them also must provide everything to be used in camp—tents, bedding and grub. At the end of the trip most of this stuff was left behind and was used on the ranches by the guides. As for food, it was not at all unusual to see an old-time guide drive into town and buy a four-horse-team load of food to supply four or five persons for three weeks. What was left over usually kept him and his family in provisions for the entire winter. Besides that, the actual money expenditure for guides, horses and equipment was often as much as it is today, and money has decreased in value in forty years.

Has Anybody Here Seen Cody?

Speaking of money, nothing is more noticeable in the West than the change in monetary conditions as a result of tourists. Time was when a dollar bill was so unusual in this country as to be a curiosity. If one desired to send one of the things in a letter, for instance, it often required an hour's search at banks and business houses to find one. Today, in the wintertime, dollar bills are far from plentiful. But with the arrival of June fifteenth, the beginning of the tourist season, dollar bills seem to grow out of the very ground. They are everywhere, and if a storekeeper does not know his customer, he either passes out the greenbacks as change or apologizes for the silver dollars. It all is having its effect. Western women are beginning to complain that silver dollars bog down their pocketbooks. A few years more and the old cart wheel, which once was as much of the West as the mountains and clear air, will be practically out of circulation. The Eastern people refused them and insisted on currency. Now the Western people are learning to do the same thing.

Conditions change almost yearly in the tourist business. But neither new money, new standards of living, new automobiles nor anything else can change the bland ignorance with which some persons sail forth into a new country. Buffalo Bill, for instance, has been dead now for more than eleven years. More than a quarter of a million persons annually visit his grave on the top of Lookout Mountain, near Denver. My home city of Cody, which he founded, is a constant reminder of his passing. There is the Buffalo Bill Museum, containing mementos of his life; there is the old Irma Hotel which he built; Pahaska Tepee, on the road to Yellowstone, now operates largely on his memory; there is the statue to him, erected by Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney. Nevertheless, the other day a man paused at a Cody drug store and asked:

"All this town here—I suppose it was a part of Buffalo Bill's ranch at one time?"

"No," said the druggist; "he had a ranch near here, however."

"About how far?" asked the tourist.

"Forty miles out, on the South Fork road."

"Forty miles?" The tourist looked at his watch. "Don't think I could make that and back by dinnertime. Still, I've always heard of Buffalo Bill. You don't know whether he happens to be in town today?"

A Fire Fighter in One of Our National Forests Watching Passing Clouds for a Possibility of Lightning

TREAT YOU CLEVER

(Continued from Page 42)

not knowing this, took Rashe's words at their meaning and eagerly entered upon the meal.

Rashe and Barsha were calm. They knew by the newspapers that foreigners were raised without manners. Their silence, usual with them at meals, acted upon their guest like fire gone out. He bubbled merrily, he went off the boil, and at last he cooled off. He wondered what he had done amiss just when he began to do most right. Rashe and Barsha, given a piece of silence in which to study him, liked his clean crispness and admired his easy clothes and smooth, shining black hair.

The three looked cautiously at one another. They each broke a piece of the hot bread. They all took a gulp of coffee.

Into the kitchen hole came a shadow, cast by the main-room fire. An easy-hearted young man followed it and stood by the door, his black eyes glinting in the light from the table candle. He had a well-made head and curly black hair, all in disorder, and there was something quick and sudden about him, though he stood without moving.

"My son," Rashe said to the guest, without turning his head.

"*My* son," said Barsha, "Wait-still-on-the-Lord ——"

"Lowe," Rashe added firmly.

The guest inclined his head and said: "How do you do?"

"Well as common," said Waits in good part, "and I wish you the same."

He backed out and his voice came to them from the main room: "I've et up at Dena's. Couple o' rabbits I killed is hanging to the well house waiting breakfast."

Parker made sudden question: "Have you other children?"

"A handful somewheres around," Barsha owned, "and miscarried of three besides."

Parker finished his coffee in two gulps.

"Young-uns," Rashe said, "is a blessing and a weariness world without end."

As they got up from the table, Waits Lowe took out from the forward room like his own shadow and stood fornenst the outer wall. There, with eye to chink, he saw his father settle for sleep, saying: "I never worry a meal till 'tis set." He saw the foreigner take out a book of paper and write fast upon the pages thereof. Saving Mist' Carr, Waits had never seen a book writer before, but he suspected them to be a powerful race of people. Waits held his eye steady to the crack, while his mind played between his ears. Before supper he had pressed against the outer door and lost not a word of the outlander's talk, and he now treddaned upon a plan to enjoy this foreigner.

"Mist' Carr," Waits said to himself, "has been aib to we-uns nigh upon three years. Owing to him we have a book writer for company. Pretty soon we'll be all swarved up with outlanders."

In three minutes Waits had set his mind, and in that time Rashe was broad awake and stirring. Waits gave a sharp whistle and his father stepped without-doors in answer. Waits drew him to the well house where the limp rabbit corpses hung.

The two men disagreed as soon as they began to talk, and the wind blew their words away.

Waits argued: "Leave a book writer get loose and he's liable to raise hell-fire. No telling what garble he'll print."

"Still 'n' all, he's my trusting guest," Rashe warned, "and his safety rests with me."

"I've no call to do him hurt," Waits said, "but before your meal I heard him speak, and from his own words he wants to know about blockade and killings. I'd be surprised but he'd admire to be mixed in a fray and see a revenue raid with his proper eyes. Do you get him a loaned gun and meet the hunt by the dead sycamore yon side Devil's Butt." He looked up to the harried clouds. "'Tis an ill night for a hunt, and the boys will be fast abed, but a coon hunt we'll have, and the dogs 'll bay rabbit blood happen ne'er a coon hankers to come catch his death." Waits unslung one of the rabbits, and he looked deeply at his father. "You'd not grudge for us to enjoy the foreigner gin he comes to no hurt," he pleaded.

Rashe yet held back, but a twinkling was born in his deep-set gray eyes, and ere it could be quenched Waits had lit along the upward path as if his feet had known wings. The old man shook his head, but the meaning of the play was sinking into him as he stepped back into the house. And when he saw Emmet Parker still busy with his pencil, the sight of being written down made his mind set. Happen this man took news outland, no telling what!

Barsha sat by the lamp at her mending; now and again she looked sidely at the stranger, willing, yet fearful to have him laugh again.

"Likely night for a hunt," Rashe said, while he redd up a shotgun for his guest, "and being that way up, I may as well look to my business." He crouched over the fire to mend it, and while he knelt there, he muttered: "The old still's a-grummeling 'n' a-gawking; time I was up there seeing after it."

Parker looked up quickly and Barsha's needle stopped halfway astride a stocking hole. For a moment the old woman was mazed, and then she went on sewing. 'Twas nought but Rashe at his play-acting ways. Barsha might wonder, but she was content to let all rest. It was a night of foolishment. The foreigner laughed out loud and Rashe laughed back of his eyes, and now they went out to hunt coon on a night no coon could run, with such a gale blowing. Men's ways! Men's ways!

"'Tis the Sabbath," she told Rashe. "And you talk o' coon hunting. Take shame."

"Come midnight 'twill be over, and that before we're well afoot. Reckon the Lord'll notice efn we lap over a half hour?"

"Do as you've a mind," Barsha answered, "but when you find yourself in hell, don't look to me to come down from heaven 'n' fetch you out. Reckon I'll pick a quilt and stretch." And she wrapped a covering about her and went and lay down upon the bed in the corner in front of Mr. Parker's naked eyes. He came near writing it in his book, but Rashe called on him to hasten, for he wanted time left over from the hunt to go tend his still.

They climbed through the rough night to the saddle of the divide above Devil's Butt, without speech, for all breath was needed for the going. Soon they came upon the hunting men that Waits had gathered, ten or more, milling around and beating their arms for warmth and trying to quiet the pack of hounds that fretted among their feet

Rashe and his guest drew in and Rashe made the tale of the huntle· "There's Waits again, and there's Morris Ott, Fayre Jones, Dite Morgan, Burl and Chadburn Avery, and the rest just some boys outen Glen Hazard"

The men growled a greeting and peered with sharp eyes at the man from city places, and all moved forward together. The moon showed for an instant and was put out like a candle by a lone black cloud.

"Efn the wind'll cease," said one of the men, "we'll maybe do somewhat of hunting"

But the wind roared down Defeat from Desolation, and the sound of many thousand trees struggling beat upon their ears The men slanted against the wind til they drew in lee of a banks de and curved together to rest and draw breath The stranger was gasping and strangling, till Waits showed him how to cup his hands about his nose and mouth and take deep breaths of the still air. Ahead, they heard the dogs baying in the darkness.

"This ain't nothing to what blew five year since come grass!" Fayre shouted as they set forward again. "I recollect walking on a ridge top and being turned end for end down Desolation and being carried four mile across Hog Hollow, straight as a bird would fly, and being drap in the mud patch under Barren She Mountain—yes, sir!"

Waits Lowe struck in: "Reckon we all recall that time. We laid you in the old burying ground. We was mighty sorry to lose you, Fayre Jones, and been lamenting you sore since that day."

They would have fallen to ructions, but that Waits got lost in the shadows, and the dogs, casting in the brush around, had set to a gant persimmon tree and were crying up it loudly.

"How'd they scent the critter in this blow?" Fayre Jones wondered; and a smile drifted over the faces of the mountain men, while the stranger began to feel his gun. The men unwrapped torches and lighted them with some trouble, and they gathered close around the guest.

"Hi-yar!" Morris Ott cried out, waving his torch above his head. "See him up high! 'Tain't ne'er a coon, neither. That's a b'ar!" He pointed to the large black mass huddled among the middle branches of the tree just above the glare.

"Your shot," Rashe told Parker, while the men gathered close. "Company always has first chance among us."

They formed a close circle, back to wind, shielding the torches.

"There y'are, now!" Rashe urged the stranger. "Stand back, boys; this man's hunting and needs a free arm."

Taking careful aim at the black shadow among the bare branches, Emmet Parker fired both barrels and staggered back into the arms of Morris Ott, who stood handily waiting to catch him.

"That'll make dust o' him," said a voice from back of the crowd when the sound of the gunshot faded against the hillside.

There was a slithering crash and a man's body tumbled from the tree onto a great heap of leaves. Its face was smeared with blood, its arms and legs were doubled and twisted hideously as it twitched; then it lay still.

The stranger's face went gray even in the red glare of torchlight, and the men held back the dogs.

There was a full minute of silence. Then Fayre Jones stepped forward and stirred the thing with his foot.

"Have mercy on us! It's Waits!" he said.

The men drew about. "So 'tis," they agreed.

Rashe bent over the body "'T is my boy for a fact." Then he said slowly: "Still 'n' all, Mist' Parker's my guest."

All waited for Rashe's next word, hindering the dogs who fretted about in the torchlight circle.

"Sometimes," he said, "a man shoots into a tree and brings down coon, sometimes bear, another time possum; this time, it so happened, a fellow man"

Mazed and shaking, the outlander stared at Rashe Lowe, his mouth opened and shut, but he failed of words A hand took his shoulder and he was pulled back from the circle of light And while he was yet held silent in a fearful horror, he was dragged into the underbrush by Morris Ott, pulled down a rocky bank into a dry branch and, soon as he came uppermost again, ordered to creekle along easy-like.

The night was full of fury and chasing shadows, and the sound of forlorn branches scratching together was eerie From far distances the wind sounded like a blast of powder set off a short roar that leaped echoing among the rocks The white moon fell like a tossed coin from cloud to cloud.

This night going in the mountain country so bewildered Parker that he did what Ott said do without answering back nor questioning why.

They went over a dry falls, Ott sliding lightly and saying: "Hesh, can't yuh?" when Parker started a rock shower and came tearing through the brier vines on top of him. The outlander was yet without words, but Ott spoke freely: "Hit don't do," he said, taking his words up carefully, "to trust a man like Rashe Lowe when he speaks you fair. Likely it's common in your country, but here-among it's a sorry business to kill ary man's son. His fair words may lay your terror so's he can get you sooner, but he's bound to believe that 'tweren't no accident."

"Heaven knows, it could have been nothing else," Parker mourned, feeling at his scratched face and wrists.

"What heaven knows don't signify," Ott said. "Hit's what Rashe Lowe thinks he knows. And it's bound to be his belief that Sanders Hughett's widow hired you to kill Waits. They's been trouble betwixt the Lowes and the Hughetts since time everlasting—all the way from a jower to a fray. Last time was when I was no higher than your gun stands, and I tracked my dad up to Hughett's Branch in the trail of Rashe Lowe. Man-sir, that was a fray! They feathered into him, I'm telling you! 'Go in peace,' says Hughett's woman when she seen her man laying dead. 'Go in peace, till your boy that sleeps in his cradle box tonight is a man grown.' So I tell you," Ott ended, "that expecting all this time a Hughett would catch Waits, it's not supposable that old Rashe is going to set his mind to a happen-so."

The outlander stopped and rested uncertain, and then drew himself to the full of his inches. "But I don't know the woman. I've never been in this place until tonight. . . . Where are you taking me?"

"To a hide hole."

"No doubt you mean to do a friendly thing for me, but I've got to get back to town and give myself up."

"Who to, this hour o' night? Besides which, you're a murderer in your own right. Hit don't stand with reason to give yourself up; best have patience till you're took."

"But see here, can't you? I'm in the very devil of a mess, and it's my fault—or ill luck. I can't let this feud go on—letting it be thought that someone hired me. There's justice to be had ——"

"The which there ain't," said Ott.

"—— and I'll give myself up and take my chance. I can't let some poor woman suffer for this terrible accident." He spoke with the quality of one gently raised, and Ott could tell he was serious. Parker sat down upon the bankside with his head in his hands; the mountain man stood over and watched him with a drawn smile. Morris Ott was fere with him—but the man was a book writer; let him learn his story good.

"No manner of use acting in these parts like you were outside," he reasoned. "Best rest here a spell, and then I'll put you on the railroad at Robbin's Gap and you can go home and write in your book about feuds."

"Confound my book!" yelled Parker, jumping up. "Tell me the way out of this forest!" He turned about and about and met only the silence of black trees before rain. It wrought on his nerves. "Let's get back and be doing something! I was a fool to let you drag me away. I didn't know what I was doing. Take me back!"

He weaved right and left and found himself close hemmed by the brush. He tried to cast back up the way he had come and found no outlet through the laurel scrub, for down in the dark corners a man is a bear in a fell trap unless he knows the yield of the branches and the slope of the rock. His companion's solemn eyes watching his twistings to and fro gave Parker a new fear. All his little knowledge of these people roused within him, and he saw, too late, that he had laid himself at the mercy of this man.

But Ott's peaceable speech threw back this fear upon itself.

Continued on Page 130

The White Fireman

is working for your architect

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* * *

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They're *waterproof*, too! Sudden summer showers can't catch you unprepared!

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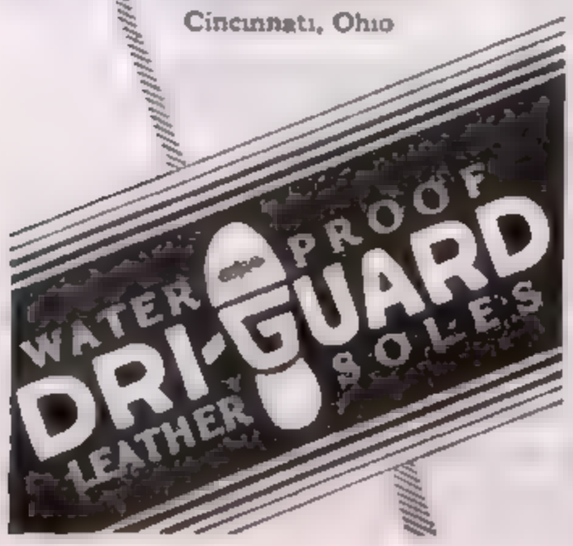

(Continued from Page 128)

"Times the best something to be doing is just nothing," he counseled. "I'd despise to be as doing as your kind of folks. Hit's pointing scorn at the Lord. The Lord says he'll take care of his children. Well, let Him."

Parker was in no fit mind to cap this scripture, for he was wearied out and the bruise on his shoulder from the gun's mighty kick now took time to hurt. He looked up and down the gully and to the rim of hill crest on either side, and his nerves began to creep up and down his backbone.

And directly Ott said: "We'd best move."

For voices came to them, shouting from the upper ridge. Parker's slick shoes skidded on dead leaves and hurt him on hidden rocks. He was spent and wearied when they gained the farther hill crest and came behind a cabin shelter of hewn logs. Through the middle porch they could see a new-lit fire upon a small clearing. The snap of the fire and the smell of leaf smoke came to them, mixed with voices.

"Shucks 'n' all!" Ott said, after he had sneaked close under the clapboard roof for a view. "Efn this ain't the unwholesomest night! We've crope up on the revenue and they stalking Rashe Lowe's still. You 'n' me'd best buck down the hollow; we'll take a shape at going out the same way we come in at, but gin we meet up with Rashe 'n' the sheriff you'll never get out alive to write in your book."

Suddenly the mountain man backed, crowded the outlander against a tree bole and held himself rigid. There was a trampling in front of the cabin and hoarse shouts of men below the draw, the same having come up from gully's far end.

"Lay low," Ott said, "and quit breathing. Creekle back easy-like and leave the brush overspread you." He buried himself forthwith, and Parker tried his mightiest to do so, but found himself the wrong shape for such a trick. His knees and elbows stuck out too much and he made a woeful noise crawling away. A shout from one of the revenue men discovered him and he was taken by two of them, who bore him rough-handed downside the next valley. A voice followed and called to them to have a care:

"Bring him in ansund, boys!"

But the next talk that came was among the revenuers about to trail themselves to Rashe Lowe's still. The men who had laid hands on the outlander dragged him betwixt them till he was foredone, and when they stopped he was gone stupid and stood harmless, waiting what might next happen.

"Rashe'll be down at the workings," a man said, "and we'd best take this man along. The look of him don't pleasure me."

Morris Ott drew close up to Parker and he said: "Slip 'em and you can—gin Rashe catches you hunting alongside the revenue, after what you done a'ready, he's liable to fall pointedly out o' patience."

All in a mix, the mountain men fled to the dark corners, some chasing, some holding back around Parker, and all making a survigorous halloo, so he had no hope of winning free.

In a pocket place betwixt steep sides from which there was no climbing forth, they met with Rashe and his following, and all came together in a roaring fray. They hurtled among the scrub and the noise of shots and curses was fitten to send a man outgate his senses. Parker was thrust back through a laurel bush for safekeeping, and fell into a cleared patch where stood the still.

It was the first he had ever seen with his proper eyes, and he knew it only by the worm, for the rest was an old kerosene can and a common washtub. The thing was foolishly small for such a bloody business as was going on; Parker could have picked it up and run off with it single-handed. So much he saw in the clink of an eye, when Rashe Lowe crashed into the clear patch and stood to hold his properties against a revenuer. Sturdily they twisted and fought and at last fell in a heap; the men and the oil can and the washtub all embrangled. And Morris Ott was there again and dragging at Parker to scouse out and traffick after him. And, greatly aching in all his bones, Parker went.

The wind died to gentleness, for the night was spent, and the mountains slept in peace till day should waken them. The men dragged the foreigner up and down the hard slopes till he was a fair spectacle of himself, and themselves too wearied out to talk. And they left him at Tom Carr's house.

With his tender, town-fetched clothes dripping from him, Emmet Parker was dropped on the doorstep just as morn glom gave way to day. He was too forespent to wonder that he had been left by the way. He had forgotten his where-ats and was past caring. And Rashe Lowe, who watched the book writer from behind a handy tree bole, saw that he was only a common man, all used out and leaning against the door frame.

There was a noise of stirring in the house and Carr, all sleep-tumbled, with his hair a-fright, pulled open the door. As Parker fell within, Rashe threw his rifle to his shoulder and fired. The bullet flattened on the stone step.

"Never missed a fat mark at twenty paces yet," he said. "And now, likely, there'll be the devil to pay and no pitch hot. We'll be hearing from Tom Carr over this night's work."

And Rashe turned homeward for breakfast, measuring firm steps down the slant path, unhasting.

Night went away with its trailing robe of mist torn off in shreds by the rock crags, and soon the fields gave back a dull glow, showing that sun was about to happen. Rashe looked down to where the valley, pale yellow with dead corn, backed up the spurs, and mildly he said:

"Blackbirds circling over cut fields since corn's been laid by."

Back kitchen of his house Barsha had food in waiting, and looked a question at him that she did not speak. When he had eaten, he took his sickle from its hook on the back porch and went afield, lamenting that a work day should follow sharply on a full night.

Barsha's question got the best of her at the last, and she cried after him to know: "What's gone with Waitstill?"

"Time sets all things right," Rashe called back. "Go you indoors and keep house."

Directly came Tom Carr and the scraily outlander swarming down on Lowes' house, and Carr shouting to know what all the business of the night might be, and who shot at Emmet Parker at his very door.

Barsha came front, tempered up from her last word with Rashe, and stood looking dourly upon them.

"Does a man good to be shot at once in a while," she said.

Tom Carr ordered her to fetch Rashe and edzact out the meaning of such using of their guest. "Tell me the rights about Waits being shot and a still being torn up."

These words were matches to Barsha's powder, and she set herself to mistake him, and hid what started as a smile behind a scowling face. Besides, she was yet uneasy about the truth of Waits being hurt in last night's doings.

"You got no call to come frecking me," she said. "Every hand's while there comes a needle nose from outland craving to turn our affairs upsides. Gin he gets what he searches, what blame?" And she made to go withindoors unkindly, but when she turned, the devil showed her Rashe's rifle where he'd leaned it by the door, and she thought to have her play with the foreigners. She swung up the gun and pointed it at the two, who stumbled back from it.

"You'd best morris your town-fetched gentleman down to depot, gin he aims to lay hold of next train," she said. "One more holy minute 'n' I'll ruinate the both of you the way you've embrangled my menfolks."

Her eye fell upon Waits, now standing soundless in the scrub behind the outlanders. He winked slowly and melted back among the leaves.

Barsha made lament. "Gin you've done away with my last left boy, Mist' Parker," she cried harshly, "I'll so spoil you that ——"

Rashe's voice cut down to them from the high field where he had been watching. "Lay by the gun, old woman; this judgment's mine!" And he came down to them.

Rashe looked long and solemnly at the foreigners.

"Sooner gone, sooner peace," he said to Parker. "Me, I'm not hardened to so much feud 'n' moonshine, 'n' I got aches in my legs."

"To hell with your legs!" Parker shouted. "Where's this Hughett woman and the sheriff and ——"

"You'll pointedly miss your train out," Rashe warned him, "gin you aim to go visiting. Furthermore, Sanders Hughett don't own no widow—never was married, wasn't Sanders. Put that gun down like I told you, old woman. Hit's liable to go off 'n' get some person hurt."

Parker gaped at Rashe, and then, to the glory of the outland places, he laughed and held out his hand to his host. And Rashe let out an answering laugh—a great roar long saved up and fit to enjoy itself—and he took Parker's hand heartily.

"Well, sleep me standing up!" he said. "I knowed in reason you'd wear well. Come in house; try us again, Mist' Parker, and we'll treat you clever as we can."

Barsha's voice came grumbling from back kitchen: "I've already put breakfast work back o' me one time, but gin you crave a smidgen, come on in; and you as well, Mist' Carr, so be you don't care to eat along of the dead."

For when they came withindoors, there sat Waits eating heartily of new baked bread and fried rabbit. He stood up and said: "Morning to you, Mist' Carr. Morning, Mist' Parker. Seems you missed that hasty home train. Yonder's the whistle now."

They waited till the long-drawn echo had trailed out northerly, and then Parker said: "And more than that, I missed a good shot last night."

"Thank you, Mist' Parker. I ain't damaged to amount to much; blank shot's wholesome to a man's skin." And then Barsha went out to the back porch and closed the door firmly after her, for that everlasting foreigner was laughing again.

Suez boatman bucks up British pipe-smoker!

Stranded in Port Said . . . divil a bit of Edgeworth . . . ardent pipe-smoker is thrown a welcome "line" . . .

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March 10, 1928

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Richmond, Va.

Dear Sirs:

Traveling out to India on one occasion I found myself at Liverpool, within two hours of sailing time, with a very small quantity of my tobacco. The few tobacco shops in Birkenhead stocking Edgeworth could supply me with a very limited amount, and the ship's bar kept none. My stock lasted me until we reached Port Said, our first port of call. At Port Said, divil a bit of Edgeworth could I find.

That evening, slipping along the Suez Canal, I was approached on deck by one of the canal pilot's boatmen—hairy and vociferous gentlemen who eke out their wages as boatmen by selling glutinous Turkish Delight, synthetic amber beads, and Egyptian cigarettes to unwary passengers. None of his wares appealed to me, but we chatted amicably enough. Idly, I asked him if he had any tobacco. He said he had, tucked away in his boat somewhere. He spoke as if the 'baccy were not fit for human consumption, and I lost interest in the matter.

A few hours later I received the shock of my life. My friend the boatman approached me with the largest glass jar of tobacco I had ever seen in my life and — God bless my soul, it was Edgeworth!

He had got it off an American ship in exchange for a mouldy box of dates, or something equally piffling. He would have been bucked with a shilling for the jar—"humidor," I think you call it—and when I gave him five he very nearly fell into the canal in his excitement.

I enclose my card,
Yours faithfully,
An Englishman
(Mr. G. C. Read)

Here's what I think at 2 a. m.

Here's what I think at 2 A. M. when I'm alone in the silent house. *My* house with *my* family sleeping safe in their beds upstairs.

"Listen, fella," I say to me. "You've got a man-sized job ahead. You've got to make more money."

"Those kids upstairs! You've got to make them proud of their father. That's me. Me! Ten years from now will they be proud of me before their friends? Or will I look like Tony Star? Beaten and tired! Lord, I don't want to look like him."

"And Helen. Her hands? Ten years from now how will her hands look? Will she try to hide them when friends come in and be bravely cheerful because I've never made enough to let her have a cook?"

"What am I doing to step my income up?"

"Maybe I smoke too much—so much that my brain will lose its snap and money-making clearness."

"Maybe I'm careless in my looks. Are my clothes pressed? Do I make myself look like a man who ought to make real money?"

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Please write us to send you the free, helpful booklet entitled "How to Make Clothes Look Better—Last Longer."

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THE CASE OF CUBA

(Continued from Page 27)

Of course, sugar has been raised in Cuba for more than a century. A hundred years ago cane was ground in crude mills by ox power, and many men still living can remember when such mills were operated. That was in the western end of the island. The long war with Spain for independence nearly ruined the industry. In 1897 total production was only 212,000 tons. Next year we intervened, ending the war. Cuba was free, but ravaged and bankrupt. There is not much point in setting people free unless they can make a living. So we gave Cuba a reciprocity treaty, with 20 per cent preference in tariffs. That and our investments revived sugar production. By 1914 the outturn had risen to 2,500,000 tons. Eleven years later it had doubled. To see how this development occurred, and the American part in it, let us take a typical instance in Camaguey Province.

This nearly level land was all virgin forest—splendid ceiba, mahogany, cedar, royal palm and other subtropical trees, as the survivors show. The red soil is wonderfully fertile, ten to thirty feet deep. An American-owned central bought 50,000 acres of it and leased the land to Cubans in tracts all the way from 100 to 1000 acres. It then advanced the lessees sufficient money to clear the land and plant the first crop. While they were doing that, the central erected a sugar mill, filled with modern machinery and costing, perhaps, $2,000,000. It also laid standard-gauge railroad, graded and ballasted for heavy trains, radiating out from the mill to every part of the tract, so that each planter would have only a short haul from his field to the railroad. I doubt that the average haul is as much as two miles. Along the tracks, at intervals, it put in loading stations equipped with power cranes. It bought locomotives and freight cars. One American central that I visited has 250 miles of track, fifty locomotives, 500 freight cars of twenty and thirty tons each, 150 loading stations, and 550 colonias, as the sugar plantations are called, whether owned or leased. One-third of these particular plantations, in fact, are owned by the planters who occupy them. A planter who wishes to do so and has the capital may buy his land instead of leasing it from the mill. In either case his cane is handled in exactly the same way. So, in addition to about 50,000 acres of land which it owns and leases, this mill grinds cane from about 30,000 acres of planter-owned land. This central, with others in the neighborhood under the same ownership, constructed a modern dock at the most convenient point on the seacoast, with a railroad from it to each mill.

Hand-Carved Sugar Cane

Meanwhile the planters were felling the trees, hauling them into piles and setting them afire—a great pity, but there was nothing else, commercially speaking, to do with them. The trees having been felled and burned, laborers marched over the clearing in pairs. One with a pick struck a hole in the ground; the other took a joint of sugar cane out of a bag, stuck it in the hole and heeled it in. That was all. The ground was not plowed or cultivated before planting. In eighteen months the cane was ready for harvest, and that first crop on virgin forest land was the heaviest of all—in some cases even running up to sixty tons of cane to the acre. In a good many cases the first crop enabled the planter to pay off his whole indebtedness to the central and start with a clean sheet.

Then every twelve months for a dozen years or so the cane was ready to cut again, without replanting, the old roots sending up new stalks every summer. I was shown a field eighteen years old that was yielding about twenty tons of cane to the acre. But that is exceptional. Generally, after ten or twelve years, the yield of cane falls off, so that it does not pay for cutting. Then, after lying fallow a year or two, the ground is plowed, some fertilizer is applied, and new cane is planted, a man with a hoe digging a hole and his companion sticking a joint of cane into it. This second planting, with the plowing and fertilizing, cost more than the first. Also, every year the ground must be cultivated sufficiently to keep down the weeds. This is done partly with an ox-drawn plow, working around the stumps, and partly by hand with a hoe.

Planting and cutting of the cane is all done by hand. Beginning with January, laborers armed with sharp machetes attack the rank cane, cutting it off near the roots, cutting off the feathery tops, trimming off the leaves, tossing the stripped stalks into heaps, from which they are loaded into ponderous two-wheeled carts, the wheels eight feet high, drawn by six oxen. Broad cart roads run through the field, but unfortunately not at right angles. Four of us in a flivver, owned and driven by a man who has lived in Camaguey Province for twenty years, were lost for a whole hour in a cane field.

We attempted to take a short cut through the cane, and wandered endlessly up and down cart roads, the cane so high we could see no outside landmark even by standing on the running board. Finally we picked up our own wheel tracks and with great astuteness followed them out of the field. The speedometer had run up twenty-five kilometers.

Dividing the Product

But the ox-cart driver knows the way out to the nearest loading station on a spur of the railroad. At that loading station the Middle Ages meet 1929. On one side of it—the field side—all is done by hand with the simplest of tools, a knife and a hoe, or by oxen hitched to a cart that Father Abraham would have felt at home with. The cart carries four to five tons of cane. At the loading station a power crane takes up the whole load in one handful and drops it into a modern twenty-five or thirty ton freight car. An oil-burning locomotive picks up a string of such cars and hauls them to the mill. There each car in turn is upended by powerful machinery and its contents spilled into endless automatic carriers that take it up into the mill and drop it, in an interminable stream, upon the massive rolls that crush the sugar out of it, with a pressure of many tons on the last set.

The refuse of ground cane, with all the juice out of it, falls into conveyors that carry it into the boiler room and dump it into the furnaces. Thus the mill not only stokes itself but makes its own fuel as it goes along. Generally speaking, all the other fuel it needs is some crude oil to start it up with. Likewise all the water for a big mill comes out of one ordinary sixty-foot well. It is sent upstairs to the condensers and the same water used over and over. They have nothing to waste. And the juice goes its own automatic way through the processes of boiling and granulating until—at the opposite end of the big mill from that where the cane entered—it weighs itself and runs into jute bags, each holding 325 pounds, ready for shipment. The bags are imported from India and cost, laid down, thirty-two cents each. The whole labor cost of a bag's contents, from the time the raw cane was dumped out of its freight car until the finished sugar ran into the bag, is fifteen cents.

Not long ago, as history runs, sugar was a luxury for the rich. Our forbears and the pioneers sweetened with homegrown sorghum. I can remember, in the Middle West, when white sugar was never used except on the table or for an especially fine cake. Now practically everybody uses it for everything. Our yearly consumption has risen to 115 pounds per capita. When sugar was a rich man's luxury oxen could grind the cane. To make sugar cheap enough for everybody, this great outlay of ingenuity and capital is necessary.

Once started, the sugar mill runs night and day, Saturdays and holidays, with never a pause until the entire crop is ground. If it paused, the whole sticky mess from end to end would have to be cleaned up. The superintendent, at a huge steel vat, was showing us how grains begin to form in the juice. A number of electric-light bulbs stuck out of a yard-square board near by. One of the bulbs flashed and the superintendent explained the signal by saying, "We have just a minute's leeway now. If anything stops and we can't start it, in sixty seconds the juice will be all over the floor." Perhaps somebody's official head would be on the floor too.

Of course there have been constant improvements and no doubt many more are coming, but an up-to-date sugar mill will strike a layman as one of the last words in automatic, labor-saving, cost-reducing mechanical processes. The contrast with the hand-and-ox economy on the other side of the loading station is startling. And the mill ships the bagged sugar over its own railroad to its own dock for transport to New York or Philadelphia.

Now, 100 pounds of cane will yield, on an average, eleven pounds of sugar. If a planter owns the land that he is cultivating, the mill credits him with five and a half pounds of sugar for every 100 pounds of cane he delivers at a loading station. That is half the product. If the mill, or central, owns the land and the planter leases it, then the mill credits him with five pounds of sugar for every 100 pounds of cane. That odd half pound is his rent. Many planters do own the land they cultivate, but the cane is all handled in the same way. The only difference is that the owner gets half a pound more of sugar for the 100 pounds of cane. The above arrangement is standard. One of the most efficient mills on the island showed only 9.6 pounds of sugar to 100 pounds of cane when I visited it in January; mostly because it was grinding considerable two and three year old cane that had been left standing when the government's sugar control restricted cutting. But whatever the mill gets—and eleven pounds is admittedly a fair average—the planter gets his five or five and a half pounds just the same. I do not hear of any complaint among planters over this arrangement. In view of what the mill contributes and what the planter contributes, it is regarded as a very fair division.

Lord of the Manor

The sugar mills coöperate in supporting a well-equipped scientific laboratory and experiment station that is working steadily to improve the quality of cane. They are also experimenting with cane-cutting machines. On my first visit to Cuba nearly twenty years ago they told me that a cane-cutting machine was about to be perfected. They told me the same thing this year. But now they really have a machine working experimentally in cane. It is a big, expensive-looking contrivance. I remarked to a planter that enough of such machines to cut the island's crop would require quite a large investment. "But the mills will buy the machines," he said. In short, the industry looks to the mills not only for capital but for leadership and improvements.

Sugar culture in the West Indies is old, and some of its conditions are inherited. The central is a sort of feudal lord of the manor; only incorporated in New Jersey, financed in Wall Street and using automatic machinery. It not only provides mill, railroad, and so on, but is the planter's banker, to whom he naturally turns for monetary aid. For three years now the sugar industry has suffered from very low prices. Last year the Cuba Cane Sugar Corporation, largest of American-owned sugar enterprises in the island, wrote off

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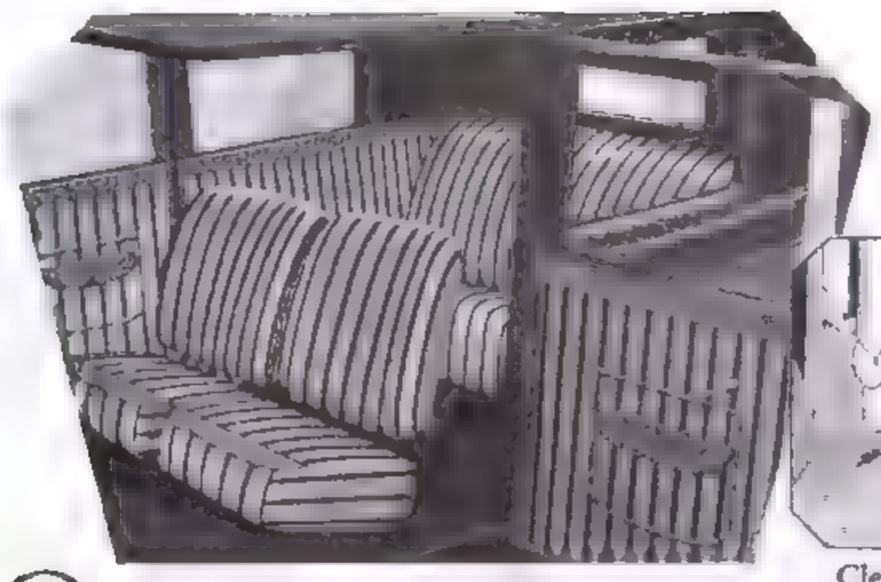

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$5,341,221 from surplus as a reserve against doubtful planters' accounts. That was $1,000,000 more than the operating profit for the year.

The operating profit arose from selling in our North Atlantic ports, at an average price for the year of 2.47 cents a pound, more than 1,000,000,000 pounds of sugar that cost 2.149 cents a pound to make and lay down at an American dock. But when I was in Cuba, in January, 1929, Cuban sugar was selling in New York at two cents a pound or, on some days, the faintest fraction over. Everybody says Cuba cannot possibly sell sugar at that price and live. It is less than the biggest company's cost of production last year. The industry, and a good part of the island with it, is acutely distressed.

We have seen that the planter gets his remuneration in sugar, so he is rich or poor as sugar is high or low. But by old custom wages in the industry are adjusted to the price of sugar. To start at the bottom, with the cane cutters: In short January days they begin before daylight and put in at least twelve hours of hard work. A good workman will cut 200 arrobas of cane in such a day, for which, in January, he was paid $1.20. Take a twelve-foot cornstalk in one hand and a big sharp corn knife in the other. Cut off the stalk at the roots; cut off the top and the leaves; toss the trimmed stalk to a pile ten or fifteen feet away; keep on doing that until you have piled up 5000 pounds, or two and a half tons, of stalks. Except that sugar cane is decidedly heavier than cornstalks, that is what cutting 200 arrobas of cane in a day comes to.

During the sugar boom the same men got five dollars a day for doing the same work. Their daily earnings have dropped nearly 75 per cent. But however poor one is, somebody is always poorer. So cane is not cut by Cubans but by seasonal laborers, mostly Haitian negroes, who come to Cuba for the sugar harvest, work for whatever pay they can get and go home after the cutting season. In addition to the money wage, they get the use of a rude shack, thatched with palm leaves—the simplest sort having a frame of poles tied together with tough vines, and a dirt floor—a garden patch for vegetables and some plantains, whose fruit, like an oversized banana, they fry. That is the staple of their simple diet.

The Trucker's Little Sweetheart

The man who hauls the cane to the loading station is a Cuban, and some notches higher in the economic scale. A lean and swarthy one, in sombrero and huge mustache, told me pridefully that he owned the six oxen and ponderous cart—an investment, probably, of $750 or $800. So, for hauling fifteen tons of cane a day, he got $4.80. If he had not owned the oxen and cart he would have got $2.40. Like the cane cutter, his pay has fallen with the price of sugar. The keep of an ox costs nothing in the sugar country, however. In the cutting season, January to June, the animals feed on the green tops of the cane. The rest of the year they subsist on rough pasture, and know nothing of barns. Mostly imported Haitian negroes do the cutting, while Cubans do the hauling and cultivating; sometimes owning the oxen, sometimes not. In either case they have the reputation of treating the cattle quite well, and some degree of affection is suggested by the surprisingly fanciful names which they bestow upon the patient, lumbering beasts; Sweetheart, Grain of Gold, and Walk-on-Flowers being among the favorites.

Such is the patriarchal economy of the cane field. Three years ago, at the request of mills and planters alike, the government decreed a restriction of cane cutting, in hopes of forcing up the prices of sugar. But beet-sugar production in Europe has risen to 8,000,000 tons a year, and in the United States to nearly 1,000,000. Hawaii, Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands have increased production of cane sugar. Java cane production has risen, the outturn this year being estimated at nearly 3,000,000 tons. There was too much other sugar. In spite of Cuba's restriction of output, the price fell, instead of rising. So, at the beginning of this year, President Machado rescinded the restriction: also at the request of mills and planters. Meanwhile, for three years, not only were prices and wages low but restriction on output reduced employment in the cane fields. There is much distress in the sugar country. The low price with which 1929 started looks like acuter distress.

But American investments in sugar cannot fairly be blamed for that. Those investments provide mills, railroads and all the modern, efficient equipment by which sugar is extracted from the cane and bagged, ready for shipment to market. They divide the product evenly with the planter, who is almost always a Cuban. A list of 545 big planters, each producing 500,000 arrobas or more of cane yearly, contains only seven American names; at least one of which is Canadian. Among smaller planters the American proportion would be still less. Also, as noted above, the central is the planters' banker, providing much of the working capital for the industry, and in that connection assuming a good many risks. Undoubtedly many planters are now heavily in debt to American mills and American banks, but that isn't the fault of the Americans, for they do not make the price of sugar.

What Two-Cent Sugar Means

It seems to me that only a jaundiced eye will find oppression or exploitation in the invidious sense in this arrangement. As far as relations between the two dominant factors go, it is a fair coöperation between Americans and Cubans.

At the present price of sugar, labor in the cane fields and common labor in the mills—about $1.70 a day for the latter—get an excessively meager wage; but generally speaking, Cuba is not a low-wage country when compared with other West Indian and Latin American regions. The large yearly influx of seasonal laborers in the cane fields shows that. "With sugar at two cents," they say, "there isn't any more to pay out." By and large, to move 100 pounds of bagged sugar from a Cuban dock to a dock on our North Atlantic coast costs thirty cents for freight, insurance, and so on. So two cents a pound in New York means $1.70 a hundred in Cuba. That gives the planter eight and a half cents for 100 pounds of cane delivered at the loading station, if he is a lessee, or 10 per cent more if he owns the land. It gives the mill, they all say, no margin at all. Willett & Gray estimate the world's sugar production this year at 1,290,000 tons above last year, and last year's outturn was 1,512,000 tons above the year before. Sugar restriction in Cuba left some standing cane from previous years that is deteriorating. Now they are cutting everything.

So it can be readily understood why Cuba is much worried over her economic relations with the United States. Before the war for independence against Spain, 1,000,000 tons was the top crop of sugar. Then we came in, with peace, order, capital, enterprise and a reciprocity treaty that gave Cuba a 20 per cent preference in sugar duty. With those stimulations the sugar industry has expanded until this year's outturn is estimated by Willett & Gray at 4,900,000 tons. Cubans will remind you that during the World War our Government used every means to encourage them to increase production of sugar. With the 20 per cent preference, the American duty on Cuban sugar is 1.76 cents a pound. But we admit cane sugar from Hawaii, Porto Rico and the Philippines duty free, this year's crop in those islands being estimated at 2,125,000 tons. Last year we produced 965,000 tons of beet sugar, and 63,000 tons of cane in Louisiana; and in January our beet and cane producers were asking a higher tariff

(Continued on Page 136

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(Continued from Page 134)

on Cuban sugar. This is what sends shivers along Cuba's spine. The island has become almost a one-crop proposition. Sugar is so important that anything and everything else is only a very poor second. We take more than 80 per cent of the crop. With beet sugar production in Europe not only back to normal but growing, there seems to be nowhere except the United States for Cuba's product to go. So our tariff is a vital factor. It is tariff, not investments, Platt amendments or imperialism, that they are losing sleep about.

They say, "With 2½-cent sugar we can live. With three-cent sugar we can prosper, build the schools and roads that we need and grow as we should; but with sugar already distressfully low, a higher tariff in the United States would put us out of business." They admit that their sugar, with present prices and wages, is raised by very cheap labor; but they say that if we make their sugar still cheaper, the only result will be to make the labor still cheaper also; if, indeed, it is employed at all. They make the further point that while we accuse Cuban sugar, paying 1.76 cents a pound duty, of being produced by cheap labor, we admit free of duty Porto Rico and Philippine sugar that is produced by still cheaper labor. They quote what Elihu Root wrote when he was Secretary of State and the reciprocity treaty was pending, as follows:

> The peace of Cuba is necessary to the peace of the United States; the independence of Cuba is necessary to the safety of the United States. The same considerations which led to our war with Spain now require that a commercial agreement be made under which Cuba can live.

Under present conditions Cuba is vitally dependent on our market for her sugar, and our tariff is the key that lets her in or shuts her out. Naturally, when they begin manipulating that key at Washington with a new tariff bill, Cuba sits up nights. It is solely in that respect that Cuba is worried over her economic relations with this country. But "imperialism"—meaning our investments in the island—has nothing to do with that. Or, rather, the more heavily Americans are interested in Cuba, the better chance she stands of favorable tariff consideration. Producing four to five million tons of sugar annually, the republic would be just as dependent on Washington if Americans had not invested a dollar there.

The Sugar Town

Cuban planters do not complain of American-owned mills in Cuba. They do complain that our North Atlantic refiners get too much for whitening the brown product. The refiners' share of the final price is now figured out at 1¼ cents a pound or better, as against less than 1¼ cents to Cuba for growing the cane, extracting the juice and turning it into brown sugar. North Atlantic refiners are now heavily interested in the Cuban end of the industry, but the dependence of the Cuban mill upon the North Atlantic refinery would be just the same whether refiners were interested or not; for consumers demand white sugar, and our tariff throws the whitening to American refineries. The vital thing for Cuban sugar is our tariff. If our investments there have anything to do with that, their influence is favorable to Cuba rather than unfavorable.

American-Cuban cooperation in sugar extends further than the above described relation between mill and planter. A sugar central, with its railroads, mills, docks, and so on, is a costly and efficient piece of machinery, running at top speed night and day for five months of the year. It requires very capable management, for which it pays very handsome salaries. Usually it owns the town where the mill stands, and all the buildings in it. It is a well-kept town with a carefully tended subtropical park and other adornments. The finest crocuses I ever saw—finer than any I had imagined—of great size and iridescent in all the colors of the rainbow, are in the park of Camaguey, an American-owned sugar town.

The manager's house will be the best building in town, facing the public park, or in a fine park of its own. And the manager of a sugar mill is very decidedly the leading citizen of the region. Not only does he live in a tiptop house on a tiptop salary but what he says goes. During five months of the year he carries a heavy responsibility. The other seven months, with the mill idle, except for the annual overhauling of machinery, are by no means so strenuous. Long vacations are the rule. It is not a job to be sneezed at. The manager of the first American-owned mill that I visited was a Cuban. Out of seventy-two centrals in Camaguey and Oriente provinces, half have Cuban managers. In Santa Clara, where also Americans have a considerable stake in sugar, Cuban managers outnumber Americans eight to one. Of course Cubans hold many responsible, well-paid executive positions subordinate to the managership. They get a good share of the best jobs.

Working Hand in Hand

It may be noted here that throughout the American-owned enterprises in Cuba, Cubans and Americans work together in the highest, best-paid positions. The National City Bank of New York, in addition to doing an ordinary banking business throughout the island, is financial agent for some very big undertakings. It helped to put through the most important railroad consolidation yet effected, represents large sugar interests, and so on. Juan F. Rivera, the general manager of its Cuban branches, is usually taken for a Cuban. As it happened, he was born in Porto Rico, and in consequence is an American citizen. But he has lived the greater part of a not-long life in Havana, and his appointment to this very important position was the occasion of a dinner at which the president of the republic and others congratulated an almost-native son on his promotion. All through you find Cubans in the most responsible positions. Which is sufficient proof of their ability as business men.

It should be remembered that while our stake in Cuba now far overshadows that of any other country, we are by no means alone in "imperializing" the island, nor were we the first. In fact, Havana boasts six active chambers of commerce—Cuban, American, Spanish, French, German and Chinese. The latter is no empty flourish, either, for there are some 80,000 Chinese in the island and many retail concerns are in their hands. The first important railroad, from Havana to Santa Clara, was built and is still owned by English capital. We can hardly claim Sir William Van Horne, the man who completed and for many years directed the Canadian Pacific Railway, although he was born in Will County, Illinois. It was he who built the Cuban Railroad, from Santa Clara on to Santiago, with its branches; but he raised most of the capital in the United States. This railroad laid the foundation for the great development of the eastern provinces since the Spanish-American War. A Cuban, Jose M. Tarafa, took the lead in building the line along the north coast; but, again, the capital came mostly from New York. This coast line and the Cuban Railroad are now consolidated in one substantially American-owned concern with nearly 1000 miles of main track.

That, of course, is an important item, but you will get a better idea of how dominant sugar is in the island from the additional statement that American-owned sugar centrals there own and operate nearly 4000 miles of railroad, practically all standard gauge, and almost all for the single purpose of getting cane from the fields to the mills and bagged sugar from mills to docks.

In Consolidated Railroad, as in sugar, Cubans and Americans share in the management, and probably Cubans own substantial amounts of railroad bonds, or even of stock. Indeed, well-to-do Cubans are constantly investing in purely American securities, the New York market offering them a much greater range than their own. There is no telling what such investments amount to, but it is a feature in the exchange situation. Many Cubans are financially interested in businesses that go by American names and are largely owned in the United States. Americans are financially interested in businesses that have Cuban names and part Cuban management. The stock picture of capitalistic imperialism shows one country with a haughty foot on the neck of another country. The real picture shows Americans and Cubans working together in fair coöperation. The street railroads of Havana, for example, are probably owned as much by Cubans as by Americans.

Interest rates in Cuba are pretty much what they are in Florida. In Havana the very best paper goes at 7 per cent; other paper at 8 or 9 per cent. Out in the country the sugar planter who borrows at a bank pays 10 per cent discount. Those rates mean in Cuba just what they mean in Florida—that capital is relatively scarce. And Florida is capitalistically imperialized in just the same way that Cuba is. Her railroads, telegraph and telephone lines, central electric-power stations, steamships—in general, her big enterprises that require a heavy investment of capital—are almost all owned in the North. When Northern capital goes into Florida, the same thing happens to the inhabitants of the state that happens to the inhabitants of Cuba when American capital goes there. New means of producing and distributing goods are constructed, the wealth and income of the region are increased, there is more employment for labor, more trade at the shops, a better market for native produce. So, when any considerable chunk of Northern capital goes into Florida to build a railroad, a mill, a power station or what not, the inhabitants get out the brass band and hold a celebration in a firm belief that they are better off because of the investment. When the same capital goes across the strait into Cuba to do the same thing, some good people are persuaded that a mysterious calamity has happened to the Cubans. In Florida, as in Cuba, local capital is mixing with the Northern capital, and some local capital is always going North for investments.

A Boom Fortunately Short

Since the collapse of the disastrous sugar boom, banking in Cuba has been mainly in the hands of Americans and Canadians; the largest representative of the former being the National City Bank of New York, and of the latter the Royal Bank of Canada, both having spacious head offices in Havana and branches in the principal towns; but there is said to be considerable American capital in the Royal Bank of Canada. Eleven native or Spanish banks failed in the sugar crisis. Even in the United States consumption of sugar was restricted during the World War. In Europe production of beet sugar fell 70 per cent. Almost the world over sugar again became the rare luxury that it used to be. After the war the world was sugar hungry and European beet fields were still largely out of commission. Cuban sugar, that had brought a high price during the war, shot up to twenty-two cents a pound in May, 1920, by which time the whole island was quite sugar-mad. Big planters were millionaires, smaller planters were buying expensive motors and planning villas in Havana, both, all too often, were increasing their sugar holdings. Stid business men were selling out to invest in sugar plantations. Colonias, as the sugar plantations are called, changed hands like stocks in Wall Street. An American planter offered to sell out for $10,000 before the war. In the boom he sold for $375,000, invested the proceeds in American industrials and now lives abroad with the idle rich. A great many like cases are reported. Of course the bubble soon burst, leaving banks heavily overloaded with inflated sugar paper. When the mess was cleared up the American and Canadian banks stood up solvent and in command of the situation. "War," said a planter, "made fairly flush times in sugar, but the real boom lasted only a year. If it had lasted two years Cuba would have been ruined forever." Such is the usual effect of booms.

To an American, Cuba suggests tobacco, but hardly to a Cuban, for the tobacco industry is now relatively of small importance. Americans own quite a part of it, but probably their total investment in Cuban tobacco does not much exceed their investment in hotels, race track, casino and other amusements in Havana.

Good Roads and More Schools

Our investment in mines certainly comes to much more than our investment in tobacco. Bethlehem Steel holds great deposits of iron ore in Cuba. United States Steel and other American concerns also have great ore reserves in the island, which is very rich in that mineral. About 9000 Americans live in the island, some engaged in raising oranges and cattle. Small colonies of Americans and other foreigners are to be found in the interior. One such recently laid out a nine-hole golf course at which I was a guest. In the membership of that small club the United States, Canada, Scotland, Germany and Sweden are represented.

"What rural Cuba needs is roads and schools," said a settler in the interior. Not a great while after leaving the chief cities, you leave improved roads behind, or the improvements are worse than the original state. Out in the country, roads are often ox-cart tracks, with rude wooden bridges over ravines and dirt ridges over the low spots. There is little rain in winter, but too much after rains begin in the late spring. A two-wheel cart, bearing five tons of sugar cane and drawn by six oxen, digs tremendous ruts in the wet clay. When it isn't raining, the sun bakes the rutted clay into bricks. Consequently the roads leave much to be desired. In the rainy season many stretches are impassable in a motor. Yet I myself—by no means a Methuselah, if you will take my word for it—have driven a car over roads just about as bad in Michigan, Indiana and Illinois where now you sail along on smooth concrete and macadam. An ambitious road project reaching all the way from Havana to Santiago is already well under way. The trouble is that roads really adequate to modern motor requirements cost a thundering lot of money, and with two-cent sugar Cuba is wondering where the money is to come from.

President Machado and his cabinet are working for a diversification of agriculture; for Cuba, with millions of acres of wonderfully rich land in which pretty much everything except wheat will grow, does not even feed herself. But diversification of agriculture, as our wheat and cotton states know, is a long and tedious process. Meanwhile Cuba has a problem with which the Platt Amendment and our investments in the island have nothing to do. If we had never intervened in Cuba and never invested there we should still be the only feasible market for a great part of her surplus sugar; as, in fact, we were before the Spanish-American War. That determines Cuba's dependence on us. Through intervention against Spain we have a lively, sympathetic interest in the island. Through huge investments we have a lively, if hard-boiled, financial interest. Cuba's position is stronger and more promising than it would be without those factors. As for bullying the island, more than once I heard the comment that the American Government was quite lax in looking after the interests of its citizens in Cuba as compared with the British Government—but perhaps that is only a reflection of the world-wide, subtropical impression that anybody who touches a Briton will get stung.

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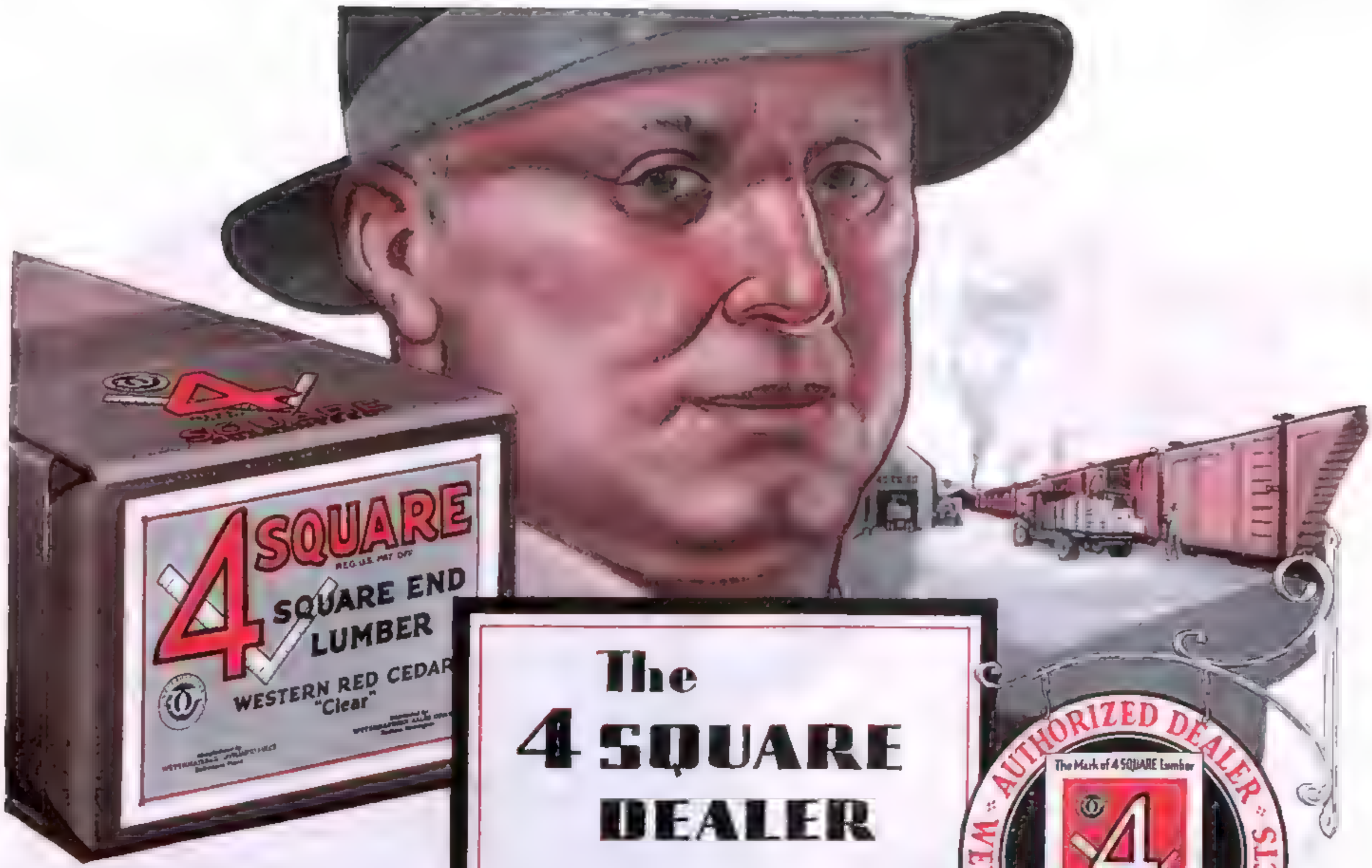

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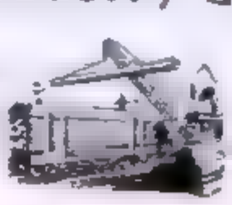

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THE RAILROADS ENTER AVIATION

(Continued from Page 15)

would warrant railroad entry into commercial aeronautics. Not, obviously, until the possibilities of air transportation had been generally accepted by the American public.

Aviation began in this country when, on December 17, 1903, Orville and Wilbur Wright flew a crude biplane under its own power a distance of 852 feet, at Kill Devil Hill, near Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. Half a dozen years, and it had reached the circus stage, with occasional air meets staged at different cities, when people would turn out by the thousands to see early air races and stunt flying, with almost as many crack-ups as successful flights, and perhaps one or two pilots killed. With the war we jumped into airplane production in earnest, but the wartime flying, with its emphasis on reckless daring, carried us comparatively little further toward practical utilization of aerial transportation.

My own realization of the possibilities of air passenger traffic came at this time, when I was assisting in the organization of transport in the American Expeditionary Forces in France. Even then there were already giant bombing planes, capable of lifting loads measured in units of a thousand pounds. There were, of course, not enough of the big planes available for transportation at that time, nor had such a possibility even been seriously considered, but the advantage of moving even small forces quickly over long distances by such a method—after the manner of the taxicabs pressed into service during the Battle of the Marne—was obvious.

There was no way, however, of utilizing my impressions then or immediately after my return to America. In Europe, however, with the realization that aerial supremacy would be a prerequisite of success in future wars, of either offense or defense, government subsidies were utilized to encourage various enterprises in commercial aviation. Continental aeronautics outdistanced anything in America.

Some of our more farsighted citizens observed this fact with a good deal of misgiving. As Mr. C. M. Keys, one of the leaders of commercial aviation today, has expressed it:

"I came into aviation myself some thirteen years ago as a war proposition, to help get out some planes and motors that were badly needed by the British Government, and I did it only because at that time I was a Canadian. After the war I got out of it, and came back into it in 1920 only because it seemed to me obvious that unless some of us got into this business and really put our backs to it, the United States would never catch up to Europe and overcome the long lead of European designers."

Extra-Fare Travelers

Fundamentally there is no reason why commercial aviation should not do as well in this country as abroad. We ought to be the greatest patronizers of aviation in the world. Airplanes furnish, beyond any means of transportation that the world has hitherto known, speed. Americans, more than any other people, demand that very thing.

Airplanes provide new routes to places that have been almost inaccessible, or reached only after slow and difficult journeys. Lake and mountain resorts at once suggest themselves as illustrations, but the same direct-route factor remains when we consider, for example, cities on east-and-west transcontinental railroads, with only poor rail connection for cities north and south of them on other transcontinental lines. Americans are great travelers; they also wish to journey direct to the next destination. Sooner or later they can doubtless be counted on to patronize almost any safe form of aircraft that will give them a direct route between points not connected by any system of surface transportation.

We are also a nation of adventurers. From coast to coast, pioneer blood still flows strong in American veins. There is thrill in flying. Even though, for seasoned air travelers, this element of adventure soon wears off, it can be counted on, theoretically at least, to furnish an increasingly large number of air passengers through the early days of air passenger travel.

Here in America we have a large well-to-do class, able and willing to spend money, even in large quantities, for what they want. It has been our experience, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, that whenever we have announced an extra-fare train of unusual speed or more than ordinarily luxurious appointments, travel has been attracted to it from the less expensive trains. Fast New York to Chicago trains, like our Broadway Limited or the Twentieth Century of the New York Central Lines, have to run in sections because of the great demand. Many an American business man, making a quick trip from Chicago to Seattle, or New York to Los Angeles, will engage a Pullman drawing-room and buy the two tickets necessary to enable him to enjoy the opportunities for rest or work that the greater comfort and privacy permit. Although air travel is expensive, Americans can afford it.

To Further Air Traffic

It is often commented upon that even the subsidized European air lines are more extensively patronized by Americans than by natives of the countries over which they fly. It seems safe to predict that on this side of the Atlantic we may look forward to the eventual development of a large class of well-to-do air travelers.

There is still another point that gives us an advantage over Europe in the ultimate demand for air transportation: Our distances are much longer. By using airplanes we can cut not only hours but days from the length of the journey across the United States. Most of the European air lines operate over routes that require, all together, but a few hours' flight. Even by train the distance between European capitals is not great—very different indeed from a journey from Bangor, Maine, to El Paso, or from Duluth to Miami.

In spite of these facts, however, Americans have been slow to accept air travel. In 1920 an extensive experiment in carrying passengers by air was started, when the Aeromarine Airways began operating between Key West and Havana, Miami and Nassau, between Detroit and Cleveland, and between New York and Atlantic City. The company encountered too great a handicap in the fear of the air that the public at large was not able to overcome. People were still afraid to fly. Passengers were scarce and operating expenses heavy. The company finally went out of business in 1924 at the end of a disastrous experience that demonstrated we were not yet ready for air transportation on any wide scale.

In 1924 Col. Paul Henderson, Assistant Postmaster-General in charge of air mail, came to me to talk over the possibility of forming a private company to take over the air-mail lines then being operated by the United States Government. The matter of passenger transportation by air came up in the course of the conversation, but we agreed that the time was not yet ripe for such a venture. Routes and landing fields had not been developed to a sufficient degree, nor was the public, in my opinion, yet ready for the step.

The first chance to bring our vague plans for passenger transportation closer to realization came in 1925, when Mr. Daniel M. Sheaffer, then our manager of freight and express traffic, went to Detroit to see the first passenger ship turned out by the Stout Metal Airplane Company—the Maiden Dearborn. An unusual group, brought together by Colonel Henderson, met on that occasion. There were present Henry Ford and Edsel Ford; Howard Coffin, constructing engineer of the Hudson Motor Car Company and chairman of the Aircraft Production Board; C. M. Keys, president of the Curtiss Aeroplane and Motor Company, and founder of C. M. Keys and Company of New York, Bankers and Brokers; William B. Mayo, chief engineer of Ford Motor Company and president of the Detroit Aviation Society; R. E. M. Cowie, president of the American Railway Express Company; William B. Stout, designer of the all-metal plane; and a number of other prominent engineers, capitalists and leaders in aviation.

Some forty, in all, sat down to a luncheon held for the purpose of securing the cooperation of substantial automobile and railroad interests in the formation of the air-transportation company that Colonel Henderson had already discussed with me, to take over the government air-mail line then operating between New York and Chicago.

A few months later, as the result of that meeting and the ones that followed, the National Air Transport, Inc., was organized, with Howard Coffin as president.

Its development was put on a noncommercial basis, since the success was entirely problematical, and there seemed to be no chance that, for years at least, there would be any dividends. Patriotism motivated the launching of the company. It was felt important that no one man or group should control the undertaking. Capitalization was set at $2,000,000, with subscriptions limited to not less than $10,000 or more than $100,000. The total was divided proportionately between New York, Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis and Cleveland—and was 100 per cent oversubscribed within twenty-four hours. I can add that no dividends have been paid on these stock holdings, nor have the men who moved to build up a great industry to put behind military aces in time of war ever taken to themselves any credit for what they did.

By 1926, in spite of the splendid record that our government air mail had established, and that National Air Transport and other private companies taking over the government contracts were beginning to follow, commercial aviation in Europe had forged far ahead of anything developed here. In six years travel on German lines had multiplied thirty times, and on Dutch lines twenty times.

Aeronautics Takes a Jump

Then, on May 20–21, 1927, Charles Lindbergh, air-mail pilot, flew alone from New York to Paris.

Few events in the history of any great industrial development have ever received such wide recognition or brought about almost instantaneous results of such far-reaching import. The personality of the tall young flyer, his poise, his modesty and friendliness, caught the attention and elicited the approval of all the world. Flying acquired new standing. The fact that Lindbergh, before making his transatlantic flight, had crossed the American continent from San Diego to Long Island in two long, assured hops made his greater feat all the more convincing. Americans began to accept flying on a new basis.

Aeronautical development in this country received a tremendous stimulus. In 1925, 789 aircraft were produced in America, with a valuation of $6,673,659. The 1926 total for airplanes, seaplanes and amphibians was 1186, with a valuation of $8,871,027. In 1927 the total was 1962, valued at $14,250,605—an increase of 148.7 per cent in number and 113.5 per cent in value over 1925, 65.4 per cent in number and 60.6 per cent in value over 1926.

A Department of Commerce report on aviation in 1927 shows the number of miles flown during the year on scheduled trips, largely on air-mail routes, was 5,870,480—a figure in excess of that of any other country in the world except Germany, where the total 1927 mileage was 5,921,593. France came next with 3,755,369 miles, Great Britain fourth with 873,000, Italy fifth with 824,474, and the Netherlands sixth with 813,510.

By August 15, 1928, the Department of Commerce reported that there were 4134 aircraft owned in this country by civilians. California had more than 600, with 633 licensed aviators; New York came second, with 387 and 347 pilots; Illinois third, with 350 and 226 pilots; Michigan fourth, with 291 and 194 pilots; Texas fifth, with 261 and 176 pilots; Ohio seventh, with 231 planes and 180 pilots; Pennsylvania eighth, with 212 and 180 pilots.

Time to Act

Even these figures fail to show clearly how rapidly our new enterprises in commercial aviation are getting under way. The total output of one manufacturer making both passenger and private planes has been, during the past six years, about 600 planes; he expects to manufacture, during 1929, another 600. A factory specializing in smaller planes that up to the first of this year built and sold a total of 400 planes is planning for a 1929 output of 100 a month.

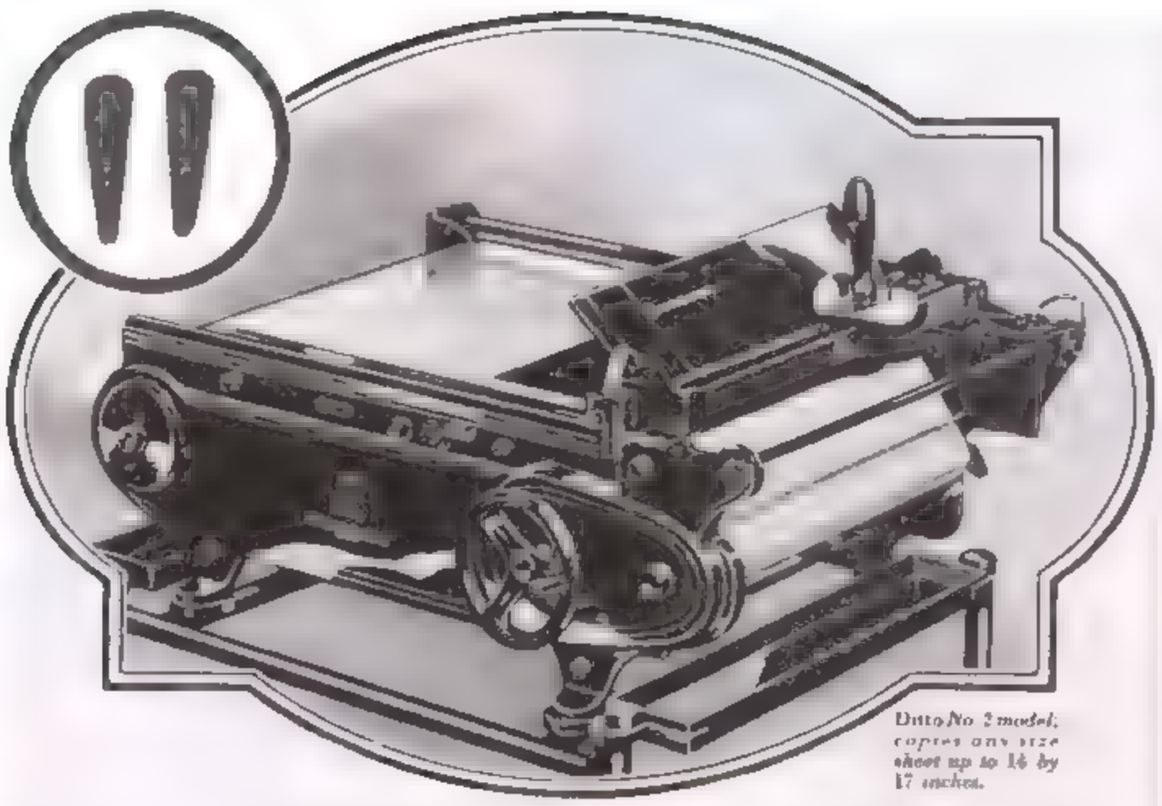
Take the number of passengers carried. In 1927, on the regular scheduled flying route listed by the Department of Commerce, 8679 passengers were carried. This, as against 102,681 during that same year in Germany and 20,344 in Great Britain. Sweden, Italy, the Netherlands and Switzerland each carried more than 10,000. On the other hand, we had nine transport operators, conducting irregular air-service operations, who flew in 1927 with 36,918 passengers—a total greater than that of any foreign country except Germany. During 1929, it is estimated, our total mileage flown on schedule over regular routes will jump to more than 10,000,000, as against some 6,000,000 for Germany, our nearest competitor.

The Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce of America gives the total mileage flown in America in 1926 by transport operators, flying-service operators, private flyers and photographers as 7,998,240. The 1927 total was 12,609,739.

The Stout Air Service, operating experimental passenger lines out of Detroit, first to Grand Rapids and later to Chicago and Cleveland, carried, up to the end of 1927, a total of about 19,000 passengers, the majority of them being taken up for short sight-seeing flights above Detroit. In 1928 that figure had been more than doubled by the first of October, 40,000 passengers having been carried during the first nine months of the year.

Three months after the New York to Paris flight, Mr. Harold Bixby, president of the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce and one of Lindbergh's backers, came to us with suggestions for an air line between Cincinnati and St. Louis. The St Louis group he represented wanted the approval and cooperation of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Their estimate was that $30,000 would probably be enough to launch the venture.

It seemed to me that the time had come for us to act. The officials of every big railroad, however, are proud of the reputation for reliability that their line has developed. When you buy a ticket at any Pennsylvania Railroad station—or any ticket office of the Southern Pacific or Great Northern or Santa Fe or other big railroad—there goes with it a feeling of confidence as to satisfactory performance. Every passenger expects to be put down at his destination safely and on time. If the Pennsylvania should join any undertaking that would mean the selling of tickets for



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air as well as rail transportation, it would have to extend its established reputation to that portion of the trip to be made in the clouds. I assured Mr. Bixby of our interest and willingness to coöperate in a possible air-and-rail service from the Atlantic seaboard, but explained that it would probably have to be on a much larger scale of expenditure than what he had in mind. I felt that the enterprise would have to be undertaken only after extensive research and thoroughgoing precautions.

Moreover, we of the Pennsylvania Railroad felt that the financiers who had underwritten the first private air-mail enterprise—the National Air Transport—should be included in whatever we undertook of this nature. It took several meetings to bring the various interests together, but in the end we were able to persuade our friends that the project was too big for any one group or sectional prejudice. We extended the plan to a coast-to-coast air-and-rail service that would cut the time from New York to Los Angeles to forty-eight hours, and invited the Santa Fe Railroad to coöperate with us on the western portion of the route. It was not until the spring of 1928 that all preliminary negotiations were finally completed and the Transcontinental Air Transport, Incorporated, actually formed. A $5,000,000 stock issue was immediately taken up by a group that included, besides ourselves and the National Air Transport, Blair & Co., Inc., of New York; C. M. Keys; J. C. Willson & Co., of Louisville, Kentucky; Hayden, Stone & Co.; Knight, Dysart & Gamble, of St. Louis; Hemphill, Noyes & Co.; Bond, Goodwin & Tucker, Inc., of San Francisco; Fred Harvey, of the famous Harvey restaurants, and William H. Vanderbilt. I felt, personally, that we were still too near the experimental stages of aviation to warrant offering any of the stock to the public, preferring that it should be handled on the same basis as the original National Air Transport subscriptions. Through the nature of the underwriting, however, a portion of the stock was offered by some of the bankers to the investing public.

In the Hands of Experts

Mr. Keys was elected president and director of the new organization, with a board of directors that included Charles L. Lawrance, president of the Wright Aeronautical Corporation; Col. Paul Henderson, father of the air mail and vice president of Transcontinental Air Transport, Inc.; Julien L. Eysmans, vice president of the Pennsylvania Railroad; Harold Bixby and Harry B. Knight, of St. Louis; Leonard Kennedy, of New York; William B. Mayo, chief engineer of Ford Motor Company; Howard Coffin, vice president of the Hudson Motor Car Company; Daniel M. Sheaffer, chief of passenger transportation of the Pennsylvania Railroad System; Earle Reynolds, president of the National Air Transport, and also president of the Peoples Trust and Savings Bank of Chicago; Chester W. Cuthell, chairman of the air-law committee of the American Bar Association; J. Cheever Cowdin, of Blair & Co.; Thomas Eastland, of Bond, Goodwin & Tucker; Richard F. Hoyt, of Hayden, Stone & Co.; Walter Marvin, of Hemphill, Noyes & Co.; James C. Willson, banker, of Louisville and New York; Fred Harvey, of the Harvey hotel, restaurant and dining-car system; William H. Vanderbilt; Thomas Dysart, banker, of St. Louis; and Col. Henry Breckinridge, lawyer, of New York.

The $5,000,000 capital subscribed was apportioned as follows: $2,000,000 for operation, $1,000,000 reserve for meteorological investigations, and $2,000,000 in a general reserve.

The active management of this company is in the hands of an executive committee consisting of eight members of the board of directors.

It was felt that, in addition to the aviation experts already on the board of directors, there should be some outstanding figure to assist and advise on the technical execution of details as plans were perfected and final preparations were made to start actual flying operations—someone in whom the public would have, from the very outset, implicit confidence. The new organization was able to persuade Colonel Lindbergh to accept a position as chairman of the technical committee.

Besides becoming chairman of the technical committee of Transcontinental Air Transport, Colonel Lindbergh agreed to become consulting aeronautical engineer of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Two Days to Cross

To complete the T. A. T. technical committee, Charles Sherman Jones, widely known as Casey Jones among followers of aeronautics, as well as to the general public, and Maj. Thomas Lanphier, were engaged to act with Colonel Lindbergh. Together they were put in charge of the selection and testing of equipment, flying personnel, landing fields and arrangement of schedules.

Jones entered the Army Air Service in 1917, was flying instructor at Wilbur Wright Field that same year, and later was in charge of flying instruction overseas at Issoudun, where all the pursuit training of the American pilots in France was given. In 1919 he joined the Curtiss Airplane Company and later organized the successful Curtiss Flying Service, Inc., of which he is vice president. He has a long list of victories in air races to his credit, dating back to 1919. Major Lanphier has been flying nearly as long—since 1918. He was also at Issoudun, as executive officer in charge of training, and commanding officer from just before the Armistice until March, 1919. During his army service since the war he has been commanding officer successively at Post Field and Selfridge Field.

The preparation of a transcontinental rail-and-air route is no small matter. From present indications, the original budget was not far wrong. Close to $2,000,000 will probably have been expended before the first air-rail passenger buys his ticket over the transcontinental route sometime this spring.

The first problem was the selection of the route itself. It was decided at the outset that the Alleghany Mountain section, regarded as one of the most dangerous in the country because of the combination of sparsely settled mountain territory and almost uniformly unsettled weather conditions, would be covered in a night journey by rail. Traveling westward, T. A. T. passengers will board their train at the Pennsylvania Station in New York, traversing the Alleghanies, to arrive at Columbus in the morning. There they will change to airplanes for a flight that will take them over Indianapolis and to St. Louis in time for luncheon, past Kansas City and to Waynoka, Oklahoma, for the end of the day's flying. There they will board a Sante Fe train, reaching, according to present plans, Clovis, New Mexico, by morning. At Clovis they will change to airplane once more for the second day's flight, that will end the journey at Los Angeles.

In selecting this route, extensive observations were made, with careful check on weather conditions, altitudes and intermediate landing-field possibilities. The route selected has a great advantage over the direct air-mail route from Chicago to San Francisco, because the flying will be in lower altitudes and more settled weather. Through the Southwestern corner of the country the great Western ranges, Rockies and Sierra Madres alike, flatten out considerably, and it is not necessary for a plane to climb nearly as high as is necessary, for example, over the Wahsatch Range near Salt Lake City, or the Sierras just west of Reno, Nevada. Over the Southwestern deserts also there is more clear weather than almost anywhere else in the country, with fewer storms and less bumpy air.

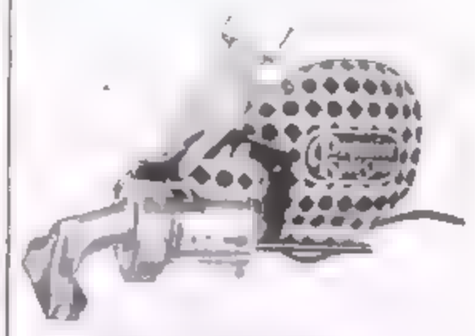
(Continued on Page 142)

2 CLEANERS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE . . .

. . . A complete cleaning unit consisting of a cleaner for the rugs and carpets and a special new-type cleaner to do the work of seldom-used attachments.

Attachments not Needed!

Why take out the big electric cleaner to do the little cleaning jobs? Here's an easier, faster way, without attachments



Now . . . the Spic-Span!

A handy electric cleaner that does the work of attachments . . . and does it faster and better. Works independently — with its own sturdy little motor

Never before . . . such speed and ease in *electric housecleaning!*

"Marvelous!" . . . "Saves hundreds of steps!" . . . "Saves Hours!" . . . "Saves precious energy!"

Thus do women everywhere hail the new Premier triumph which simplifies electric cleaning by banishing attachments!

For in place of attachments, Premier now gives you an additional electric cleaner, the Spic-Span . . . a handy 4-pound cleaner that can be whisked about from task to task with utmost dispatch!

The Spic-Span is a straight-suction cleaner . . . specially designed to get its nozzle deep into tuftings and hard-to-get-at places. Just plug it into any electric socket and use it like any electric iron. It saves *hours* in cleaning drapes, mattresses, clothes, stairways, upholstery, nooks and corners everywhere.

By providing the Spic-Span in place of attachments, Premier gives you a complete cleaning unit consisting of *two* electric cleaners for the price of one . . . a big cleaner for the rugs and carpets and the handy Spic-Span for the smaller cleaning tasks . . . a combination that makes cleaning speedier and easier than ever before!

FREE Demonstration

The Spic-Span may be purchased separately for $14.50 or in one of the combinations listed below. Phone or visit your nearest Premier dealer today and arrange for a private demonstration. No obligation.

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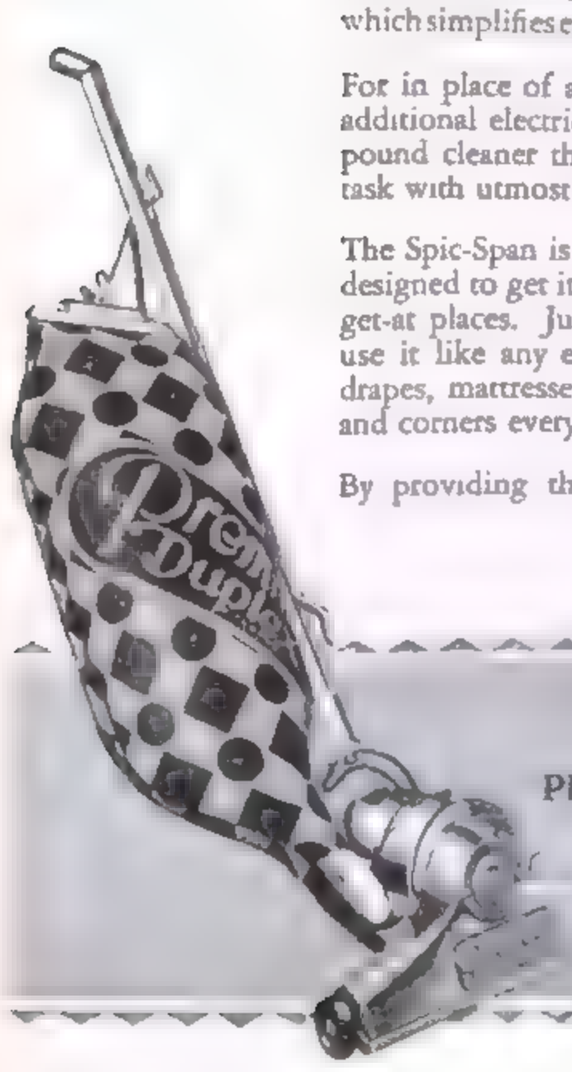
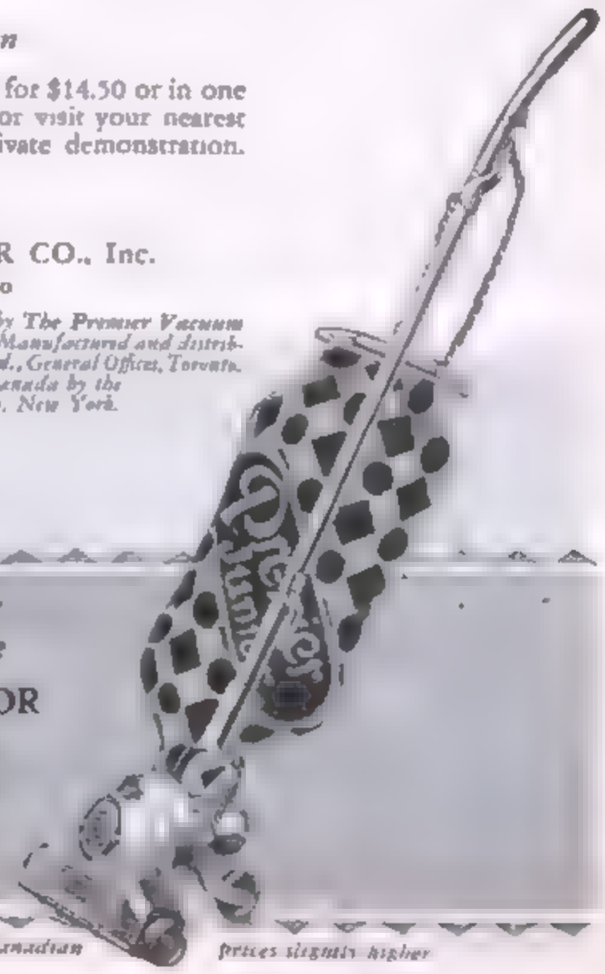
Distributed and serviced throughout the United States by The Premier Vacuum Cleaner Company, with branches in all leading cities. ¶Manufactured and distributed in Canada by the Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Ltd., General Offices, Toronto. ¶Sold over the entire world, outside of the U. S. and Canada by the International General Electric Co., Inc., Schenectady, New York.



Premier SPIC-SPAN

Two cleaners for the price of one
PREMIER DUPLEX *and* PREMIER SPIC-SPAN
Both for $72.50

Two cleaners for the price of one
PREMIER JUNIOR *and* PREMIER SPIC-SPAN
Both for $48.00



Pacific Coast and Canadian prices slightly higher

(Continued from Page 140)

The company has already announced that later, at a date not yet fixed, a supplementary all-air service will be established between Columbus and the Pacific Coast. This will involve night flying, but will cut the total time of the trip several hours below the initial forty-eight.

Next it was necessary to locate good flying fields between 200 and 300 miles apart, with smaller intermediate fields between. About 250 miles is considered the most economical distance between scheduled landing fields from the standpoint of fuel consumption. It also breaks the air trip pleasantly if passengers have a chance to get out and walk about for a few minutes every two hours or so. Satisfactory fields have already been located for the main airports at Columbus, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Waynoka, and Wichita, as well as at the other end of the Santa Fe run at Clovis and Gallup, New Mexico, Winslow and Kingman in Arizona, and at Los Angeles. No single field on the whole route met, in its natural state, the requirements that Colonel Lindbergh laid down. An army of workmen is at work, getting ready for the installation of hangars, building runways, putting in gas stations and preparing all the other appurtenances of a modern flying field. It is not likely that this work can be completed before next May.

Safe landing fields are essential to satisfactory air-passenger transportation. That is why, under present conditions of high landing speed and take-off, it is usually necessary to locate them so far from the centers of big cities. A passenger plane does not rise into the air at a sharp angle; there must be no necessity, in safe flying, for a sharp rise after taking off in order to clear telegraph wires or high railway embankments or tall buildings. In landing, also, it is important that the pilot should not be handicapped by the necessity for a steep descent. With a plane coming to earth at a speed of more than fifty miles an hour, he must have plenty of room to maneuver, so that he can come down close to the ground while still a good distance from the field, and be able to estimate his exact height before leveling out on the airport for the actual landing.

An Air-Rail Station

Finally, proper facilities for handling passengers must be erected. Passenger flying is still so new that up to the present time, on most of the existing air lines, small flying-field offices, airplane hangars and ordinary conveniences already existing for the ground crews, have been made to serve for the accommodation of pioneer air passengers. The trim little passenger station of the Stout Air Service at Dearborn, Michigan, is almost the only exception. With the joining of rail and air facilities it is necessary to plan for station accommodations erected on a more permanent basis, to give passengers the full conveniences and accommodations that they are accustomed to in connection with railway travel. A substantial cash appropriation was made at the last meeting of the Pennsylvania to provide a railroad station at the Columbus airport, eight miles east of the city itself. It will be the first air-rail station to be erected in this country.

Next came the selection of flying equipment. A number of tests were made by Colonel Lindbergh and his associates on the technical committee of different passenger planes, at Los Angeles, Seattle, New York and Detroit. These tests lasted well into the fall of 1928, as new models of passenger planes were constantly being perfected. The type of ship finally selected for the initial order was a Ford trimotor, all-metal monoplane, capable of carrying twelve passengers.

The first consideration in making this selection was that of safety. Trimotors can fly on any two of their three motors, and, with only a single motor running, lose altitude so slowly that they still have a wide landing radius—more than fifty miles, for example, from a 10,000-foot altitude.

Keeping to the Schedule

The landing speed of a passenger plane also figures in the matter of safety. As a general rule, the bigger the plane and the higher its speed, the faster it has to come in for a landing. A plane capable of cruising at an air speed of 100 miles an hour may be able to land at fifty or fifty-five miles an hour, while a faster ship, able to cruise at 120 miles or more, will have to come in at sixty or sixty-five miles.

The initial order was for $650,000 worth of planes—ten Ford ships, powered with Pratt and Whitney Wasp motors, at $65,000 each. This order will probably be hardly more than temporary. The present plans call for feeder lines that will be established after the main transcontinental line has proved successful; the original equipment will be transferred to these auxiliary lines and the latest type of plane, which will probably be developed with many improvements over existing models even before another year is out, can be put on the main transcontinental runs.

The third problem was and still is the most knotty of all. From a railroad standpoint, successful passenger transportation is to a great extent dependent on the maintenance of a regular schedule. In present air-transport operations absolute regularity has not yet been attained because of weather conditions. During 1927 the air-mail operations reached a higher percentage of successful performance than ever before. On the Chicago to Dallas route, 674,621 miles of the 720,510 scheduled were flown successfully—a percentage of 93.6. On the Salt Lake City to Los Angeles route, 421,045 miles were flown out of a scheduled 438,000—96.1 per cent. Between Chicago and St. Louis 138,178 miles of the scheduled 142,892 were flown—96.7 per cent. And between Chicago and San Francisco 688,588 miles were flown out of the 702,480 scheduled—a percentage of 98.02. Most of the failures, in the case of trips not made as scheduled, were due to cancellations on account of hazardous weather conditions.

Safe flying demands that planes will not take off unless they know there will be favorable conditions for a landing at some point near their ultimate destination. Fog is the aviator's worst menace today. A steamship approaching shore in a fog can be stopped until the weather clears. But an airplane must keep driving ahead at a speed of more than a mile a minute, all the time consuming the remaining fuel supply and bringing closer the moment that necessitates an immediate landing. Moreover, where a steamer is on the surface of the ocean, and so is confronted with the problem of finding its way only on that single surface, an airplane in fog is contending with three dimensions; altitude, direction, and the proper horizontal position of the wings that support the plane in the air are all at stake. Fog or poor visibility at any airport means that no plane can take off safely with that port as its destination.

Under these conditions it becomes evident that no approach to regularity in flying service can be had without two things: First, absolute knowledge of weather conditions along the route to be traversed, and second, every known means for combating the dangers and uncertainties of blind flying in fog. It was decided that T. A. T. would have to install its own meteorological service along its entire route, and also establish in cooperation with the Government a complete communication system between its various airports and emergency landing fields. Still further, it would be necessary to develop a means of maintaining constant communication with the planes while in flight.

In Constant Communication

The installation of a ground communication system by telegraph, telephone and radio has presented no particularly new problems. But the development of an adequate communication system that will enable all pilots on Transcontinental Air Transport service to keep in constant touch with their ground stations by radio has meant a big outlay in experimentation and the development of the necessary radio equipment. The noise of the motors, for example, has to be overcome in the radio-telephone receiving device. The matter of weight in the transmitting equipment that enables a pilot to send messages to other planes and to ground stations for a time seemed an almost insurmountable barrier. But both are now being so successfully overcome that all planes on the new air-rail route will be in constant communication, by radio telephone, with the ground.

Looking ahead into the future growth of air-rail transportation, it is impossible to prophesy what changes will take place or how soon they will come. I can visualize quite clearly the beginning of operations, now hardly more than a matter of a few weeks away—the comfortable night ride by train to Columbus, the day's flight across the Mississippi basin, the second night's travel on the Santa Fe, and the second day's flight in the cabin of the big trimotor monoplane, across the painted yellows and reds and browns of the New Mexico and Arizona deserts, over the final mountain barrier, the San Bernardino Range of Southern California, and into Los Angeles, or north along the sweeping valleys to San Francisco Bay. The unusual features of the trip, I feel sure, will quickly be accepted, even including such minor discomforts as may be encountered.

When the Pennsylvania tunnel under the Hudson River was first opened, I remember, we received many complaints from passengers about the unusual air pressure on the ears. A few months, however, and the protestations all died away. We get no such complaints now. Passengers have forgotten that the slight discomfort ever existed; I doubt if many now notice it at all. They have become accustomed to it. So it will be with the minor inconveniences of air travel.

Young and Still Growing

The problem of rates is a difficult one and involves so many questions that I hesitate to attempt predictions. In Europe it has been found possible to establish tariffs not greatly above those of ordinary rail transportation, but the factor of subsidies is an important one and is not operative here. We shall probably have to start off with the rate that has been found necessary in American air lines already in existence—in the neighborhood of ten cents a mile. If the new service proves as popular as its friends expect, it may reasonably be anticipated that increasing traffic will bring economies making possible materially lower charges.

Organized commercial flying is a very new thing in America, and its coördination with rail service is newer still. In all the relations, therefore, between Transcontinental Air Transport and our company, both sides have been given a very large amount of freedom with reference to the future of these relations. But the policy of coöperation, of willingness to take part in whatever possibilities and responsibilities air transportation may bring, will remain.

Great improvements may come quickly. The landing speed of planes, for example, may be reduced in the comparatively near future through the adoption of some such device as the autogyro. That would change the entire complexion of present-day aviation almost overnight. It would do away with the necessity for great landing fields far out in open country. I do not anticipate any such sudden change, but aviation is still too young, still growing too rapidly, to permit even negative prophecies. One thing, and one thing only, we can definitely say: Air transportation is here to stay.

As a final word, let me say that I have no fear whatever for the future of the railroads. They will share in the increased prosperity which the development of air transport will bring, just as they have shared in the increased prosperity resulting from the development of the automobile.

Riding Through the Surf at Palos Verdes Park, California

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MODERN AS TOMORROW

. . . . . silvery BEAUTY

your assurance of life-long service

When you first see Monel Metal in your kitchen you appreciate how good-looking it really is. But when you put Monel Metal into service, you discover that its properties provide the advantages you desire most in kitchen equipment.

And as you live with it through the years, you find that its silvery brightness is permanent—that it does not lose its beauty—that it blends with every color scheme—that it is easy to clean—that it has no coating to chip, crack or wear off.

In your kitchen where fruit juices and other corrosive agents prey upon less rugged surfaces, Monel Metal will keep its mirror-like beauty. Food and fruit acids will not stain it—it will not rust.

Monel Metal equipment will add immeasurably to the value of your home . . . and to your pride of ownership. Try Monel Metal for sinks, kitchen cabinets and table tops, for washing machines, hardware and refrigerator trim.

Then . . . confirm your own good judgment! Consult your architect and local sheet metal worker about using silvery Monel Metal in your home.

Mail the coupon for sample and booklet—"Good Housekeeping Made Easier."

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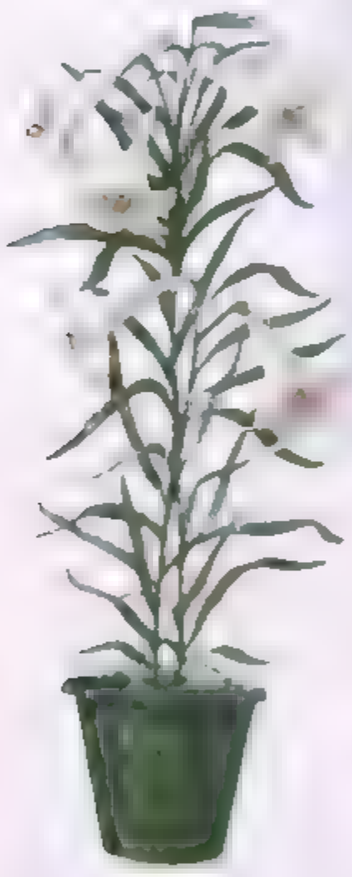
S E P 1 3 0 2 9

EASTER and FLOWERS *belong together*



FLOWERS . . . symbols of Spring, seem, somehow, to have been created just for this joyous season. Order abundantly of bright blossoms for the Easter season. You will find new hope, new inspiration in their beauty, freshness, and fragrance.

When you wire flowers, patronize the florist who displays the Winged Mercury—the symbol of the Florists Telegraph Delivery Association—in his window or in his shop.

Say it with Flowers

T[illegible] a good flo[illegible] Membership in the [illegible] is entitled to display the [illegible] in the florist's window and on his announcements to the public.

THE CALL OF THE PACK

(Continued from Page 19)

This refrain, which every seal all over the world knows, a refrain which caps a thousand improvised verses, gave the final touch to ambitions which had awakened in Yark with his first plunge into the ancestral haunts. Make good? If the oaf he had just quitted were a fair sample of the pack, then making good would be well-nigh inevitable. In a day not too far off the quatrain would finish stanzas composed in his honor. He wondered if the female, not distant now, was aware of his potential importance.

Lifting his head dominantly, he wriggled out through the waves to a position directly before her.

"Hello, customer," he said, opening the conversation with a line which he remembered had always gone over big. "A little dusty on the water this morning."

III

A SUBDUED giggle showed him that the remark had told.

"Don't be frightened," he went on. "I'm just a Christmas seal looking for an envelope."

Whether or not she understood this allusion, she giggled again. Her voice had a rich, throaty quality suggesting the red-velvet trappings so much favored by acrobats.

"You're just too hectic," she said.

Yark took advantage of the opening: "I'll say I'm hectic. I'm old Hector Hectic from Hecticopolis. Where have you been all my life?"

A frank laugh greeted the declaration—a ringing arf-arf-arf of indescribable freshness. "What's your pack, please? Are you from up north?"

He began his story in the presence of a listener whose keen appreciation of all he said was shown by her brightly eager and intelligent interpellations: "Aren't you just wonderful! How simply hectic! I've never heard of anything like it in all my life!" Encouraged by the glow of her interest, he described Yagerboom's circus and his own essential part in that unrivaled institution. In spite of a desire to stick to the truth, from time to time he caught himself improving on certain details.

"Without exaggeration, I can say I have met with signal success in my chosen calling. I am the first clown seal to somersault from a flying trapeze to a rope suspended in mid-air. It is this acme of acrobatic artistry which has given me the title The Adonis of the Altitudes."

"Hectic!"

"I am also a riding comedian, and plans for next season include my appearance on Hoowah, the sacred white elephant of Burma. In addition I play Romeo and Juliet in the sparkling, glittering galaxy of talent featured in the introductory pageant."

"Aren't you just wonderful!" Her eyes were like phosphorescent starfish.

"I have been billed all over the world as the Seal Sheik. Attached in no way to the saddle of my mount, I gallop at wild speed about the arena meanwhile mirthfully mesmerizing the astounded spectators by my rendition of classical and popular selections on the trombone."

"I've never heard of anything like it in all my life."

"But all that has never really satisfied me. Ever since I was just a kiddy I've wanted to come back here and make good among my own kind."

"I think that's simply splendid of you. There are so few seals of my acquaintance who are seriously ambitious—if you know what I mean. All they're interested in is Pack Pranks and catching squids, and if all you do in life is catch squids you become sort of—you know—squidsy yourself."

Yark nodded. "I can see what you mean."

He was experiencing a strange and absolutely unrivaled sensation. He had been first attracted by her gracile insouciance and roguish show of teeth. Now he perceived that she was destined to be not merely the interest of an idle hour but something much more intimate and profound. Long before, he had given up hope of ever finding anyone to understand him, and here the miracle had occurred. He knew he could never let her pass out of his life; that always her slightest wish would weigh more with him than the combined avoirdupois of five herds of ponderous pachyderms. To lead the pack with her by his side would be worth all the feats of strength and endurance which making good might imply.

"My name," he barked softly, "is Yark." He waited.

She looked at him with the frankness of the younger generation. "You may call me Oolah, if you wish."

"If I wish!" The words quivered in their intensity. "Oolah." He repeated the word as though it were a caress. "Oolah." He closed his eyes momentarily. "Oolah, you're different from the rest. You're like—you're like a unique European offering. Tell me the truth: aren't you alone here on the beach because you'd rather be by yourself than with those others?"

She nodded vigorously. "It's Pack Pranks Day, with everybody playing jokes on everybody else, and I just can't stand it. All the bachelor seals filling themselves up with stones and then pounding their stomachs to make a rattling noise. And they think it's so hectic." The voice was full of disgust. "Even Woofus"—Yark pricked up his ears—"even Woofus. Of course Woof is one of my best friends, and he's awfully clever. Devastating. I just adore it when he pretends he only has one flipper and crawls along on the other. It simply slays me."

Bringing his jaws together, Yark pronounced under his breath the single word: "Hokum."

"But even Woofus thinks the biggest thing in life is Pack Pranks Day, so he can look innocent and play practical jokes on strangers."

Turning his head slightly, Yark perceived Woofus, mouth still open, cruising up and down about the spot where he had left him. It was to Yark a repulsive sight.

"Oolah," he said, "I'm going to ask you a personal question. Is there anything between you and Woofus?"

Her eyes dropped. "Why, what do you mean?"

"You know what I mean, Oolah, and I'm sure you realize my unprecedented and unparalleled feeling for you. I've come here to make good in a big way, and I'm going to do it. But I want to do it for you. Woofus must stand aside."

"But you're not going to have any trouble with Woofus, are you?"

"Oolah," he barked hoarsely, "there's not room in the pack for both of us. Woofus or I, one or the other, is going to give you up. And I won't give you up, Oolah, because I love you."

His flipper passed over her in a quick embrace which she did not resent. Then, turning, he dove through the incoming breakers toward the open sea.

IV

HE LUNGED toward Woofus, mixed emotions surging upward in him in defiance of all laws of gravitation, striving together for mastery like contestants in the royal, rushing hippodrome races.

"What's the matter, mister?"

Yark brought himself under control. "Woofus, I'm offering you the chance of leaving the pack quietly. I want Oolah and I'm going to have her. If you make any further pretensions to her favor I will eliminate you in a colossal and consolidated exhibition of the art of seal jiujitsu exactly as staged before His Majesty the Mikado of Japan."

(Continued on Page 147)

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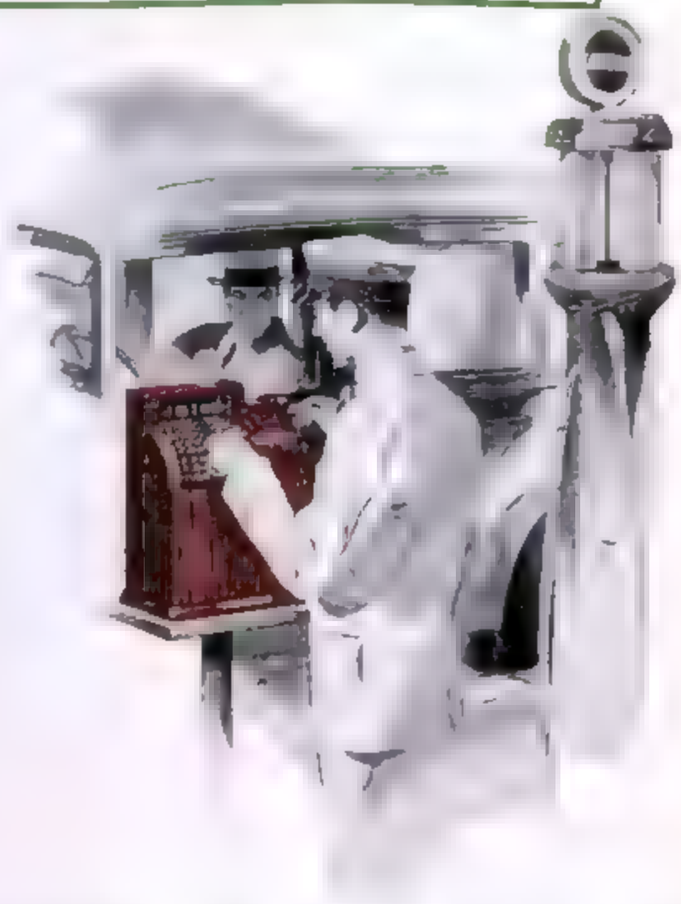

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(Continued from Page 145)

With satisfaction Yark observed that the yokel was visibly impressed.

"I dunno what you mean, mister."

"I'll make it very plain. Are you ready to give up Oolah?"

Woofus shook his head slowly, while the muscles above his eyes contracted the flesh into puzzled ridges. "Mister, I'm just as good as you are, and I dunno what right you got to command me. I may not be so smart, because I never was a circle seal — I mean, a circus seal—but I'm just as good and just as game, and I'll prove it. No, I won't fight you, because that wouldn't do no good to nobody, but I'll go out and fight sea hodags with you, and we'll find out which of us says quit first."

"Sea hodags?"

"Yes, mister, sea hodags. They're always taking after the pack. Up north at Death Cave right now there's twelve of us on guard, watchin' and waitin'. Suppose you and me swim up there and you take your trick today and I'll take the night trick. If you're a better seal than I am you'll have the chance to prove it all right, all right. And if you prove it, I won't stand in your way for whatever you want to do."

For a moment Yark hesitated. It was not the hazard that gave him pause—he knew he was a trained athlete in perfect and superb condition—it was the proposition itself. The expedition would take him away from Oolah. But the outstanding fact that his services in the common defense would not only give him prestige with the pack but also in her eyes tipped the scale.

"I'm with you," he said simply.

There seemed to be an unwilling admiration on the part of Woofus as he barked, "All right, mister, you're game. Let's go; and may the best seal win."

Oolah was still sunning herself on the little beach. With an unspoken message in his eyes and a farewell wave of the flipper, Yark turned north in the wake of Woofus.

Little conversation passed between them. By questioning, Yark learned further details of the hereditary enemy of the pack.

The sea hodag, a combination of serpent, octopus and shark, was vulnerable because of its habit of swimming close to a certain rock on the coast beside Death Cave. The lookout, perched on the rock, waited for the monster's coming and then leaped into the water carrying a tangled mass of vegetation roughly shaped as a net or bag. If the seal launched himself courageously the bag dropped about the hodag's head, thus largely confusing it until the rest of the guard, sleeping in the cave, roused and joined the sentry in the attack. Head enveloped in the bag, the sea hodag was dangerous, but far from invincible.

A half dozen miles up the coast Woofus turned abruptly to the shore line and, followed by Yark, flippered his way to the top of a rock overlooking the water. Below and to the right was the opening of a half-submerged cave or grotto.

"This is Hodag Rock. That's Death Cave. Here's the bag.* If one comes I've told you what to do, and don't forget to holler till the guard comes out. I'll turn in now with the bunch and try to get a little sleep before tonight. And if you're one of those [*sic*] kind of seals, mister, that's game, nobody'll admit it faster'n me. And if you're gamer'n I am, believe me, I'll step out of your way and no questions asked. Now let's find out."

Yark took his place on the rock, while Woofus disappeared in the cave's mouth. It was a weary job waiting for his relief, which would not come till sunset. From time to time he examined the seaweed bag, which seemed almost too fragile and scarcely well enough knit together to hold such a savage beast as the hodag.

Time dragged. In the absence of any sign of life except a few bass—Serranidæ—Yark lost himself in a vivid imagining of his return to the pack, after what he hoped would be a desperate single-flippered victory. He would show the trophies of the frenzied and ferocious combat. Woofus would slink away in humiliation. The pack would accept Yark as warrior, counselor and chief. And Oolah ——

He was roused by the sound of an apparently life-and-death struggle in the cave. Yark hesitated; then, after a hasty survey of the water, as yet undisturbed by any hostile presence, squirmed along a narrow ledge to the interior of the cavern.

There was but one occupant, an elderly seal snoring out some strangulated dream. It was his gurgling agony which Yark had taken for the noise of battle.

The sleeping seal roused himself. "Hey? What? Twelve seals? Twelve squids! I wouldn't let twelve on 'em into my little private cave here if you was to give me all the salmon on the coast. There wasn't nobody here today but one pesky critter that sidled in the front way and snuck out the back, and if he ever shows his whiskers here again, I'll nip his hide for him, I will." Tusks clashed the message of vicious old age.

Yark explained his mission. The elderly seal seemed about to have an apoplectic attack. "Don't tell me you let 'em play that old game on you!" He laughed unrestrainedly, clapping his flippers on the rocks, while tears ran out of his rheumy eyes. "The sea hodag—supp'n between a snake and a octopus and a shark—and you on the rock watchin' for it. And did they give you a bag to pop over his head?" He became incoherent with laughter. "Oh, me; oh, my! This'll be the death of me! Sea hodag! Arf-arf-arf!"

Yark needed no further explanation. Sick at heart, he skittered from the cave, which still echoed bursts of quavering laughter.

V

HE FOUND himself swimming south in the general direction of the pack. There had been a moment when, if he had encountered one of the great white sharks—Carcharodon rondeletii—he would have engaged it in unequal and unexampled combat for the sheer pleasure of hurting and being hurt. This mood had given way to a bitter brooding.

Woofus—he recalled the details of their first conversation. It had not been stupidity which had caused him to ask Woofus those unfortunate questions. It had rather been that automatic tendency of all organisms to carry the habits of one environment into another. Now, as though by inspiration, he saw, and was aghast to think he had ever failed to see, that in the natural habitat one ate when one caught one's provender, and that there was neither iced fish to throw nor throwers to distribute it.

The fact that not only had he been tricked but that unaided he had made a fool of himself roused in him a cold rage. He would revenge himself on the bumpkin jokester. That was his only reason for returning. His only reason. He became aware that this was not strictly the truth, as once more in his mind's eye he saw the dark, sinuous figure of Oolah, while his auditory nerves recreated the fresh arf-arf-arf of her laughter.

He swam more rapidly, disregarding the fish whose bright bodies darted by him: The salmon — Oncorhynchus tschawytscha — the belted bonito—Sarda sarda. He saw now he had lost all ambition to rise to pack leadership. Let them misunderstand and look down on him as they would, he could make good in a far different way. With Oolah he would set out for pastures new. Leaping, diving, swimming, they would, like great whales, cruise around and around the world. Each day would bring fresh adventures with triumphant ends; new beaches on which to bask, new oceans to dare and conquer.

He cut more rapidly through the water, cleaving the element as though he were a floating shadow.

He and Oolah together forevermore. Where there was no immediate enterprise they would lie quiet on some pleasant strand while he recounted the story of his life and triumphs among the titans of the tented world, she interrupting from time to time with shy questions or the involuntary tribute: "Aren't you just wonderful!" He would teach her all the arts of the circus and some day they would return to Yagerboom's at the head of a brand-new act—Wild Swimmers of Northern Seas, perhaps, or something like that. And then —

Yark came back to the world of reality with a start. So lost had he been in his imaginings that before fully aware of it he found himself in the fringes of the assembled pack; but now the numbers seemed enormously increased. A massed group on the long beach was crowded about a circle in the center of which a single seal was rendering a concert number whose laughing chorus was repeated by the pack at large. And the waters teemed with hurrying seals, all pointing toward the amusement center.

There were gruff papas swollen with their own importance; anxious mammas barking reproofs at their little ones; boisterous bachelors rattling stomachs full of pebbles; and uncouth creatures with seaweed in their whiskers whose appearance suggested that they had never before come so close to land. It was evidently the culmination of the festival of Pack Pranks.

It was at this moment he saw Oolah. Floating on the outskirts of the hurrying crowd, her lithe, splendid body cut the waves in an easy up-and-down motion. As Yark recognized her he forgot all else.

"Oolah, listen to me. Nothing matters but you."

Her head dropped. "Please don't be hectic."

"You were waiting for me. You can't say you weren't."

"I was just swimming out here because I told you I couldn't endure Pack Pranks." Her voice carried no conviction.

"Oolah, you and I are going away together. Abroad." Regardless of the presence of others, he placed his head close to hers till cheek touched cheek. She did not attempt to pull away. In a few poignant, whispered words he sketched their future life together. From time to time she interposed the single adjective: "Hectic!" "And there's just one thing I have to do first—Woofus. First I'm going to have it out with Woofus."

She drew back from him, bobbing uneasily on a wave. "No, Yark, you mustn't. You'll spoil everything."

"You're not afraid he could hurt me, are you? Why, I could break him in two."

"It's not that; but he'll make you ridiculous. Woofus can make anybody ridiculous. Why, if Woofus should ever threaten to make me ridiculous, I—I think I'd do almost anything to avoid it."

Yark's jaws closed.

"He'll change his line when I get through with him."

"Yark"—there was alarm in her voice—"promise me you won't try to see Woofus. Promise me you won't do anything to him. You'll just be trifling with our own happiness."

Confused applause from the pack died away; the late singer waddled from the circle, and a shrill voice cried, "Hey, Woof, come on and sing us some of your elegant little verses!"

Immediately from a thousand throats came the shout: "Woo-hoo-fus! We want Woo-hoo-fus!"

Yark chilled as he perceived the gigantic and amplitudinous possibilities of the situation.

Unanimously acclaimed, Woofus had made his appearance in the circle.

"Yark," Oolah pleaded, "you mustn't even speak to him. If you do he'll get the better of you."

Yark snorted his dissent as Woofus began:

"Intelligent?
He can't be beat.
He says, says he,
'When do we eat?'
His di-ges-tion
Can't be enticed
With eating fish
If the fish ain't iced."

At the roar of laughter which prolonged the "Arf-arf-arf!" of the chorus everything went black before Yark's eyes. Not only was Woofus retailing his mistake in public but all too evidently a large part of the pack had been prepared for it beforehand.

"Please be sensible, Yark." The voice was almost abject in its pleading. But with the blood pounding in his arteries Yark was in no mood to be restrained.

Woofus—at all costs he would even the score with Woofus. Oolah passed to the background of his consciousness as, leaping and plunging, he struggled to a point not more than a score of flipper lengths from the singer. He had hardly reached the spot when the second stanza got under way:

"He was alone,
He had no aid,
But he was not
A bit afraid."

A snicker rose from the pack.

"He stood right still,
He held the bag.
That's how he caught
The sea hodag."

The preliminary ripple of mirth swelled into a tidal wave, while the flapping of flippers and rattling of swallowed stones almost drowned out the chorus.

Dodging, squirming, wriggling and at times imitating the tactics of the flying fish—Exocœtus robustus—Yark clove his way through the spectators, to slide out on the beach under the very nose of Woofus.

VI

AS HE glared panting at his rival, he was conscious that in some mysterious way his identity had become known to the spectators. An insistent clamor rose from the pack: "Iced fish! . . . When do we eat, mamma? . . . Whoa, there, hodag! . . . Did the hodag bite you? . . . Gimme the wishbone, mister!"

With an effort Yark concentrated his attention on Woofus, who showed an amazing calm.

"Hello, mister! When did you get back?"

Yark showed his tusks. "Never mind when I got back. You and me are going to settle things right now, you buck-toothed towner." It was not the time for grammatical niceties.

"Settle what? What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean, and when I get through with you ——"

"Please, Yark, don't be hectic. Remember what I told you. Try to be friends."

The look of innocence worn by Woofus assumed grotesque proportions. "What seems to be wrong anyhow? I thought we was friends."

"Oh, that's what you thought, was it, you deep-sea cut-up? Well, we're not friends. So laugh that off."

"Please, Yark," begged Oolah—"please, please!"

Woofus reared up his solemn visage, poised at the tip of what seemed an endlessly extensible neck. "Say, mister, can't we settle this peaceable? It's Pack Pranks, and nobody likes fighting on a day like this. Now, listen: seems to me like you said you could act comic and make everybody laugh. Am I right?"

"You are, sir," retorted Yark coldly, "and I have literally bales of assorted press clippings praising my career in the canvas-canopied arena as King of Laughland."

"Well, I'm kinda in that line myself. All for clean fun—that's me. Now, here we are, mister, with an audience and all, so why shouldn't we settle things by seeing which one was funniest and let the loser give the winner a prize?"

Yark thought rapidly; the amateur buffoon was playing into his hand. "There is

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* In this particular dialect of the Otariidæ the word for bag - *oobah* — has as a secondary signification "peanuts." The possible connection of *oobah* with "goober" will be apparent to philologists.

"OLD IRONSIDES"

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but one prize, sir, that could possibly mean anything to me." Already Oolah had unmistakably expressed her preference, but Yark could not forgo the duty, and, indeed, the pleasure, of public retaliation on an ungenerous rival. "This." He turned and looked deliberately at the young female by his side.

"Please stop being hectic, Yark, and come away."

On any other occasion her plaintive appeal would have sapped his resolution. Now he stood firm.

"There is my offer," he snapped at Woofus. "Take it or leave it."

Had it not been for the spirit of the day, Yark's startling proposition would doubtless have offended the older and more conservative members of the pack. As it was, in an incredibly short time such objections as were voiced had been met and overcome, and the details of the contest were being arranged. A huge, fair-minded walrus—Odobenus obesus—was mutually selected as referee; though it was agreed that the spectators themselves should decide the winner by the intensity of their applause. Though there was no doubt in Yark's mind that the concurrence of home talent would prove a handicap, at the same time he felt sure that his professional ability and experience would be sufficient to overcome the possibly hostile attitude of the pack. He felt confident of making good. To his satisfaction, Woofus chose the short-armed squid and was assigned first place on the program.

There were tears in Oolah's eyes as, by Yark's side, she left the circle to join the spectators.

"I know Woofus is up to some miserable trick. But I warned you; remember that."

"Do not be afraid," he said quietly. "I will win. You can be sure of that. And I will do it fairly and squarely. Nor will there be a single word, gesture or expression for the most fastidiously critical to cavil at. Moreover, my honorably managed and honestly advertised act will be exhibited intact and undivided, and without a single curtailment or omission. 'Yark is a whole show in himself.' That is what the Binghamton Times said of me, and it is only one of ten thousand similar clippings. Woofus has no chance."

His remarks ended as his antagonist hitched awkwardly to the center of the stage.

The efforts of the native son were, to Yark's sophisticated eyes, weird and pitiful. He clanked the stones in his stomach; he slid down rocks backward and forward; he opened his mouth to emit strange, meaningless croakings. But to all these trivialities the spectators were generously responsive. And when Woofus concluded with an imitation of a hungry seal going after a squid, only to find himself confronted by a more dangerous cephalopod, he was unanimously acclaimed.

But Yark's confidence did not desert him. With an affectionate caress of the right flipper he left Oolah and, passing the triumphant Woofus without as much as a side glance, wriggled his way to the center of the circle.

Before beginning he made a deliberate survey of the crowd in order to obtain an ocular mastery of the customers before beginning to show his wares. It was rather a ghastly spectacle. In general their mouths hung open; they nudged one another with uncouth flippers; there was a bristling forest of whiskers drooping with seaweed; and from all sides came the squish-squish of hastily gobbled squids.

Having waited until, in the formidable formation about him, there was such quiet that you could have heard the rustle of a sand flea, he began urbanely: "My distinguished opponent has entertained you with his highly laughable gambols and impersonations."

He paused, knowing with sure showmanship that by this compliment he had blunted the edge of their hostility. Then he went on, in the style of an eminent comedian whose act he had once followed in vaudeville:

"Now, if you will permit me for a moment to pass from the ridiculous to the sublime, I shall take pleasure in reciting for your approval Kipling's celebrated poem Gunga Din."

Dropping the corners of his mouth, he repeated in a chanting voice the following lines:

"It's the black black bottom
With a Russian melodee;
In my blue heaven she's waiting—
Mammee—mammee—mammee!
There's an old sea lion in Dixie,
And will I quit her? Nee!
Mammee—mammee—hook—hook—hook!"

His audacious experiment, based on his knowledge of the sentimental side of the sea lion, had the effect intended. Though well aware that his jumble of band rhythms was not Gunga Din, he saw that it had served his turn. It had driven from their minds the rough hokum of Woofus and prepared them for his own refined comedy. As he looked, to see more than one pair of dumb brown eyes liquid with tears, he wondered if perhaps he had not mistaken his calling; if he were not that individual so long sought by the circus world—the Seal Tragedian. With an effort he turned from this fascinating speculation to the task before him.

"Tears," he said with a less grave expression, "are akin to laughter. If I have shown you the more serious side of my art, it is only to bring out the lighter side. I shall now take pleasure in exhibiting for your approval the playful and mischievous feats and frolics that have made the name Yark a household word all over the globe. I will begin by introducing my amusing pantomime entitled The Clumsy Assistant."

He got his first laugh about thirty seconds after he started, and from then on the act sailed along in a gale of arfs. It seemed he could do nothing without producing a roar of applause and laughter.

He pretended to be dead. He turned a back somersault. He juggled with a squid. He balanced a round stone on the end of his nose, threw it into the air and caught it in his mouth. And at each and every move the house went wild. He was panicking them, and he knew it. The response which Woofus had received was as nothing in comparison.

He tried to conclude the act, but there was such a storm of shouts and flapping of flippers that he felt obliged to continue with new quips and japeries improvised to please his appreciative audience. And when he finally closed, after an extemporized imitation of two trained seals each contending that the other had stolen his act, the tumult would have been equivalent in vaudeville to six curtain calls and eleven bows. For at least five minutes he remained before the spectators touching his flippers together as a boxer in the ring acknowledges an ovation.

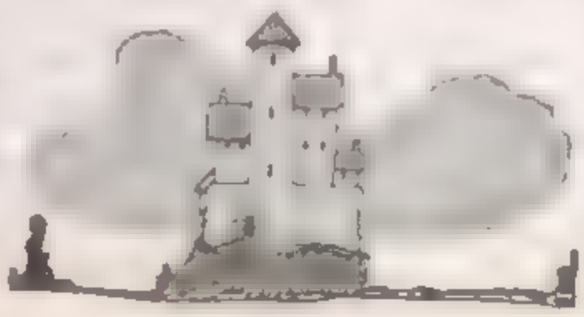
He had been so carried away with his success that for the instant he had forgotten the reason of his appearance.

"Oolah!" he called, suddenly remembering. "Oolah!"

The crowd hushed. A voice answered, "She ain't here, mister."

"Not here?"

"No, mister. Just about the time you started acting comic Woofus crawled up and says something in her ear, and a little later they swum off together, and Woofus says that when they come back next month he'll bring you a special prize for making good against them sea hodags. It's a piece of wooden seaweed mounted on a rubber squid."



Frenetic as they had been, the earlier applause and laughter were as nothing compared with the thundering breakers of hysterical gayety which greeted this bright crack. Elderly seals whooped themselves into a paralytic breathlessness; middle-aged seals rolled over and over gasping their mirth; little ones screamed uncomprehending merriment. While from all sides came a chorus of interpellations: "Oh, you wooden seaweed! . . . Gimme a bite of the rubber squid, mister! . . . Somebody hit me on the back or I'll pass out! . . . Ain't Woofus good? . . . This is the best Pack Pranks yet!"

For a moment Yark fell back, stunned. He had a moment's hope that somewhere in the clustered forms he might see Oolah. But she had gone, a prey to the machinations of Woofus. Blankly he stared at the jeering multitude, and then, with a desperate burst of energy, shouldered his way through the ranks, beyond the confines of the beach to open water. As he dove down, vaguely hoping he might strangle in the depths, his ears caught the valedictory of the pack:

"Arf-arf-arf!
'Twixt you and me,
That's the funniest fish
I ever did see."

VII

HE SAW it first on the horizon, a smudge against a sky of gray. With every muscle in rhythm he cut down the distance between his laboring body and the Star of Avalon. He had a momentary fear that he might not be able to attract their attention. Hook-hook-hook! They were gathering at the rail. He could make out Ringmaster Bellows, Signor Pepiglossi, the boss canvasman, and Lieutenant Lemaitre himself. Hook-hook!

"It's Yark—it's Yark! Stop them engines, cap'n—stop them engines." The voice broke. "It's Yark come back."

There were answering tears on Yark's muzzle as they hoisted him aboard. He yelped incoherently as he felt the lieutenant's hands tremble on his head and as, at the same time, he sniffed the circus odor that clung to the lieutenant's trouser legs. The potash smell of the pack had wakened racial memories, but this brought back things which were of his own life a part. Through the vibration of the olfactory nerves his brain reconstituted a grateful simulacrum of Yagerboom's Colossal Consolidated Five-Ring Circus: The roar of the lion—Felis leo—the faint tickle of wet sawdust, the taste of refrigerated fish, the flap and swish of a thousand palm-leaf fans, the psychic intensity radiated by towners as gentlemanly agents pass among them selling tickets for the Great Wild West Show and Concert, at which all who remain may occupy reserved seats without extra cost or charge.

"He's come back," said Lieutenant Lemaitre, swallowing, and speaking with difficulty. "Yark couldn't stand mixing with all them boob seals. But before he left the pack I bet he had them hicks eating out of his flippers. A trained seal can always make good, and Yark made good all right."

Signor Pepiglossi assented: "Sure he did. He couldn't do anything else."

Ringmaster Bellows nodded gravely. "Without question."

The lieutenant shot a challenging look at the boss canvasman as he repeated, "A trained seal can always make good."

The boss canvasman—Homo sapiens—spat a mouthful of tobacco juice, then dragged a horny practical hand across his lower face. It was not so much a psychological reflex as it was the gesture of a prophet and sage; a rite preparatory for wisdom which, though couched in humble words, would have an import over and beyond the immediate environment and occasion.

"A trained seal," he pronounced, "can always make good—always—so long as he never tries it outside of the circus."

Painted for Scripps-Howard Newspapers
by William C. Hoople

Who's broadcasting tonight?

Is the Public entitled to know?

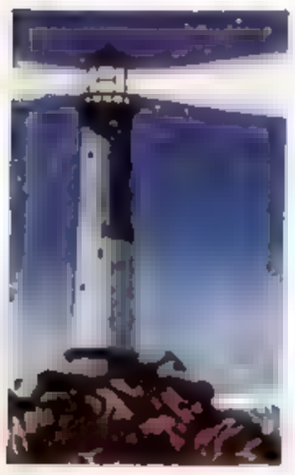
The Scripps-Howard organization recently acquired a new paper in a metropolitan center. Neither this paper nor any local paper printed complete radio programs. The names of all business sponsors were omitted. In fact, millions of radio listeners were groping in the dark for information about their daily programs.

Immediately, the new Scripps-Howard editor cut through this conservatism with a slashing policy of printing *all* these details. And a roar of protest went up from members of the old staff; "You're taking money out of the business office," . . . "You're giving free space to advertisers," . . . "You're loaning our columns to fatten a rival medium."

But the wave of popularity that instantly followed this new departure convinced even the old stand-patters in the organization of the justice, and value, of the editor's viewpoint . . . For the radio program has plainly become news. And it is fully entitled to its place as part of the editorial content of the SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspapers.

SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspapers are continually assaulted by press agents and business houses eager for free publicity. Most of this is not news, and is rejected. Sometimes these items are of genuine public interest, and are printed.

But regardless of its sponsor, nothing is printed unless it is considered authentic news. The convenience and welfare of the reader determine what shall appear. No pressure that can be brought to bear can make a SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspaper pad its columns. And no amount of protest from whatever source can keep legitimate news from its rightful place in its pages.



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Profits From the Start

THE TWO-A-DAY

(Continued from Page 17)

of life are stormy, as they so often are, for no matter how much love and sunshine is in our lives, as the poet says, some days are bound to be dark and dreary. And that is why, dear friends, I want to thank you again and again for your sincere and heartfelt wishes and to tell you that I and Bert will never forget our vaudeville friends. And now, folks, Bert, my husband, has a little announcement to make to you that I am sure you are going to be happy to hear."

Bert began the second she finished, exactly on cue:

"Folks, you heard the missus say just about everything that could be said in the way of thanks for the way you come across with this swell party and the cup and all, and believe me, she means every word of it. And it goes for me, too, folks, straight from the heart, and I want you all to know that if ever I can do anything for any of you in the way of getting you booking or helping you out with your act, just call on me and I'll be glad to do it. I'm a performer and I'm always ready to do anything to help out another performer. But that wasn't what I got up to say, folks. I and Jewell got a little announcement to make, and we made up our minds to spring it tonight, instead of waitin' till the end of the season. I guess you folks have all worked in show business long enough to know that it's a hard life and full of heartache and disappointments."

"You bet we do, Bert"; "Hard life, I'll say"; "When you're in luck, it's a great life, but wait till it turns," came from all sides.

"Well, folks, I and Jewell got nothing to complain about. You know that. We work all the year round and then some, and we've been happy doin' it, till now. Between you and I, folks, there's nothing that makes a fellow realize just how empty show business is till he meets the right girl."

He paused to smile fondly on Jewell, while approving murmurs went round the table.

"When a fellow meets the right girl he wants to settle down and lead the right sort of life. Not that I ever led any other kind, but you know how it is. When a fellow is single and trouping he gets lonesome, the same as the next one. But, folks, Jewell is a real honest-to-goodness girl and she wants to give up the two-a-day and settle down in the country and live like a human being. And believe me, I'm proud of her for it. Anything she says goes 100 per cent with me; so, folks, after we finish our booking out, I and Jewell will be at home to our many friends in our little country home. We didn't decide where it will be yet, but you can look for us in Billboard, and we want you all, each and every one of you, to come and spend your vacations with us."

The last wasn't exactly as they had rehearsed it, both Jewell and Bert having decided they were too good to mix with a lot of cheap performers, but Bert was going good and wanted to put the finish over strong, so he expanded more than he meant to. But they were all deeply touched by it all and went into an orgy of hand-shaking, fully in sympathy with the plans of the newly-weds.

"You're wise, kid," Flo Olsen told her, "and if that louse Buddy Olsen didn't throw away ten grand on that Florida earthquake, I'd 'a' done the same thing long ago."

"There's no fame big enough to take the place of baby arms," Mona sentimentalized, almost forgetting herself to the extent of mentioning her two big boys in a military academy.

"If my missus only had your sense, Jewell," Al Rooney whispered from the corner of his mouth. "Here I been tryin' to get her to settle down for twenty years, but no, she will work in the act. And she ain't as young as she used to be, Jewell; she oughta look out for herself more."

Jewell and Bert felt proud of themselves, and the other performers felt so self-righteous after the cleansing moral effect of the wedding that they gave a good show and the manager wished there was a wedding every week. The only thing that made them regret having made the announcement was the difficulty they encountered in dodging the justice of the peace, who was also a real-estate agent and would have liked to persuade them to settle in the Kansas City suburbs.

Fortunately Jewell had a three-day layoff and was able to accompany Bert to Evansville, where they lived it all over again and created a second furor among the performers. Their spare moments they spent composing a poem, a farewell to the two-a-day, which came out in the next issue of Variety and which brought them added laurels, as they had never written poetry before and were surprised at their newly discovered aptitude for it.

Then came the heartbreaking parting for the six weeks which must be spent in the awful atmosphere of vaudeville before their tour was terminated, and which both enjoyed thoroughly, finding themselves envied by the more unfortunate troupers who, with split weeks and cuts and layoffs, had hardly saved enough to pay their N. V. A. dues, and to whom retiring from vaudeville meant resting in the home for aged actors.

So they were able to bear the pain of it all, and the springtime found them settled in Little Gables, Long Island, as far away from the madding crowd as they could get. Their agents had both tried in vain to dissuade them, and though it was easy enough to believe the black pictures of vaudeville without its Sweetheart and its Nut Wonder, they remained firm and bought the little house where their little ones would be brought up as other children. They also bought the 1929 sport model, planning to tour the countryside and enjoy the beauties they had hitherto only seen from train windows; and when one is all tired out from working all week in a bill with an after piece, there is not even any pleasure in reading the beautiful cigarette ads along the way.

The house they decided to call Rest Haven, and it was perfect from its lavender-tiled bathroom to its sun parlor, where they planned to sit and catch up with their reading, there never having been more than enough time to read Variety; and that was a necessity, as one had to see who was going to be on the next bill with them. But now they were going to read up on all the things they had been interested in. Bert wanted to read up on his detective stories and Jewell had started Graustark several years ago, but with performances and marcels and vocalizing and all had just not got around to finish it. Their idea was to take a good long rest until they found some nice respectable business for Bert to go into—something that would give him some sleep and his Sundays in peace to enjoy long walks and things. But in the meantime they could well afford to take a rest and enjoy life, and this they went at in much the same fashion as they went out to put their act over—with their whole hearts.

The first thing they went at seriously was the gardening. Jewell had been so hungry for flowers, and Bert for fresh vegetables, that they could hardly wait to get their furniture placed, to start the more vital work of making things grow. They chose the seed packages with great enthusiasm, deliberating at length as to whether to have two rows of watermelons and one of peanuts, or vice versa, and whether poppies would grow on the shady or sunny side of the lawn. But these important decisions were eventually made, and Jewell, in a pale blue organdie and a picture hat, planted the flowers she loved so, while Bert made good on the agricultural

(Continued on Page 154)

Frank J. Forster designed this Breakfast-nook to express the warmth and intimate charm *of* REAL TILES

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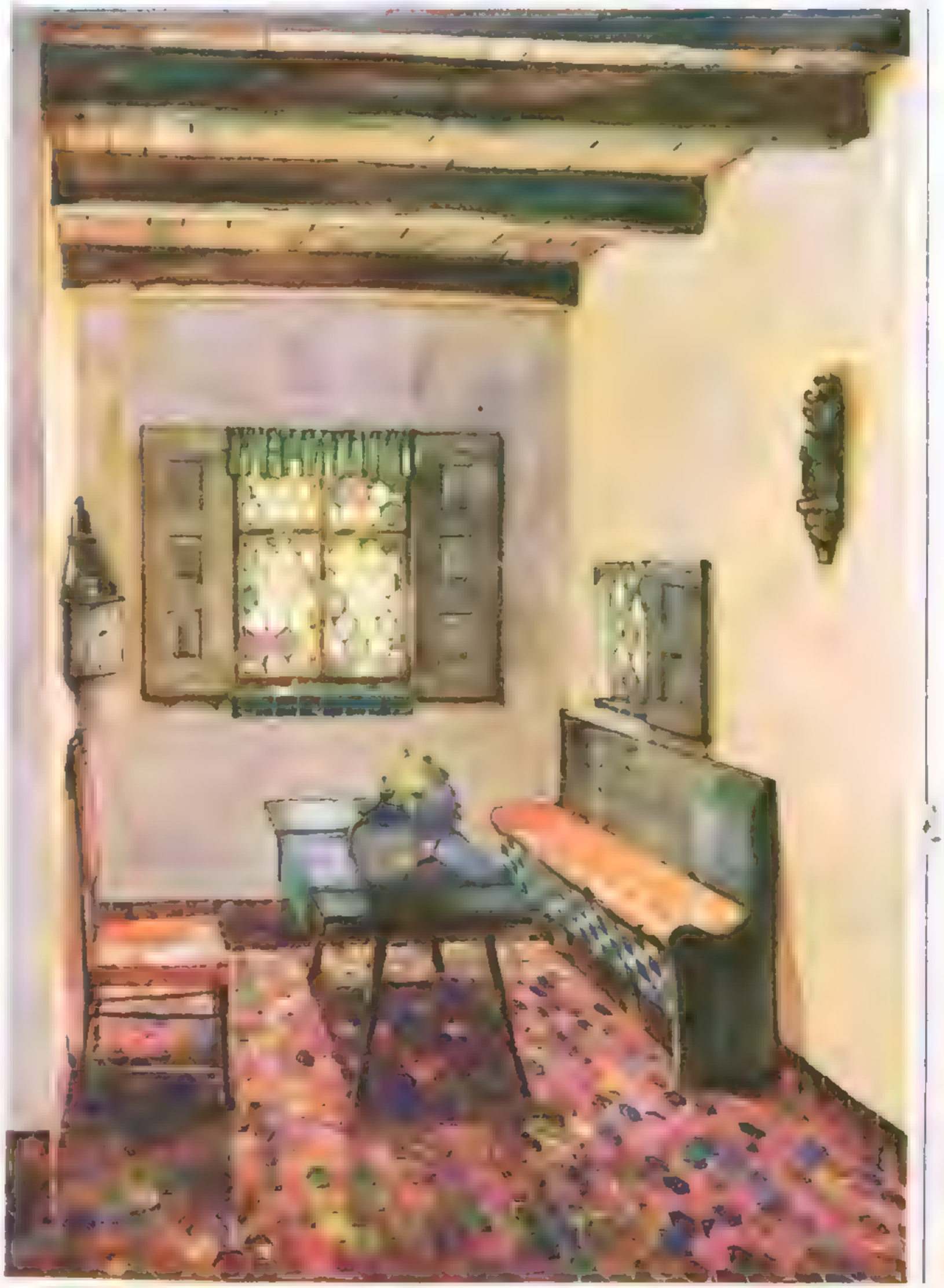

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CRAWFORD MANUFACTURING CO. Richmond, Va.

(Continued from Page 152)

end of things. The wonder of it all overcame Jewell each time she planted a seed.

"To think, Bert," she said reverently, "that with my own two hands I can make this tiny little thing blossom into a beautiful flower! How wonderful!"

Bert, lost in the intricate directions on his brightly illustrated package, hardly heard. Jewell continued, finding it sweetly sad to remember the unlovely days they knew before they had found the real thing.

"We've missed such a lot, haven't we, dear?"

Bert straightened the back that had never bent in more menial labor than taking bows, and blinked the eyes that were unaccustomed to any more brilliant sun than a baby spot.

"I'll say we have, hon," he agreed, turning back to the magic package that had such reassuring promise of numerous unbelievably large and exceedingly green cucumbers.

"Now, what the Sam Hill is loam, anyway?" he asked himself indignantly, wondering if the business of growing vegetables was all that it was cracked up to be.

Sadly enough, the promised beauty never materialized, for the next morning Bert's back was sunburned and he decided to wait until sundown to do his gardening, and Jewell's nails were a perfect sight, and she decided that what was the use of taking all that trouble to grow a bunch of flowers you could buy for ten cents anyway. So they decided they would give up gardening and take it easy. There were so many other things to do, with their reading and all. And they must have time to make the friends they had promised themselves, the real people, who, Jewell had predicted, would really care what happened to them and would not be like their former friends, who were just like that with you as long as you were booked solid, but forgot you quickly enough if you were flat on your back in the hospital or needed money.

"Thank God we're away from those small-timers, Bert," Jewell said. "We're among real people now—people who care."

And she was right. The neighbors certainly cared. And they lost no time in demonstrating the extent of their affection. They seemed to care about almost everything—the price Bert and Jewell had paid for the house, whether they had paid it all down at once or planned to pay in quarterly payments, if their furniture had been purchased at Buckley Newhall's, how long they had been married and what business Bert was in. In discussing them afterward Bert was inclined to think they cared too much, and told Jewell so, but she persuaded him that they were just whole-hearted and meant well by it.

"Wouldn't you think they'd know us?" Bert asked, a little offended that they hadn't recognized him. "Don't they ever go to shows?"

"It's just as well, Bert," Jewell insisted; though secretly she was offended too. "You know how everybody feels about performers. And we don't want them looking down on us."

"Oh, I don't know," Bert replied testily. "Performers ain't so bad."

"Well, it's not respectable, Bert, the way they go round stealin' Pullman towels and soap, like they do. You know yourself, Bert, the way they act. I heard you say, lots a times, show business wasn't respectable."

"I never said show business wasn't respectable," Bert argued. "I only said it was lousy. And it is, the way you don't get to live decent and enjoy Nature and all. But I never said it wasn't respectable. We pay our bills, don't we? We don't bother nobody or butt in on each other's affairs, do we? We chip in on each other's funerals and operations and weddings, don't we? Look at the swell party they give us and all, and the way the performers give us that cup and wrote us up and all? I guess it ain't so bad."

Jewell said no more, having already begun to have doubts of her own concerning her former horrible convictions of her vaudeville friends

After a few weeks of close association with the people who cared so much that they found it convenient to drop in at odd hours to chat or leave the baby while they just ran over to Jamaica to see The King of Kings, Jewell began to have her own doubts as to their sterling qualities and decided to confine her affections to Nature alone. That Nature was enough required a little self-conviction as the weeks wore on, but Jewell was no quitter

"Aren't the trees wonderful, Bert?" This was one afternoon when Jewell and Bert had packed a little luncheon of chopped ham and sweet-pickle sandwiches and stuffed hard-boiled eggs and set forth upon a little picnic. Bert had no answer for this, as his hand was poised above a big red ant that climbed innocently up his chin. "Don't it all make you feel close to God somehow?"

Having disposed of the ant, Bert admitted that it did, not so much from his reverence for trees as from the fact that he felt guilty over having gone to the Brooklyn Prospect the day before. After telling Jewell he was going for a walk in the woods too. Well, he had taken a walk all right. And was it his fault he happened to see that poster announcing Harry Brown at the Prospect? If there was any comedian that Bert hated, it was Harry Brown. And he couldn't pass up an opportunity to see him, so he could talk about the terrible stuff he was doing. Only now he couldn't talk about it for fear of offending Jewell. He had to talk about trees and God.

"Look at those tiny little clouds over there, Bert. Don't they look like a baby's blanket?"

They reminded Bert of a sky drop the Sullivan sisters had used two seasons back. Their clouds were prettier than these, though. Bluer.

"Look at that old tramp, Bert! Isn't he pathetic?"

Bert thought indifferently that if the fellow had a bike he could double for Toto.

"Just think of all our friends, Bert, havin' to work these hot days in cheap vaudeville houses. And us sittin' here in God's glorious sunshine. Don't you feel sorry for them?"

"I sure do, dear," lied Bert, thinking that the outline of the distant hills against the sky made a great cyke. Jewell certainly got a kick out of this Nature stuff. Bert supposed it was all right; it had to be, the trees had to grow in something and they had to have rocks for the sidewalks and things, but a full house was a nice picture, too, and one's name next to closing on a bill was as pretty a sight as he had ever seen. He stopped himself several times from thinking that he regretted ever having fallen for Jewell. Jewell was a wonderful girl. She was the only girl he ever knew who hadn't made her exit swearing at least once a day. Here a great girl like her had fallen for him, and the minute he was out of her sight he was wishing again for the low life he had led. He made up his mind to read a chapter in the book she had bought for him, and be worthy of her. No more walks in the woods!

He kept his word about the walks. After that he drove. Every day or so, along about overture time, he began to get restless and would complain that he needed fresh air. Jewell would urge him to take a drive out along the ocean, and though the good strong stench of Forty-seventh and Broadway wasn't so beneficial as that of the Atlantic might have been, it brought Bert home a happier man and made Nature a little less unendurable.

But it wasn't long before the strain began to tell on Jewell. It was along about booking time that Bert first noticed the great change in her. She didn't seem herself at all, and Bert began to think she was going to be sick, the way she snapped at him over every little thing and burst into tears over nothing at all.

One afternoon he came back from his customary drive to find her vocalizing.

(Continued on Page 156

The interior of the Ritz-Carlton shop of Kepple & Kepple, New York. Sketched by Lawrence Fellows, especially for Wilson Brothers.

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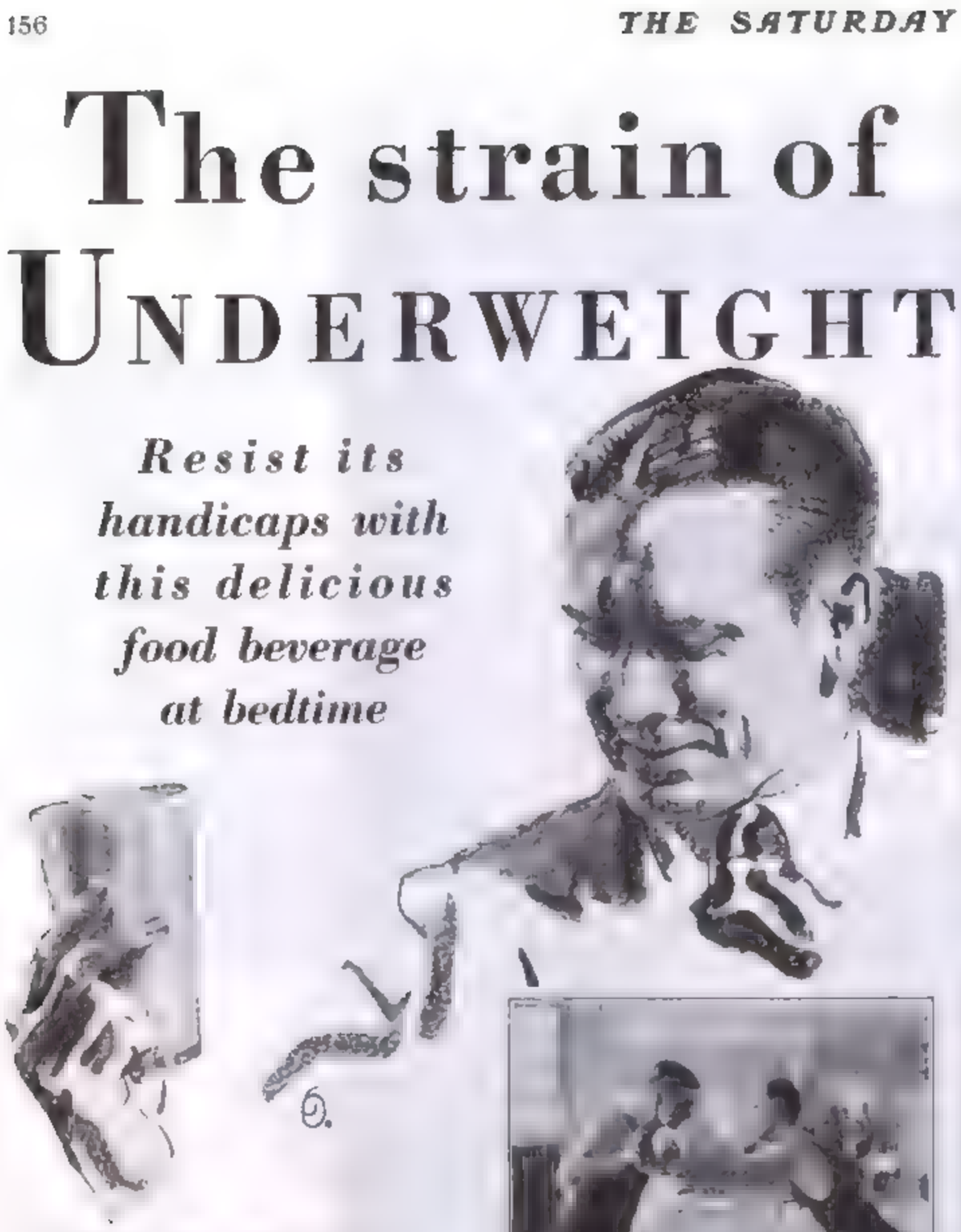
Resist its handicaps with this delicious food beverage at bedtime



THE late winter cold that hung on . . . is it making your Spring miserable? Are you tired out, usually, after work . . nervous . . unable to sleep . .

If you are thus handicapped—weigh in today! Your low resistance that brings on these conditions may be due to *underweight.*

That is what authorities now tell you. Give your body strong, firm tissue and natural, normal weight to *build* resistance against these handicaps.

In Horlick's Malted Milk (natural or chocolate flavor) a delightful way to do this has been found.

How it builds you up

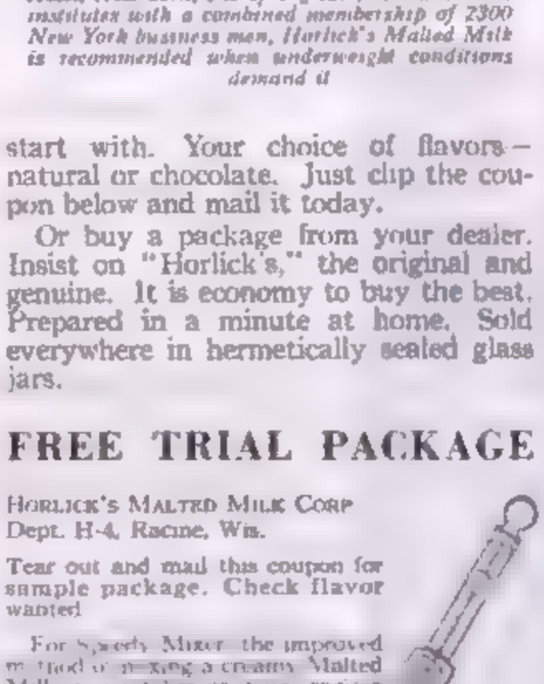
First—actual tests show that the pure, full-cream milk and nourishing grains in "Horlick's" contain the vital food elements—protein, carbohydrates, fat, essential minerals, even the valuable vitamins. These alone can build tissue and weight.

Second—the action of the malt enzymes makes these food elements digestible *at once.*

Taken upon retiring, preferably hot, "Horlick's" will help you relax and thus induce the sound sleep so essential in itself to "building up."

Thousands tell of wonderful results from "Horlick's" at bedtime—weight gains, new energy, sound sleep, steady nerves, freedom from colds. You too will enjoy keeping fit with this inviting beverage. Weigh in and start at once to take "Horlick's" every night before retiring.

If you are overweight, have "Horlick's" served you at lunch time in place of heavier foods. Then you get ample nourishment with fewer calories



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Let us send you a generous sample to start with. Your choice of flavors—natural or chocolate. Just clip the coupon below and mail it today.

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Dept. H-4, Racine, Wis.

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For Speedy Mixer, the improved method of mixing a creamy Malted Milk in a pitcher or glass, enclose 4 cents in stamps for postage

Speedy Mixer

☐ Natural ☐ Chocolate

Name

Address

(If you live in Canada, address 2155 Pius IX Ave., Montreal)

THE ORIGINAL MALTED MILK

HORLICK'S

(Continued from Page 154)

This was quite a surprise to Bert, as she had only sung for her own amusement during the summer, and cut out the mi-mi-mi-mi-ma business entirely. Bert was pleased to hear her practice; it might mean that she was getting over her nervousness.

"Why, hon," he said as he came in, "your pipes sound better than ever."

Jewell jumped up from the piano, startled.

"Why don't you make a little noise when you come in?" she asked indignantly. "You scared me to death, sneakin' in like a cat."

"Whadda you mean—cat? I come in like I always do—by the front door—didn't I? Can I help it if you're yellin' your head off so you can't hear me?"

"Yelling? You didn't call it yelling when you came in."

"Well, that's what it is." Bert's nerves were on edge too. "You couldn't get booking in a Sunday concert with pipes like that."

"Oh, I couldn't?" Jewell was greatly amused.

"That's what I said."

"I couldn't? I suppose you could? You're so good."

Then Bert got really sore. "Listen," he said: "after spendin' a summer in this hick hole, moonin' all day over a lotta hick trees and hick daisies, I couldn't get bookin' on the Wheel. That's how good I am. I couldn't get on the two-a-day as a No. 2," he concluded bitterly.

Then Jewell burst into tears and ran into his arms.

"Bert, honey, don't talk like that. You could knock 'em cold at the Palace without a rehearsal."

"Yeh?" Bert's voice sounded funny, all choked and strained.

"Bert!" Jewell cried hard against his shoulder, not daring to say what was in her heart. Then Bert felt sorry, knowing how she felt.

"Don't cry, honey," he said. "What do we care how good we are? We're through. We got what we want, haven't we?" He started out all sympathy, but at this point sarcasm got the better of his sweet tone and he could not resist rubbing it in. "Sure," he consoled Jewell. "We wanted to live like human beings and we got what we wanted. We got our little house in the country, and flower beds and people who care and ——" He didn't get to finish, for Jewell broke away from him and ran upstairs.

They were no longer speaking to each other when Buddy Olsen and Flo came to visit them. It was during a record-breaking hot August, when most of the vaudeville houses had closed down and even Bert was glad to take refuge on the cool porch of Rest Haven, thinking that there might be something in this country business after all.

Buddy and Flo had been married for a tumultuous three years. Flo had formerly been partners with Van Bini, a show girl, and they had done a dancing flash with great success until they had taken Buddy into it. After that, Buddy's life, which had formerly been his own and fairly peaceful as a mean saxophone player in Ben Merofsky's band, became the joint property of the two girls, until Flo got him and the act split up. Then Buddy became official baggage checker and dog tender for only one woman. When he came to Rest Haven his resistance was at a low ebb. Flo was all tired out, too, from keeping her eyes on Buddy when there were pretty girls on the bill. And the wedding party of Jewell and Bert was one of the sentimental occasions Flo cared to remember. Buddy had heard the virtues of Bert extolled every opening and closing day since it had taken place. And from the moment they were safely ensconced in the pink-and-blue guest room at Rest Haven the leaven began to work. The first sight of the compact little stucco house, with its red roof and iron balconies, started it. And the kitchen, with its green-checked linoleum and green canisters and green-bordered white dimity curtains, tied back with a perky bow, finished it. That evening they sat on the cool veranda and discussed it.

"I've been after Buddy to quit the two-a-day and settle down and live like a human being, but he's afraid he'd miss flirtin' with the tarts on the bills," she told Jewell bitterly, and in his presence too.

"She thinks every time I'm out of her sight I'm hangin' in the wings," Buddy complained. "When I'm out walkin' her dog or checkin' the baggage, like as not."

"Yeh, any time he does anything it's because I'm laid up or something. . . . Honest, Jewell, you'd think I was a truck horse or ——"

"Oh, shut up and quit your naggin'! We didn't come here to air our troubles to Jewell and Bert."

"No, but honest, Jewell, I'm so sick an' tired of the same old thing every day, I could die. Here I am sick with a nervous breakdown, having nightmares and not able to sleep at all half the time. All I get out of him is 'Lay off the booze.' It makes me sick."

"Listen, Jewell: it ain't so. I only told her to quit and go to a hospital, that's all."

"Honest, Jewell ——"

Then it started in earnest, and Jewell and Bert took it in silently, knowing enough not to interfere.

Bert, who had been doing some rapid-fire thinking, was the first to speak after they had worn themselves out.

"Buddy," he said solemnly, "you know what I think? I think Flo needs a good long rest." His tone was positively tender. "Why don't you buy her a nice little house and quit the two-a-day for a while?"

Before the first evening was over, poor Flo was ready for the hospital.

The next day Bert took her for a nice long walk, meaning to get things down to a confidential basis. This took some time, and in the meantime he helped his cause along by stopping every now and then to pick a flower, almost overcome with sentiment as he displayed them to Flo.

"Just look at that, Flo! Imagine being able to walk along and pick your own flowers!"

He led up to his subject gradually. Flo gave him an opening when she asked him confidentially how he and Jewell were hitting it off, as she had always liked Bert and wanted to see him happy, but had doubted that he had the qualifications for a married man.

"Flo," Bert said solemnly, "I drew the greatest little pal in the world. I'm not worth her shoe laces, Flo."

"Aw, Bert, don't talk foolish."

"No, Flo, she drew a blank when she got me." This was meant to be taken seriously, and Bert waited long enough to let her get the dramatic pause. "I could shoot myself," he said miserably.

"What are you talkin' about, Bert? A swell fellow like you?"

"Didn't she tell you, Flo?" He looked up in amazement.

"Tell me what, Bert?"

"That's just like Jewell, not to say anything. She's a dead-game sport if ever one lived."

He remained sadly silent until Flo was almost frantic with curiosity. But Bert made her beg for it.

"I'm surprised at Jewell if she keeps anything from me, Bert, as long as we been friends and all. I think you ought to tell me."

"She wouldn't like it, Flo, or she'd 'a' told you herself."

Then, fearful that Flo would take him seriously, he told her, "I'll tell you, Flo, if you won't let on to her like you know."

"Bert, so help me!"

"She's proud, Flo. She wouldn't want nobody to know."

"What is it, Bert?"

"Well ——" he began hesitantly. "Gee, you'll think I'm a low-life, sure."

"Bert!" At this Flo was sure he had become mixed up with another woman. She had confided to Buddy that Jewell would have her hands full. "Now tell me, Bert,"

(Continued on Page 159

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NO QUESTION about it. Almost as soon as you can wish for it you can have a beautifully enameled, handsomely nickeled gas range in your country kitchen. *A genuine gas range*, any model your heart desires. Pyrofax Gas Service makes it possible because Pyrofax is *real gas*. Not gasoline or kerosene or carbide but true gas that serves you with the perfect convenience, cleanliness and efficiency that has made gas the most popular fuel in the world.

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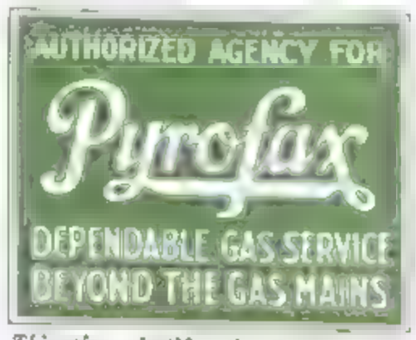

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DETROIT—General Motors Building
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Women interested in aeroplanes? Of course. We discovered that when we first began to publish articles on the subject. And it was the many letters we received that suggested this little homily . . . All of which is another way of saying that McCall's is helping some 2,300,000 of its readers—to look up.

McCALL'S

A MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN

(Continued from Page 156)

she urged. "You know I'm your friend." And Bert told her:

"I lost all our money on the market, Flo."

"Bert!"

"Yep. That's the sucker I was, Flo." He paused dramatically. "After I and Jewell saved all our lives, week by week, and had sense enough to sock it away, that's how I play the sucker. I'm a reg'lar three-card-monte fall guy."

"But, gee, Bert, you musta had something left."

"The house and the car, Flo, that's all. And now we'll have to sell them," he said miserably, "just when we was gettin' used to livin' like human bein's. It's awful, Flo. 'Course it ain't myself I'm squawkin' for. It's Jewell. Flo, that girl loves the country!"

"Gee, it's too bad, Bert."

"It wouldn't be so bad if we could get what we paid for the house and car. But you know how it is. We'll probably have to take half what we paid."

Flo was thoughtful for a little while.

"Well, Buddy and me have saved quite a bit this last season, Bert. I guess we could loan you enough to get on your feet."

"No, Flo!" It was a very definite refusal

"For Pete's sake, Bert, we're old friends!"

"What's the good, Flo? We couldn't pay it back. No, we got to go back to work, that's all."

"Gee, that's too bad, Bert."

"Yeh, it's too bad. It's sure too bad."

Then Bert changed the subject, knowing enough not to press a point.

That night Jewell remarked to Bert, quite innocently, "You know, Bert, I feel sorry for Flo."

Bert paused in the act of dropping his shoe to the floor, but his query was carelessly casual.

"How's that, hon?" he asked.

"Oh, she's gettin' on and all, you know, and havin' to slow down a little. You know she's over forty, Bert. Her buck-and-wing ain't what it used to be."

"Well, we all got to die sometime, Jewell."

A long silence.

"You know what I was thinkin', Bert."

He looked up from the shoe he was still holding.

"You know Flo's just gone crazy over this place, Bert. She said to me tonight: 'Jewell, if I could find a place like yours, furnished and all, so I wouldn't have to go to the bother, I'd buy it outright.'"

"Zat so?" Bert's tone was indifferent.

"You should 'a' heard her, Bert. You'd 'a' been sorry for her."

"Well, what's holdin' her, if she wants to buy a place like ours? Long Island is full of real-estate agents. I'll send her over to Donahue." Bert's genuine sincerity was a perfect piece of acting.

"Well, you know how long we looked, Bert, before we found the right place, and how long it took to fix it up. And Flo ain't feeling well and all."

Bert pondered over this. "Yeh, that's right," he finally conceded. "She looks bad, Flo does."

"She says to me, Bert, kinda sad-like: 'Jewell, why don't you sell me your place and get yourself another?'"

"No kiddin'?"

"Honest. I tell you I felt sorry for her. And Buddy said the same thing to me about her wantin' a place and being afraid a-bein' stung and all."

"Oh, they're just talkin'."

"Bert, so help me, they meant it."

This made Bert sore. "Say, they got a nerve, thinkin' we'd part with this place after we got so crazy about it." His head was bent low, untying the other shoe.

"'Course, I know how you feel, Bert, partin' with the house and all, and I'd feel the same way, but ——"

"But what?" Bert was belligerent.

"Well, Flo's been a good pal, Bert, and she needs a change bad. She's all wore out. You shoulda seen her, Bert, like I did, in her nightgown, with cold cream under her eyes and all."

Bert softened. "Poor old Flo," he said sympathetically.

"After all, Bert, you know the motto of performers: One for all and all for one."

"Yeh." Bert pondered over this sadly. "But suppose we sell 'em this place. What'll we do?"

"We could find another just as good."

"Yeh?" This time the implication wore no disguise, but Bert corrected it quickly. "And what'll we do till then?" he asked caustically.

"Well, I thought we could go to the Times Square or some place," Jewell apologized.

Bert mulled over the prospect of living in his favorite hotel skeptically:

"I don't know how I can stand livin' in hotels and eatin' restaurant food, after livin' like a human being," he objected, "but I suppose we got to think of each other in this life."

"Yeh, Bert, we got to think of each other," Jewell agreed.

"All right, babe; whatever you say goes with me. You're the boss." There were real tears in Bert's eyes and he passed them off as tears of renunciation. "But I don't know how we're goin' to get along without this nice little place."

Jewell's face also wore the sweet expression of a sacrifice well made.

"Me, neither, Bert," she said. "But we got to be big for once."

"You're right, Jewell," Bert answered resignedly. "We gotta be big."

Then they went to bed happily, already planning their new routines, while in the pink-and-blue guest room, Buddy and Flo, happy in their sacrifice, discussed with beatific pity the sad state of affairs of their pals.

"Just think, Buddy, of having to go back to the two-a-day after livin' in a swell place like this. Ain't it awful?"

"Gee!" Buddy could not find words to express his horror.

"And if you ever gamble five cents of my money in the market, Buddy Olsen, you can go back and play the saxophone on your own," threatened the missus.

"Don't worry," Buddy reassured her. "I got more sense than Bert Connelly in my right eye. I don't ever want to see the two-a-day again."

"Look at them little stars over there, Buddy. Ain't they cute?" cooed the missus happily. "Don't it make you glad to know you're away from it all?"

"It sure does, hon," said Buddy tenderly.

Healthy hair

Not even the most expert hair dresser in the world can bring permanent beauty to your hair, unless you see to its health first. To have healthy hair, you must give your scalp special care. And that means a thorough cleansing massage once a week anyway.

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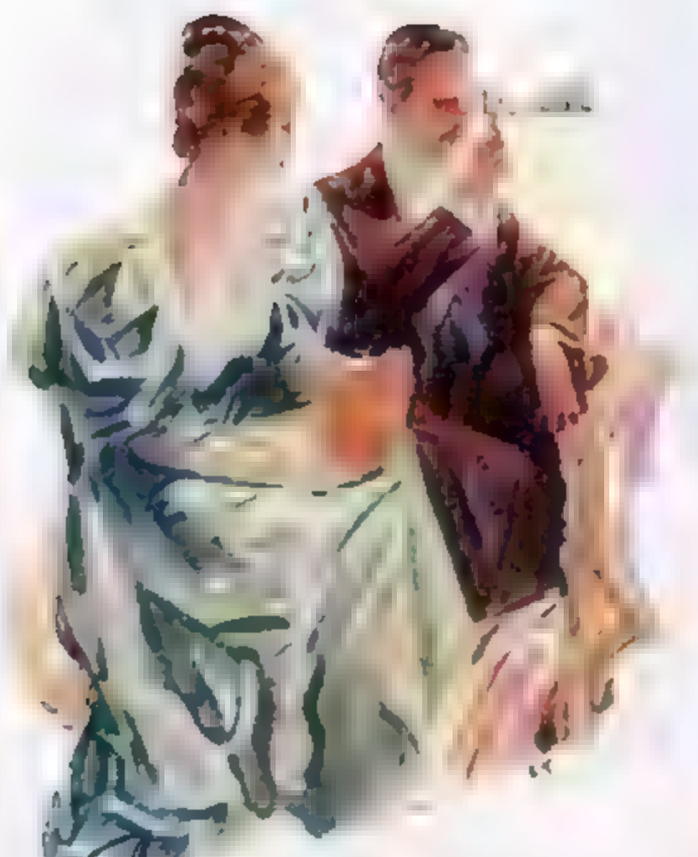

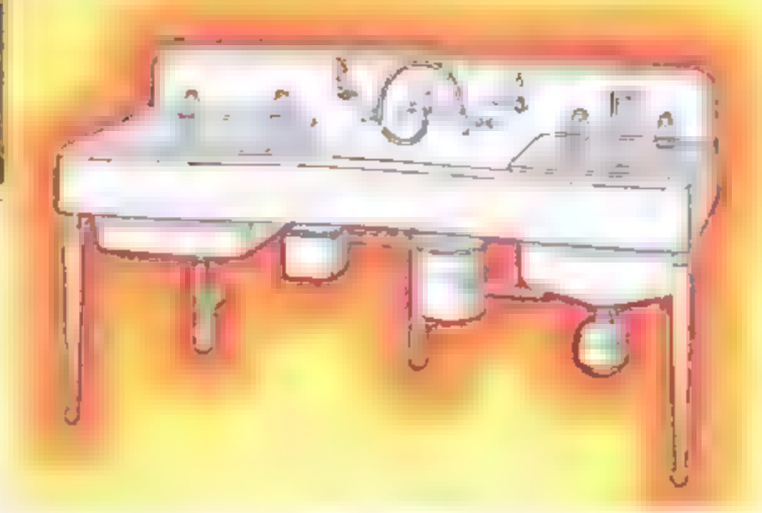

Is your home LIKE A PARTY DRESS with leg-o'-mutton sleeves?

STYLE won't stay put. And the minute anything is out of fashion, even in one detail, nobody wants it. Today, the finest of gowns would go begging if it had leg-o'-mutton sleeves; the value of an entire house suffers from a claw-footed bathtub.

Twelve million American homes, in fact, have lost their rightful share of desirability to owner, buyer, or renter, because of antiquated plumbing and heating. Perhaps yours is one. Why not check up now and make sure . . . .

The single bathroom house belongs to the days of Saturday night bathing. You can easily trade a storeroom or a large closet for another; and give them both the color decoration, the built-in tubs, the silent closets, now in vogue.

Fashion frowns, because of rising property prices, on the cellar that is merely a dirty dungeon. Your saving in fuel will quickly pay for a trouble-free and handsome jacketed boiler that will transform your basement into a livable room.

Style has decreed that the kitchen shall be a cheerful, ventilated room, brightened by a waist-high sink; that water soft and of any temperature shall flow through unclogged piping at the turn of every faucet in the house.

Why not go to the 'phone now, and ask a master plumber and a heating contractor to make a health examination of your home and tell you just what it needs to bring it back in step with style; smart, convenient, with an increased value far exceeding the cost of the improvements.

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"Living (insert IT Yes" is the name of a splendidly illustrated booklet, of value and interest to everyone who is considering the comfort and beauty of his home, by modernizing his plumbing and heating. Just fill in your name below and mail to the Plumbing and Heating Industries Bureau, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago.

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IT PAYS TO MODERNIZE YOUR PLUMBING AND HEATING

MR. TOASTMASTER AND DEMOCRATS

(Continued from Page 5

more apt to make a whole change than we ever are a partial change. If a Giant is all the rage this year, next year it won't be an ordinary-size man. No, we will jump right from the Giant to the Midget. I will watch that angle of our Sociology too. I may start a Candidate with the Slogan: "Come, Join the Democrats, and We will all be Poor and Happy and Moral again." You know, there is a lot of people getting awful tired of picking out every morning just what car to use that day. You work and skimp and make a million, and you find your next-door Neighbor just yesterday give away three million to build a separate Dormitory at some College for Cheer Leaders. Another acquaintance has given five million to get short skirts and bobbed hair on the downtrodden Armenians.

So I think the Republicans are overdoing this prosperity. You take our rich, now, on their vacations; they like to get away out and kinder rough it and pretend that they are poor again. They like to drive a little cheap make of car around personally. They just love to play poor, like a child loves to play dolls. You know, when you come home at night and find nothing in the Ice Box but Ice Cream and Cake, it finally gets on your nerves. When a stock market don't do nothing but go up, and all you have to do is Buy, why there is not much incentive for a man with sporting blood. Everything is going up because everything is amalgamating with something else. If you got a Business, and it ain't doing so good, why, combine it with another one and issue more stock. We are such bargain hunters that if two things are put together we think they must be twice as good as they were singly. You can never have a failure in this Country as long as you can find something to combine with just before the blow-up comes. Why, they even nowadays combine things with no possible connection with each other. You just tie up with anything you can get to go in with you.

Where the Democrats Come In

It's an age of Big Business. I attended a Luncheon the other day where they were going to build the highest Church in the World. I suppose their Slogan will be, "Join our Church; we will guarantee to get you nearer to Heaven than our Competitors." They got to do these things; it's the Spirit of the times. But at the continual rate of combining, Democratic hope lays in the fact that everything in America will get to be one Company. It may be called the "Industrial, Agricultural, Spiritual and Recreational Company, Inc." It would embrace everything from Cigarette lighters to the Pennsylvania Railroad, from Vineyards to Wheat fields, from Alligator Pears to Brahman Heifers, from Golf Courses to Parchesi Boards, and would all be manufactured and sold by one big Corporation. Now, here is where us Democrats would come in. In doing away with thousands of these smaller Corporations that entered into this Gigantic Trust, there would naturally be millions and millions of Vice Presidents from these thousands of smaller Enterprises thrown on the mercy of the World. Now they are naturally not going to feel any too well toward this new order of Big Business; for there is nothing that a Vice President can do but be a Vice President. You take that title away from him and he can't hand you a Card. And you take away all the Vice Presidents' cards that are handed out in a year, and you have just left them destitute of employment. But they can still vote. Losing your Vice Presidency don't lose you your Citizenship. The founders of the Constitution was liberal in that respect. So that's where this tremendous combination of big business is eventually going to act against the Republican Party. Every combine throws these billions of Vice Presidents out of work; that means another dissatisfied man, and another dissatisfied man means a Democrat.

Dissatisfaction is what makes you a Democrat; it's not "environment" or "training" or "education." In fact, the more education he gets the less apt he is to be a Democrat, and if he is very highly educated he will see the Apple Sauce in both Parties. And training—you can't train a man to be a Democrat. He acts like he is trained, but he ain't; most of that deviliment he just come by naturally. Environment don't either hurt him or help him.

He can run with a bunch of Republicans for a year and come out as honest as he went in, and he can run with a bunch of Democrats for a year and come out knowing just as little as he did when he went in. But dissatisfaction is his stock in trade. He knows the Republicans are Sharpers, but he don't know enough to prove it on 'em; and the Republicans know that they are Sharpers and know that the Democrat will never know enough to prove it on 'em.

The Same Old Corruption Plank

But give us the vote of all the Vice Presidents and we will drive these Republicans back to manual labor again. But I don't want to branch off speaking here tonight before this assemblage on Corruption. I certainly am not going to make that usual mistake that the Democrats make every time an election comes up. We have talked more Corruption and got less of it than any known denomination. Americans are funny people; they never get het up over anything unless they are participating in it. The fellow that ain't getting any Corruption, he don't think that it can possibly be so common, or it would have reached him, and the ones that are getting some of it don't want it brought up. Jimmy Cox run on Corruption in the Republican Party, and there was seven million more people in favor of it than there was of abolishing it. Mr. Davis resurrected the same platform in 1924, and eight million more were in favor of it—a clear gain of a million in four years that were living in hopes of getting their clutches on some of it. Instead of by this time having learned that it was an Asset in Politics, why, we Democrats dragged it out again in '28, and lost everything but Rhode Island and Arkansaw. You see, this Corruption thing really started with us Democrats. They used to always pick up a few dollars around election times from the Saloon Keepers. It was just a small petty graft. In fact, I think Tammany Hall kinder originated the idea—that was back in the old days, before the 1928 Restoration. Then the Republicans come along and saw what the Democrats were doing with just a few Saloon Keepers, and said, "Here; why won't this same thing work in a big way? Won't Lumber, Coal, Banks, Mines, Manufacturies and big things donate to a fund, if we can kinder promise to give 'em some Tariff now and ag'in? Us being in office, we can kinder throw some little things their way, the same as the Ward Politician can keep opposition from opening across the Street from Murphy's Place." So they took it up. It was really an idea that had belonged to us, but they saw what was in it, and brought it up to the high plane it is today. Now, it was not exactly what the coarse would call "Corrupt", it really come under the heading of Political Reciprocity. The Democratic Politician helped out the little Saloon Keeper, and the Republican Leader helped out the Banker and the Merchant. What I am trying to prove to you is that right from the jump these Republicans had BIG ideas. Our side was great originators, but these Guys improved on 'em; they would make something worth while out of it. I hate to admit it, Boys, but those Birds are just shrewder than we are. We have always had our eyes on a Dime; they have always had theirs on a Dollar. That's why the Democrats can stay in Power in City and Town Governments, but when it comes to getting our fists into the National Treasury we are handcuffed. The Republicans won't monkey away their time with some little local City election. They know the Dough is on the Potomac, and not in some City Hall. We worry our heads off over "who is going to be Sheriff or Justice of the Peace," and their minds is on: "What two highbinders will we send to the Senate?"

Now, we are all here together at this dinner and there is no use kidding ourselves; we are just naturally the cheapest of Political Organizations. We are a happy lot, though; we are in just as good humor when out of Office as we are in. We are just like a Life Prisoner who has been made a Trusty; we know we ain't going to do anybody any harm, and they know we ain't going anywhere. We are just kinder tolerated for the laughs we hand out every four years.

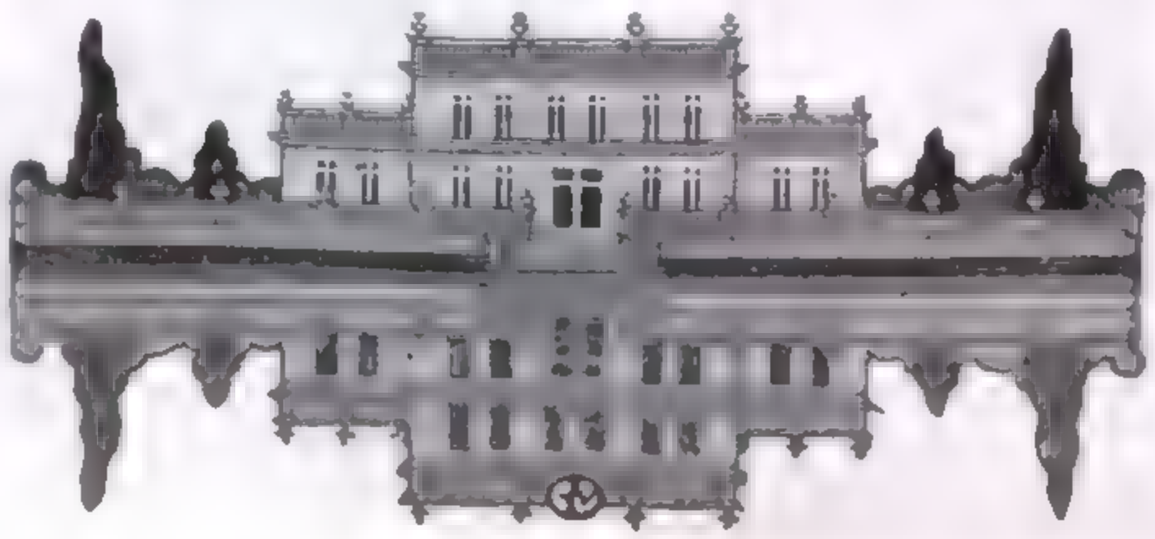
The Great Revelation

There is one thing about a Democrat: He would rather make a Speech than a Dollar. In fact, that's our downfall. We start in with pretty good prospects, but we manage to talk ourselves out of enough votes by November to finish second. During the last election nobody will ever know the amount of votes lost by each of the candidates. We know the amount of votes that Radio cost the two collectively; for there was seventeen million more people registered that didn't vote at all. There was that many people that had originally made up their minds to go to the trouble of voting, but after they heard Both of them over the Radio, they didn't go at all. That would be just like a thousand people out of three thousand, after buying their Tickets to a Show and then hearing the first Act, walking out and not staying. Now, as I say, nobody knows which one was responsible for this falling off. It must have been both of them. They talk about what a great thing the Radio has been for Politicians and Candidates. Why, there has been more people got wise to over the Radio than Senate investigations have exposed. Nothing in the World exposes how Little you have to say as Radio. So that is one thing that we will save a lot of money on during any Campaign that I decide to enter a Candidate. When he is nominated we are going to have him say "YES," and if he says anything else from then to the first Tuesday after the first Monday of November of that year, we will swear that it was said by a Spokesman who was not Official. Mr. Coolidge didn't Come out on anything; yet he come out in better shape than any President that we have released in many years. His opinions on every Deuce or Tray that turned up during his Administration was not Blabbed over any organized Wave Length. He never expressed his opinion on a thing to a soul; only Laddie Boy, and Laddie Boy died with the secrets intact.

A Real Public Benefaction

Now, the only way we ever learn anything is from somebody's past experience; so I am in the Market for a speechless Democrat. That is going to be harder to find than it will be to elect him, but we will sure keep him quiet during the Campaign. Now, I can't tell you now what the issues will be—that's too far off—but one thing I will assure you now: It won't be any of the ones that have been used all these past years. What we want to do is to string along with these Republicans in the Senate or House, and when something accidentaly comes up that is good for the Country, why, put it over. In other words, get in there and act like you was working for the Taxpayer instead of exclusively for the Democratic Party. Vote "YES" on something besides widening the Chatahoochie. Cut out that balloting on things in private. If you haven't got the nerve to let the people know how you stand on anything, have a sick friend, and go home and sit up with him on the day of the vote. But try and be nonpartisan; you would be surprised how quick the people of all Political denominations will find it out. If the Senate wants to take a secret vote, let it be known that Democrats were against it to a man. In other words, you got to shame the Republicans into decency. But in doing so you will make a rep for yourself. It wouldn't take a Party any longer to show that it was Progressive than it would an individual. Borah, just for Campaign purposes, was listed as a Republican. But look how quick he lived it down. Now, you would be surprised at the amount of people that think he is working for the people.

Now you are to come back soon and work on Farm Relief. If it looks like you can help the farmer, why, do it. Don't kill it off just because Hoover happened to be the one that had to try and look like he was doing something for 'em. Now I inherited a lot of you when I took over the Management of this Outfit, and there is a lot of you that won't be in my new Organization. You just don't fit in with my new scheme of things. It takes a long time to get anything through a Politician's mind. For instance, we elect in November, but don't seat till the following March—that was because in those days it took that long to get to Washington. Now we can't change it, because we just can't elect anybody that is Big enough to say: "They don't want me in here and I am willing to resign and let the new Congress in now." If all the Democrats would do that one session, and show that they was the BIG Party, and wasn't just looking to hang on—their Forefathers hung on because the other fellow was on his way from Oregon with a yoke of Oxen—why, that very thing would stamp 'em as real public benefactors. You are the only people in the world that wants to work on after you are fired—that's, of course, just one little thing, but it is doing dozens of little things like that, that will get people out of the habit of believing that, in case the Democrats get in, it will be a return to Slavery, Chain harness and Bustles.



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ANDREW JOHNSON

(Continued from Page 25)

what is greater, he did more than his share to preserve it.

One of the pleasures of the faithful and gentle-hearted Jacob was to go with the gentry on their fishing, hunting and drinking trips, cook for them, cut bait, keep camp and bring them safely home when they were too drunk to drive. When Andy was five years old the faithful Anchises lost his life saving two of his hilarious friends from drowning, at Hunter's old mill, near the town of Raleigh. There were three in the boat—all drunk. One perpetrated the ancient joke which may easily be traced to the first Neanderthal man's use of a burnt-out log to see if it would float on the river. The two who could not swim, frantically embraced, and both sank to the bottom. Johnson dived into the ice-cold water, brought them up and by superhuman efforts got them to land. He died from exhaustion and pneumonia a few days later.

It was hard sailing for the Widow Johnson after that. She bound out both her boys to tailors. She took in washing and did more cooking and housecleaning. After serving six of his eight years, Andrew ran away. Later he returned, settled with the tailor, put his mother, her second husband and her belongings all in one one-horse wagon and struck out for the new state of Tennessee through the gap of the Cumberland, and down the same little river-valley trail that Andrew Jackson had blazed in 1788 and James K. Polk had followed in 1811.

In a tailor shop he began a political career that has no parallel in history—the most remarkable tailor shop in the world, since it is the only one in history which served as tailor shop, primary school and an academy for those seeking learning, a library, a debating society and a general symposium of all the village knowledge, civil, political and literary. It is the only tailor shop that ever produced a President of the United States. Johnson was the soul and center of it, burning with a thirst for knowledge.

A Vanquished Heckler

The forgatherers with him ran all the way from carpenter, bricklayer, blacksmith and farmer to the cultured school-teacher and briefless young lawyer—everything but wealth, everybody but the aristocrats. Often, as he sat cross-legged on his table, plying needle and thread, he paid his visitors fifty cents a morning to read history and biography to him. At home his wife read while he sewed. He easily led in the debating society. It astonished them how surely and naturally this tailor could unhorse all others in debates. He would spend weeks gathering his facts and then drive them home with vigor, force and logic that were unassailable. Two-edged phrases, similes that painted, and metaphors that fixed the picture, flowed from his lips as naturally as water from his mountain springs. In a bitter attack on Johnson in the Senate, March 2, 1860, when every Southern senator but Johnson had left, and he alone stood and made his epoch-making speech for the Union, Senator Lane, of Oregon, recently defeated vice-presidential candidate with Breckenridge, spoke of Johnson's "triumphant ignorance and exulting stupidity."

"Whatever may be the character of my mind," replied the sturdy commoner in the insinuating, musical voice that he had trained to carry so far and liquidly to his audiences in the deep hollows of his mountain home, "I have never obtrusively made it the object of consideration. I may, nevertheless, have exhibited now and then the exulting stupidity and triumphant ignorance of which the senator has spoken. Great and magnanimous minds pity ignorance. The senator from Oregon, rich in intellectual culture, with a mind comprehensive enough to retain the wisdom of ages and an eloquence to charm a literary Senate, deplores mine; but he should also be considerate enough to regard my humility. Unpretending in my ignorance, I am content to gaze at his lofty heights and glorious daring without aspiring to accompany him to regions for which my wings have not been plumed nor my eyes fitted. Gorgeously bright are those fair fields in which he revels. To me, alas, his heaven appears as but murky regions, dull, opaque, leaden. My pretensions have been simply to do my duty to my state and my country."

Pitt's famous reply to Walpole, beginning, "The atrocious crime of being a young man," has nothing on Johnson's opening paragraph for classical sarcasm.

All his life he took punishment like a pit bull. But when he struck, he held, and when his jaws closed, there was soon no breath left in the throat of his opponent. He gloried in giving and taking. He welcomed heckling. "Sit down! You are nothing but a tailor," shouted a heckler, rising and shaking his fist at Johnson as he spoke to a vast crowd on the public square at Nashville in his race for governor.

Taking a Hand in Politics

"Yes, my friend," said Johnson, leaning over the platform and speaking with unctuous benignity, "I am a tailor, but I am a good tailor, and no customer of mine ever could have ripped the seat of his pants out and made indecent exposure of himself as you have been doing today."

The laughter that followed drove the heckler from the scene.

Sometimes it was the other way, as in his debate with Gustavus A. Henry, the so-called Eagle Orator, in his race for governor of Tennessee in 1853. Johnson, snarling at this eagle phrase, said: "The Eagle Orator, indeed! Why, fellow citizens, this is the fifth time I've met the Eagle in the pit and I see no blood on his beak."

"The proud eagle never feeds on carrion," came bitterly back from the already whipped Henry.

Johnson took this shaft in the neck smiling, while the Whigs howled. But he swept the Eagle off the boards in the race. "The harder you hit him," the Eagle explained afterward, "the surer he is to rise."

Johnson never got over this stump-oratory trick of silencing hecklers. It caused some of his trouble while President. He never seemed to realize, after he became President, that a hand grenade from the grand stand was not necessary to demolish the egg thrower from the crowd. In his epoch-making swing around the circle in the summer of 1866, accompanied by General Grant, Admiral Farragut, some members of his cabinet, and other distinguished men and women, in a more or less triumphant journey from Washington through Baltimore, Chicago, and in a circle taking in St. Louis and Philadelphia, he was constantly caught in a heckler's trap. Some of his bitter reply shafts were made articles in his impeachment, but dropped.

Before the tailor arrived in Greeneville, in 1826, the little town had been run by the wealthy and the aristocrats.

"Why can't we mechanics have a hand in it?" the tailor asked. They elected him alderman, then mayor. Things needed attention at the state capital. They sent him to the House, to the Senate. There the stubbornness of his Democracy was written in the incident that caused more talk and bitterness in state politics than had ever been heard or felt before. He led a revolt against the Whigs that deprived the state of any senatorial representatives in Washington for two years.

Thomas Corwin, brilliant Kentucky wit, Governor of Ohio 1840–42, who hated Jackson, rocked Congress with laughter in his tribute to his old foe after his death: "I'll say this for him, Mr. Speaker: He beat everything that ever went up against him—he beat the Creeks, he beat the British, he beat Dickinson, he beat Webster, he beat Clay, he beat Calhoun, he beat the bank, and in his old age he joined the church and beat the devil! Can you beat that?"

It was true of his namesake; Johnson beat everyone who went up against him. For ten years he held his old First District in Congress against the ablest of Whig orators.

During the campaign for Congress in 1845, the report was circulated that Johnson was the illegitimate son of the Chief Justice of North Carolina.

Andrew Johnson had taken the shafts of his enemies all his life, but like the eagle of his own aerie, with his own beak he had plucked them out. This one struck and embittered him in after life even as a similar false slander made sad, in secret, the heart of Lincoln, that other man of sorrow. But unlike Lincoln, Johnson fought back. He went to Raleigh and thoroughly disproved the slander. With affidavits by the hundred from good people still living, he proved the falseness of it. "As for my religion," he said, "it is the doctrine of the Bible, as taught and practiced by Jesus Christ."

After Johnson's death, in 1875, there was found among his papers this statement in his handwriting, written when he was stricken with cholera in 1873, now framed and hung in the library of his home. Cholera had swept the state before and had taken off James K. Polk in 1849.

All seems gloom and despair. I have performed my duty to my God, my country and my family. I have nothing to fear. Approaching death to me is the mere shadow of God's protecting wing. Beneath it I feel almost sacred. Here I know no evil can come; there I will rest in quiet and peace, beyond the reach of calumny's poisoned shaft, the influence of envy and jealous enemies, where treason and traitors in state, backsliders and hypocrites in church, can have no place; where the great fact will be realized that God is truth, and gratitude is the highest attribute of man.

In Congress, Johnson worked in and out of session for the passage of a bill that today is his greatest monument—the Homestead Act. This act opened up the vast, unsettled areas of the West, granting 160 acres of land as a homestead to those who would settle on it, hold and improve it. It was a free-soil gesture and against slavery, though Johnson owned a few slaves. It probably cost Johnson the Democratic nomination for President at the adjourned Baltimore convention of 1860, when Breckenridge and Lane were nominated.

Still the Proud Plebeian

They could not beat him for Congress, so they gerrymandered his district into a Whig stronghold and forced him to run for governor. It was a fatal trick for those who did it. For twenty years, 1836 to 1856, the Whigs had carried the state in spite of the old chief at the Hermitage. In 1839, James K. Polk nosed in as governor and then was beaten when he asked for a second term. He failed to carry his state when he ran for President in 1844, although he beat Clay for the presidency.

Johnson came in, and when he finished with them, the Whigs held no first offices in the state again. He was pitted in the race against the unbeatable Gustavus A. Henry, the so-called Eagle Orator. When elected, the tailor governor refused to ride to the capitol in the carriage with the outgoing Whig aristocrat. Instead, like Jackson, he went at the head of his own mob of common people.

In 1854 it was Gentry's turn—Gentry, next to Clay, the most brilliant of all Whig orators and known as "the silver-tongued." In those romantic days of chivalry and knightly tournaments, barbecues and Scott's novels everything was golden or silvery, magnolia and magic. It is a question if Scott's novels did not cause the Civil War!

(Continued on Page 165)

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WRITE FOR STYLE BOOK AND NAME OF NEAREST DEALER

(Continued from Page 162)

It was the year of the Know-Nothings in America, as they called themselves. They opposed foreigners, Catholics and Masons. Intolerance of this type maddened Johnson until he almost lost his poise. "Show me a Know-Nothing," he thundered to a crowd before him which he knew was full of them, "and I will show you a loathsome reptile on whose neck any honest man should set his feet. Such a gang is little better than John A. Murrell's clan of outlaws."

Pistols were drawn and cocked. They shouted back to him: "It is a lie! It's a lie!"

"Men were pale with rage and still as death. They ceased to breathe; the suspense was terrible," says the newspaper account written at that time. Johnson looked them calmly over, paused, dropped his hand on the handle of his own pistol as he gazed around at the rage his words had created, then deliberately resumed his speech.

The next appointment was in a Know-Nothing stronghold. They swore they would kill him if he made that speech again. Influential Democrats waited on him as a committee and begged him to omit the speech.

"I'll make that speech tomorrow," he replied, "if it blows the Democratic Party to hell."

Before speaking he was notified that the Know-Nothings had organized to throw him off the platform. He armed himself, mounted the platform, told the crowd he had heard they were going to assassinate him if he made his speech, and laying his pistol on the table before him, invited them to start the killing then, so that he might proceed uninterrupted.

There was no movement. "Gentlemen, pardon me. It appears I have been misinformed." But his peace-making six-shooter which he knew so well how to use, remained where it was. Again he poured his vitriol into the face of the Know-Nothings.

His party sent him to the Senate. He was supreme in the state. The tailor had accomplished what his beloved counterpart, the rail-splitter, could not do—he had conquered aristocracy and become their leader.

The year was 1858 and underneath the nation's Capitol seethed a volcano.

The Big Guns of Eloquence

Then came the surprise of aristocracy's life—a Democrat, a Southerner and a slave-owner, he stood for Andrew Jackson's Union amid threats, curses, challenges to duels, ridicule and bowie knives drawn on the floor of the Senate when he spoke. Every Southern senator resigned that body and left. One day he became famous. His name till then was not wholly unknown, but after his great Union speech it flashed across the continent in one night, a fiery ball of burning eloquence that wakened the sleeping, numbed and indifferent nation as a meteor in the sky rumbling with thunder. It was two days before Lincoln's inauguration, and the doubting suavity of the spineless, damfounded Buchanan had spread a pall of gloom and apathy over the country. The fire ball of Johnson eloquence wakened it.

"Sir," shouted the brilliant, audacious Lane of Oregon, walking the aisle of the Senate with one hand behind and presumably close to his weapon, while Johnson faced him eye to eye, "Andrew Johnson, like Esau, had sold his birthright. Such a man never had a correct idea in his head . . . His infamous speech had been scattered broadcast over the country. A tyrant understands a state cannot be coerced. . . ."

Jefferson Davis, before he left, had called him a "Southern traitor . . . men of that class are but miserable recreants nailed to a cross. . . ."

"There are men," said Johnson, rising and shaking an index finger across the aisle in Lane's face, "who talk about cowardice, cowards and all that sort of thing. I will say here once and for all that these two eyes of mine never looked upon any being in the shape of mortal man that this heart of mine feared. Sir, have we reached a point of time in which we dare not speak of treason? Our forefathers spoke of it in the Constitution of our country; they have defined what treason is. Who is it that has been engaged in making war upon the United States? Who is it that has fired on our flag? Who is it that has given instructions to take your arsenals, your forts, your dockyards, to seize your custom houses and rob your treasuries? Show me who has been engaged in these conspiracies; show me who has been sitting in these mighty and secret conclaves plotting the overthrow of the Government, and I will show you a traitor."

For the Union

At the word "traitor" all semblance of order ceased. It was two hours before order could be restored on the floor and in the howling galleries shouting for Johnson. Lane walked nervously around, shouting, "Let the galleries hear! They can't move me if all are armed! I have nothing to fear!"

Johnson stood grim, calm and unruffled. Douglas' motion not to clear the galleries finally prevailed.

"Will Tennessee," thundered Johnson, in closing his speech in which the galleries turmoiled their approbation or stood on tiptoe in silence—"will Tennessee ever desert the grave of him who bore the proud emblem of our Union in triumph, or desert the flag that he waved in victory? No, never! She was in the Union before some of these states were spoken into existence and she intends to remain in. Is the Senate, are the American people prepared to give up the graves of Washington and Jackson to be encircled and guarded and controlled by a combination of traitors and rebels? I say, let the battle go on in freedom's cause until the Stars and Stripes—God bless them!—shall again be unfurled from every crossroads and every housetop throughout the Confederacy, North and South. Let the Union be reunited, let the law be enforced, let the Constitution be supreme."

Here again the galleries made a wreck of decorum. "Three cheers for the Union and Andrew Johnson of Tennessee!" rolled over the heads of decorous senators. The Speaker called for arrests. "Arrest and be damned!" came desperately back.

"This speech," said Alexander H. Stephens, Vice President of the Confederacy, in his great history, The War Between the States "was characterized throughout by extraordinary fervor and eloquence, and in my judgment did more to strengthen and arouse the war passion of the people of the North than everything else combined."

When Johnson returned to Tennessee he took his life in his hands. At towns in Virginia when his train stopped toughs rushed his car to "lynch the traitor." At Lynchburg he stood them off with a pistol. When he reached Tennessee he was practically an outcast. He went over the state making Union speeches at the risk of his life. Plots were made to assassinate him. Warned in time, he escaped. His state, following him, voted overwhelmingly to stay in the Union, but when Lincoln called for her quota of volunteers to fight their neighbors and their own people, Johnson's state, in June, voted sadly to go out. All but Johnson's East Tennessee—it never went out.

Using His Sixth Sense

Johnson was driven from the state, his property confiscated, his family placed under guard.

Fort Donelson fell, and with it Nashville, and all the rich granary of Middle and West Tennessee and Kentucky was held in the Union by Buell's army at Nashville. "No man can hold the border states in the Union but Johnson," said Lincoln, and from his safe seat in the United States Senate sent him into the perils of military governor of the state. Time and again Lincoln had to choose between Johnson and his generals. Each time they had to knuckle to the military governor. Buell, Thomas, Schofield—all soon found that Johnson's wishes were the President's.

It is said that his influence alone added 300,000 men from the border states to the Union Army. No army of the enemy could push north of Nashville for long, while 50,000 troops in impregnable forts stood in their rear.

To reclaim this territory, capture and destroy Johnson, seven great, bloody and decisive battles were fought: Shiloh, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Atlanta, Franklin and Nashville. The last one ended the war in the West, December 16, 1864.

The summer of 1864, despite Union victories, were gloomy days for Lincoln and his cause. Grumbling and discontent everywhere, draft riots in the East, copperheads crawling out into the sun, state elections that threatened to send an adverse majority to the forthcoming Congress, and the "Little Napoleon" running against him for the presidency, strutting in spectacular mediocrity and the faked uniform of greatness. The harassed Lincoln all but gave up. "This morning," he wrote in August, 1864, in a private memorandum, still preserved, "as for some days past, it seems exceedingly probable that this administration will not be reelected. Then it will be my duty to cooperate with the President-elect so as to save the Union." Lincoln had, as Seward said, "a sixth sense for politics that is positively uncanny." He exercised it now by selecting Andrew Johnson as his running mate. Johnson, he knew, would hold the Northern Democrats, civilians and soldiers, who, true to their faith, filled Lincoln's army. An uncanny foresight, indeed, and unbelievable to less far-seeing eyes. Turning down his own mate, Vice President Hannibal Hamlin, Dickinson of New York and

When Good Impressions Are at Stake

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Holt of Kentucky, the Rail-Splitter chose the Tennessee tailor.

Thus was the tailor swept back triumphantly to Washington. He was toasted, fêted, proclaimed everywhere. Save only his chief, he was the most beloved and popular official in the United States.

Though Johnson owned slaves and Lincoln did not, even on this question which precipitated the war, despite their differing parties and environments, they held the same views.

What to do, how to get rid of slavery, staggered Lincoln, as it had the South, from the days of their manumission societies and stern laws against the further importation of slaves, to John Brown's fanatic raid that would free them by murdering their masters.

"When the Southern people tell me they are no more responsible for the origin of slavery than we are," said Lincoln, at Peoria, Illinois, October 16, 1854, "I will acknowledge the fact. If all earthly power were given me I should not know what to do as to the existing situation. Free them and make them politically and socially our equals? My own feelings will not admit of this."

It is true he asserted often that slavery was wrong, but again and again he asserted that he had no constitutional right to free the slaves, and from the very first of the war he held that it was waged not to free the slaves but to preserve the Union.

In the crisis of the war he expressed it tersely when he said that to save the Union he would be willing to free all of them, or part of them, or none of them. He held to it to the last. His Emancipation Proclamation applied to only about 200,000 slaves in the war zone. In the epoch-making conference at Hampton Roads, in February, 1865, between Lincoln and Seward and members of the Davis cabinet, he offered, if the Confederacy would lay down its arms and come back into the Union, to suggest a payment of $400,000,000 for their emancipated slaves. Davis' stubbornness in fighting to the bitter end made all this come to naught. It was a calamity to the South second only to the war itself. In sixty days Lincoln was dead and Davis in prison.

Lincoln's greatest dictum on this subject is a masterpiece of truth: "This country cannot permanently exist half slave and half free." He was right.

A Scheme of Evolution

Though slavery was the chief cause of the South's taking up arms against the Union, it was not the primary aim to abolish slavery, of those who fought to preserve the Union.

The so-called institution of slavery, which through the ages, until the advent of steam and labor-saving machinery made it obsolete, had been a lawful and economical structure, did not become a holy temple until the blood of millions had been sprinkled on its lintels.

There is no question of right or wrong in evolution. There is neither moral nor immoral in its gigantic and all-pervading scheme. Throughout the ages, until steam awakened and set the world on a larger plane, slavery had always been evolution's scheme to give the backward nation a chance for its own civilization.

Lincoln's whole policy, so typical of his great spirit, had been, as soon as peace was declared, to bring "the erring sisters" back into the Federal Union under the Constitution and laws that would be in harmony with his proclamation on the abolition of slavery. Already governments had been established in Louisiana, Arkansas and Tennessee, and at the last meeting of his cabinet, the day before his death, without dissent or objection from any, Lincoln laid before them similar plans for admitting Virginia and North Carolina. There had been no dissent from either Congress or the cabinet. In his last public utterances, on April 11, 1865, in a speech to the people of Washington, he did not stress the surrender of Lee, but dwelt with great satisfaction on the Louisiana experiment of readmission, announced the fact that his cabinet was unanimous on his reconstruction policy, and expressed the hope that the intelligent Union soldiers among the negroes might be given the franchise.

Death took him on April 15, 1865.

The South, aye, humanity, lost its greatest friend.

Johnson loved Lincoln as he loved no other man save Andrew Jackson, now dead twenty years. To Johnson it was hero worship, one of the few unselfish attachments that ever entered into the soul of this stubborn, sullen Cato. They had fought together and suffered together for the Union as no other two public men had. They had worked and planned together without dissent or misunderstanding. They had cast aside party and state for the cause. Johnson was no longer a Democrat and Southerner; Lincoln no longer a Republican and Northerner while the Union was in the balance.

They had been elected together on this ticket of the Union. To those who knew Johnson it was not strange that he had but one policy—to carry out Lincoln's. This he proclaimed from the housetops to the cellar. For this he walked the red-heated plowshares of Hate.

One Nation Indivisible

The political instrument originated by the radicals to discredit and defeat Johnson was known as the Tenure of Office Act passed March 2, 1867, to prevent the President from removing the Secretaries of State, Treasury, War, Navy, Interior, the Postmaster General and Attorney-General. Its real object was to prevent the President from removing Secretary of War Stanton. Johnson fired him with promptness and indignation. Knowing the act was unconstitutional, Johnson and his cabinet planned to thwart impeachment by getting it into court. To meet this, Grant was appointed December 12, 1867, with his promise that he would not give possession to the enemy. In one month the threats and pressure of the radicals were too much even for the iron soldier. Stanton grabbed it, refused to vacate, and the Administration was where it had been. On February twenty-first the President again removed Stanton and appointed General Lorenzo Thomas. On February 24, 1868, articles of impeachment were adopted by the House of Representatives, based almost wholly on the President's violation of the act and other specifications of alleged improper remarks he had made in his speeches. In the final trial before the bar of the Senate they lacked one vote of degrading and disgracing him in the eyes of the world. In haste, after failing to convict him, they partially repealed this unconstitutional law themselves. When Grant became President, he indignantly wiped the statute from the books.

Now, sixty years afterward, comes the Supreme Court of the United States and in unanswerable vindication declares that Johnson was within his rights and his accusers were in error. In an opinion delivered by its able Chief Justice in an epoch-making decision, rendered October 26, 1926, in the case of Myers vs. the United States, Chief Justice Taft says: "That the Tenure of Office Act of 1867, in so far as it attempted to prevent the President from removing executive officers who had been appointed by him, and with the advice and consent of the Senate, was invalid and that subsequent legislation of the same effect was equally so."

The verdict of posterity has long preceded the opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States, yet it is known of all who have read the records of that bitter era that the same radicals who branded Johnson had their irons heated for Lincoln. They would have destroyed him as ruthlessly as they did Johnson, or forced him to abandon his policy of forgiving, forgetting and reuniting.

Booth's bullet may have been Immortality's ministering angel to the martyred President.

If Johnson had succeeded, what a record would have been his! No military rule for the next decade in the South, no satrap government; no infamous and corrupt era of Reconstruction; no Force Bill in its attempt to place "black heels on white necks," no Iron-clad Oath disfranchising white Anglo-Saxon for negro domination, no Ku Klux, no Solid South, no half century of hate and bloody shirts. The gentle, lovable McKinley's era of peace and understanding, culminating in the reunited nation of today, would have been his.

They wrecked his office and his usefulness. To them he was a traitor. What is worse, they convinced the North that he was! To this stigma of traitor, the South added the superlative. Had they not reared him, honored him, made him their congressman, their governor, their senator? In return, as military governor of Tennessee, in his overwhelming zeal in the relentless struggle to retain the border states in the Union, he had imprisoned or deported their leaders, confiscated their property for revenue to fight them, and actually sent their ministers of the gospel to the penitentiary for preaching secession from the pulpits. But for his iron hand and army at Nashville, Tennessee, Kentucky and Missouri would have been Confederate. They had no pity for this whelp of their own kennels who had chased their armies out of their own back yards and held the border states in the Union.

And so, caught between the red-hot coals and the branding iron, Johnson was roped and branded. It was the brand of partisan passion in the aftermath of blood and war, the age-eternal clamor of Rage calling for crucifixion, when Reason became a bandit and Justice a hangman.

With the Guns of Sumter

On April fourteenth, the anniversary of the surrender of Fort Sumter, great guns were fired when the Stars and Stripes were again raised over the historic walls. At ten o'clock that night, at Ford's Theater in Washington, a smaller gun was fired that was more fatal and far-reaching than all the other guns fired during the Civil War. The Vice President was asleep in his room when ex-Governor Farwell, of Wisconsin, who had been at Ford's Theater, rushed into his room with the staggering news that Lincoln had been shot by an assassin. The two men, shocked, clung to each other for support in dumbing dismay. Later, Johnson went to the death chamber, but his grief overcame him. He left for his room before Lincoln died. He was sworn in as President in the parlor of the Kirkwood Hotel at eleven o'clock, Saturday, April fifteenth, by Chief Justice Chase, in the presence of some members of his cabinet and others. "May God support, guide and bless you in your Administration," said the Chief Justice. Overwhelmed, the new President's few words won all hearts: "All patriots and lovers of right, all who are in favor of a free government for a free people, will hold up my hands," he pleaded. . . . "The duties are mine; the consequences are God's."

So far, no man had surpassed Johnson in his vehement zeal for restoring the Union and hanging the chief rebels. "Treason is odious and must be punished" was his slogan. The radicals, who secretly had been plotting to undo Lincoln, were jubilant at the prospect. At a caucus following his accession to the presidency, Ben Wade said: "Don't hang more than a round dozen rebels, Johnson. By the gods, we have faith in you. There will be no trouble with the rebels now."

And Lincoln not yet buried!

Few Presidents were more popular than Johnson during his first year. From every source his Administration was called wise and patriotic. He was healing the wounds of war, he "was stemming the tide of fanaticism," he "was attaching the South to the Union by cords stronger than triple steel" acclaimed the press and the people

(Continued on Page 169)

A ROMANCE OF TWO CENTURIES

A New chapter of 81 WORDS

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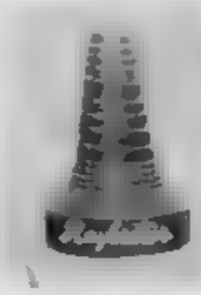

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(Continued from Page 166)

of the land. He pushed through the Thirteenth Amendment, freeing the slaves.

Lincoln, dead, was triumphant. The nation, North and South, rejoiced. Why, then, fell impeachment?

Blind and bitter partisan politics—it shackles our greater progress today!

"These returning Southern States," said the radicals, "will return Democratic congressmen, and the unenfranchised negro will be a citizen in name only." To make them forever theirs they would reverse the process of the centuries, give the franchise to the negro who had never produced a civilization, and take it away from the Anglo-Saxon white who had given democracy to the world. In this they brought to naught all that Lincoln had died for and Johnson was fighting for. They re-created the Southern Confederacy not for war but in a greater fight to preserve their race life. They created the Solid South not for a party but for a race. It is not Democratic today. It is merely white, with the old Whig ideals in the lead if they might only speak. Our voting, like our religion, in time becomes a habit; but miscegenation throughout the ages has always been a mistress and never a mother.

Relaxing With Cato

Johnson was not entirely guiltless in this situation. In his zeal he had outpreached them all with invectives against the rebels and his resolve to hang them. Now, shocked, numbed, sobered, humbled by the awful responsibility so suddenly and tragically hurled upon him, his vituperations were hushed; his anger ceased as he realized that he was now the President of all the people of the United States and that never before in all its history had any President ever sat in so tragic a chair, to face antagonism so relentless, differing and fanatic.

Warren Hastings, whose impeachment trial lasted nearly nine years, had daily to bend the pregnant hinges of his knees before the great tribunal which tried him, while Burke and Sheridan raked him with withering eloquence.

Not so with Andrew Johnson. He ignored their demand for his presence before the prejudged jury that tried him and left it to his lawyers. He knew that their passion-passed act struck at the liberties of the American people and would take from their Chief Executives their constitutional rights, to invest them in a coterie of politicians.

It all worried Johnson not at all. He worked harder at his tasks—much of it vetoing their passion-mad measures and amendments as he knew Lincoln would have done. The two-thirds majority of his enemies passed them ruthlessly over his head and the battle went on. For mental rest, he spent his hours reading and reciting Cato to his secretaries. "I never saw him smile in two years," says his secretary, Frank Cowan, "never saw him relax from the most austere dignity I ever beheld in mortal man. If he had a Bible, it was the Constitution of the United States. He was too great to be companionable and his own philosophy teaches that he paid the penalty for his greatness in loneliness."

He knew the clean amenities of his great office. An admirer sent him a pair of horses and a carriage from New York. He sent them back.

For two more years he sat in the White House, the personification of dignity, courage and Catonian philosophy. Charles Dickens visited him, and this subtle reader of human hearts wrote into his books his admiration: "I would have picked him out anywhere as a character of mark. A man with a remarkable head, indomitable courage, truthfulness and strength of purpose."

He had driven back the hounds of Actæon, which would have destroyed him, to their kennels, and for two years alternately they growled, snarled, barked, and sometimes whined pitifully at him, but he threw them no sop of compromise or repentance.

Two years—and yet they were quite happy days withal. "We are plain people from Tennessee," said his wife, the remarkable woman who had been to Andrew Johnson not only wife but the torch of his knowledge and the inspiration of his soul—"just plain people from Tennessee," she said to the newspaper reporters with a motherly smile, "and you must not expect too much of us in a social way." She was then nearing the end of a fatal illness which had stricken her in the awful calamity of exposure and war. Her daughter, Mrs. Patterson, wife of a senator from Tennessee, was the real head of the White House. With true housewifely thrift she bought two Jersey cows. She made the White House butter. Children played upon the lawn. She kept clean and typical this house of democracy.

Back Among His Own People

And so went back home to his native mountains of Tennessee this man of whom his enemies boasted that he had no God, no country, no party, no people—went home and found them all awaiting him in a comeback that had no parallel in politics.

When Andrew Johnson's foot fell on Tennessee soil there was a scuttling of small things to the bushes. He went right out for what he called his vindication—the senatorship—and against major-general idols of the late Confederacy—William B. Bate and John C. Brown—both in a few years to be governors of Tennessee and one, later, its senator. They had come into their own, their party had swept the state, the old-line Democracy that Johnson had always led before Fort Sumter's day was in the saddle. But now they denied that ever he had been theirs!

"It's a Democratic legislature," said the old commoner, "and my own people. Let us see." He went over the state making speeches whose logic showed lack of bitterness and sounded more like Lincoln than Johnson. But they roused the people as from the dead.

In the first ballot for senator he deadlocked the combination. He had almost as many as the two combined. It was his ancient enemy, Senator Brownlow, who at last turned the trick against him. He threw his organized minority to a Democrat, beating Johnson by one vote, and had the chagrin, afterward, of having his own vote always killed in the Senate. It was 1871.

"Brownlow's term will expire in four years," said the old commoner. "I'll get him then."

He did—and the getting was typical. Again it was his fight against a major general of the Confederacy—afterward twice governor and senator. Starting with thirty-six votes out of the fifty-one necessary, they deadlocked Johnson at forty-four. Again it hung on a thread. The old lion had not stalked his prey on politic fields for fifty years to fail on the last track now. He sent for General Forrest, greatest of all Confederate cavalry leaders, and who had come so near capturing Nashville and hanging him during the war. "General Forrest, these damned little brigadiers are just using you and your influence to defeat me. If they want to beat me, why don't they bring out a real general like you?"

With one stroke he won Forrest, his friends and the senatorship. Andy had come again, and the state went wild in celebration that all but tore down the old Maxwell House.

Returning to a Changed World

On March 4, 1875, there walked down the aisle of the United States Senate the only ex-President who has ever come back to that most august body of lawmakers. A sturdy, blocky figure, tailored to perfection in black broadcloth, his black hair crowning a large, round, fighting head and falling almost to broad plebeian shoulders. His black eyes shone, his step was quick and true. Spontaneous applause echoed around him.

As he walked in, Brownlow had walked out to die, his throat paralyzed, his voice hushed.

The old commoner stood awaiting the oath and the Bible, and looking around, he thought of Cato and his retributive justice. Of the thirty-five who had voted to impeach him, twenty-two had already lost their heads, some in death, others in the Stygian harbor of "lame ducks." In the House a majority of sixty-three were his friends. All about him was change—all but him—Andrew Johnson—he had never changed.

Thaddeus Stevens, ablest, most honest and most fanatic of his enemies, had died in dismay, proclaiming the end of all popular government, and cynically, in his will, ordering his body to be buried in a negro graveyard. Charles Sumner, the purest of them, an idealist whose vision of social equality had failed to harmonize with the laws of his evolution, had died, humiliated and beaten. Even Vice President Wilson, who had called Johnson "an enemy to his country, the lineal descendant of Jefferson Davis," smiled benignly as he handed him the Bible to consummate his oath.

The old Cato looked around—the vanity of human ambition and the sureness of retributive justice clinched all he had written.

The Southerners had changed, both Democrats and Whigs. They had cursed him for a traitor, but it was they who had forgotten the Union and the Democracy of Andrew Jackson, not he. The party of Lincoln itself had bitterly changed. The shepherd dogs of both parties that had guarded safely the flock of the Union had forgotten their dead shepherd and were following the wolf call of the wild.

Grant sat in the White House, and how sadly the great soldier had changed! The generous victor whose terms to Lee's soldiers and promises of protection and readmission into the Union had made him, next to Lee, the idol of the South, had reversed it all with his six years of military government and negro rule over the disfranchised people he held under a bayonet. The Whisky Ring, the Star Route frauds, Crédit Mobilier, the Freedmen's Bureau and Belknap grafts of his Administration, had saddened and shocked the nation, and the rumblings of the storm that would soon overwhelm it were already in the air. Only Appomattox and the fact that the great soldier himself was honest saved him. Too honest even to suspect dishonesty, he sat like a sturdy mastiff guarding his master's barnyard, to awaken at last to the fact that the curs who had flattered, frolicked and friendshiped around him had sucked all his eggs. Even then he could not see, and permitted them to lead him the next year to the slaughterhouse of a third term!

Stanton, a really great Secretary of War, but of inconstant soul, had passed out.

All had changed and all seemed to have forgotten the Rail-Splitter, but God and the Tailor.

Unwavering Faith

Johnson made one speech—his last. God had been good to him, said the dying Cato. It was the same appeal for the supremacy of the Constitution, for the rights of the common people, for rehabilitating the war-shaken states, for the supremacy of the white man's government. He was no longer Cato but Isaiah as he foretold the doom of military rule and corruption in high places. He gloried in his own cleanliness. Standing in solemn dignity, he looked not unlike Samuel the Prophet as he thundered: "Whose ox have I taken or whose ass have I taken? Or of whose hand have I received any bribe to blind mine eyes therewith?"

He fell in his beloved valley from a stroke, and died four months afterward. They buried him on the vision-pointing hill of his beloved Greeneville, where he said he wanted to rest, and wrapped in the nation's flag that he had helped to save. The great eagle of his own aerie stands typically on the peak of the noble shaft. Below, written into the stone, is his name, that he was the seventeenth President of the United States, and the words: "His faith in the people never wavered."

The shaft needs one more line: The people's faith in him never wavered.

In the overflow of water that runs under the Rail-Splitter's wheel, some might be spared to turn the silent one of the Tailor.

A Misty Day on the Columbia River, Washington

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KEEPING THE BANK'S DOORS OPEN

(Continued from Page 50)

On the succeeding Monday morning, when the bank resumed business, there was a considerable queue of depositors waiting for the doors to open. Some of them, to the intense surprise of the bank officials, were housewives of Brownville and the farms with money to deposit. A score were there, sullen, stubborn, unmoved by argument, who insisted on drawing out the full amounts of their deposits. They were paid.

But late that afternoon Bank Examiner West, who had found notes in the bank's vaults signed by more than half of these selfish individuals, had the papers filed in foreclosure proceedings against them. They were surprised and grieved, but the bank gave them no mercy. Every penny that could be squeezed from them on their notes was put back into circulation in Brownville through the bank. And most of them were forced to pay more than they had drawn in their miniature run.

At the end of a month the Farmers' National had paid its most pressing obligations to the Federal Reserve Bank, thereby regaining possession of some of its securities. It was receiving an increasing flow of small change over its counters from customers; as West had surmised, the women were the agencies through which this supply came, and the aggregate amount exceeded all expectations. It developed that the women were selling eggs, poultry, butter, cheese, home-made pies and cakes, and fancywork, not only in Brownville but in surrounding towns, and getting cash therefor. This cash they loyally brought to the Farmers' National, and the result was a fund that greatly relaxed the strained financial condition of the community.

Without a Brass Band

National Bank Examiner West remained in Brownville for more than two months, advising, aiding, working faithfully with the bank officials and supplying them and the people with the confidence that could come only from a feeling that the United States Government was backing them up. Less than ninety days after the bank suspended, the Federal Reserve bank loans of $110,000 had been cut to $30,000, outside correspondents were all paid, the bank was in a sound condition, and, amazingly enough, its deposits had been increased by $75,000. But the result that most pleased Brownville was that, instead of eight stockholders, the Farmers' National now belonged to the community, having 182 owners, and the stock had advanced in value several dollars a share and was going higher.

The tragedy that had precipitated the trouble occurred in December; late in March, Bank Examiner West came back to the town for his final meeting with the directors. He thanked them for their coöperation, congratulated them on their courage and loyalty, and said good-by. They gave him a vote of thanks. No one went to the train to see him off. Not a dozen people in the town realized what he had done for them; the majority thought they had done it themselves.

Examiner West did not even consider this phase of the situation. He was in the midst of trouble in a bank 800 miles away, with a shifty cashier to handle, and Brownville was water that had gone by the mill.

His brief report to the chief inspector of his district on the Farmers' National case covered another job completed. That was all.

Stripped of technical details and reduced to its simplest form, the law creating the national-banking system of the United States provides machinery by which the Federal Government charters banks soundly organized and necessary to the community they propose to serve, authorizes them to make part of their credit negotiable and fluid by one means and another, and thereafter safeguards, as nearly as is humanly possible, the depositors, the stockholders and the public by overseeing the management and checking on the bookkeeping of the institutions so created. The Federal Reserve System, under a law which practically embodied and expanded older national ordinances, is designed to go a step further and link its member banks together, give all of them more of the backing of the Federal Treasury and its enormous credit, and make their common assets more fluid and accessible in times and places of need.

But the original responsibility of the Comptroller of the Currency, who might well be called National Bank Commissioner, for the chartering of banks and their periodic examination has not been shifted. The Federal Reserve System has its own officers and investigators, and it is given authority to and does inspect the member banks. The Comptroller of the Currency has a chief examiner and staff in Washington and chief examiners under him in each of twelve districts. These twelve district officers have their own forces; the total number aggregates upward of 500 employes. Each bank examiner has his assistant, who is an expert accountant and auditor; the assistant does the figuring and the examiner concerns himself with the broader aspects of bank management, appraisal of assets, credit analysis, and the general health of the institution.

Armed with pocket commissions that carry for identification the examiner's photograph—usually a very poor one—and his signature, these men are assigned by their district chief hither and yon through his territory. Theoretically no bank knows when it will be visited, though in normal cases no great effort is made at secrecy. The machinery runs too smoothly nowadays. About 99 per cent of the national banks are always ready, on a moment's notice, to turn their books over to the examiner and to throw their vaults open for his accommodation. And the remaining 1 per cent do not outlast more than a few examinations anyway.

Modern bookkeeping methods, with all the mechanical devices employed to save human labor and reduce the strain on the human brain, have tended to simplify the job of the examiner's assistant, if not of the examiner. There are, to be sure, plenty of banks still with hand-kept ledgers, vouchers stowed away in shoe boxes, bookkeepers in sateen jackets perched on high stools, and balances painfully arrived at in the still hours of the night. But in the main electrical robots of mathematics develop the state of the institution's affairs on the turn of a crank or the pressing of a button; arithmetic is reduced to a mere matter of pounding keys. As far as the bank's books are concerned, most of them could be examined by any bright high-school boy in a day.

Modern Methods Make a Hard Job

But this very facility of computation has tended, on the one hand, to add to the number of the examiner's duties and, on the other, to make those duties both more necessary and more exacting. For mechanical bookkeeping has increased the possibilities of fraud and the concealment of rascality or bad management, and it has also had the effect of releasing bank officials from former duties of inspection and the supervision of subordinate activities, and of leaving them free to enlarge their scope as bankers. These developments both bring dangers with them. The bank examiner, far from having less to do than formerly, has increasingly more.

Within the last two decades bank examination has changed from a mere auditor's job to the broader task of keeping the doors of the national banks open. The number of failures of national banks is comparatively small, but no one outside the bureau of which the Comptroller of the Currency is the head will ever know by what narrow squeaks, by dint of what energy and skill or by means of what vigilance and zeal that number is kept down. In truth, there are many failures that are not permitted to culminate in closure and many that do not come to light. Some of them, like the Farmers' National of Brownville case, are snatched from the brink of a smash even though, as in that case, the bank has, financially, become insolvent. Others, particularly in large cities, are avoided through the device of absorption by one or more stronger institutions, and the public sees, not the closing of a bank, but a merger or consolidation.

In no matter what circumstances, however, the bank examiner's duty is to keep the doors open if he can. Even with the creation of the Federal Reserve System—and some of its critics say, partly because of it—bank failures are unavoidable. The same is true, of course, in the case of state banks. The states have their own laws governing the organization and inspection of local financial institutions, and the state bank examiner has duties precisely the same as those of the national examiner. Anything said of the latter may truthfully be said of the former as well. He, too, has behind all his activities the supreme duty of keeping the bank's doors open.

The One Flaw

Two or three years ago there was in a Southwestern State a state bank largely owned and entirely dominated by a shrewd and very successful citizen who, for convenience, may be called Mr. Blythe, and who was well and favorably known throughout his whole section. Practically, his institution was a private enterprise. Associated with it he built up, as time went on, a number of smaller banking offices in surrounding communities, in each of which he put a manager, with one or more clerks, as business required, and which he backed with funds from his central institution.

In addition to his banking activities, Mr. Blythe carried on a lucrative investment and security business—bluntly, a mortgage and loan shop—in the prosecution of which he used his personal funds and such money as he could, under the law, borrow from his banks. The office of this private loan business of his was a dingy hole in the wall adjoining the central city bank, and Mr. Blythe went from one to the other constantly. He was thought to be enormously rich, and was respected, though not liked, for he was certainly canny and more than a trifle hard and grasping. His home was one of the show places of the city, he traveled in expensive cars, he sent his fashionable wife to Europe often, and he lived very well indeed. He was one of the financial pillars of the community.

There came along a young assistant state bank examiner who was due for promotion, who was promoted, who became a full-fledged examiner, and whose first assignment was to the inspection of Mr. Blythe's big city institution. Young Morrison held Mr. Blythe in high regard and was properly impressed with the great man's reputation and financial power. But the characteristic of Morrison that had actually won him his new place, whether he knew it or not, was his almost sacred reverence for duty.

And, once on the job, Morrison ceased to be impressed by anything but facts, figures and finances. The Blythe bank was inspected as it had never been before. Morrison went to the bottom and then bored into foundations. With one exception, he found the Blythe bank in absolutely first-class condition and as tight as a drum. The exception was that a note and its accompanying real-estate mortgage, reported on the books, were not in the vaults.

The great Mr. Blythe, summoned from his private loan shop and appearing in a

(Continued on Page 173)

DO YOU KNOW WHERE THE HAT STYLES COME FROM?

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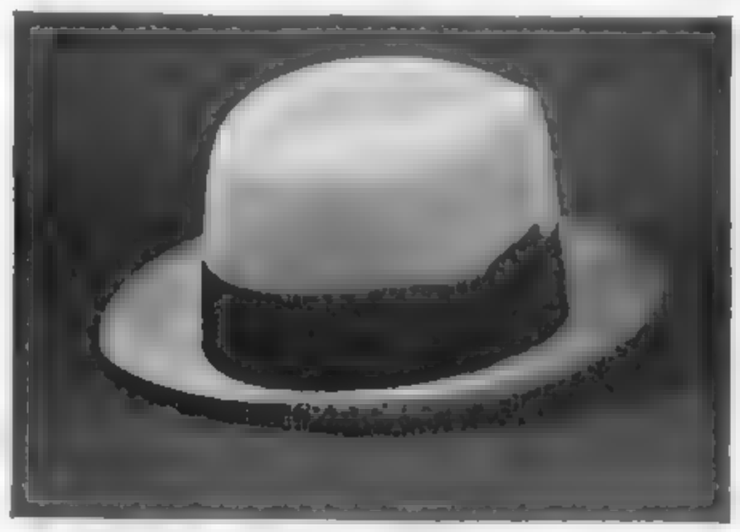

THE SEMI-FORMAL FELT HAT

The Courtney, the pearl-gray felt hat illustrated above, is an excellent example of the most recent tendencies in semi-formal attire. It is essentially a city hat, although correct anywhere except for evening and informal country wear. The brim should never be turned down.

STETSON HATS

An old Maine woods recipe gives the finest baked-bean flavor known

They have a unique way of baking beans in the logging camps of the Maine woods.

They bake them *in the ground!*

The big round-bellied iron bean pot is filled to the brim with flavor-rich ingredients. Plump selected beans, sugar-cured prime pork, molasses and brown sugar—layer upon layer.

Then it is put to bake all night long in the "bean hole"—an oven in the ground heated by embers of glowing pine wood.

This gives the finest baked-bean flavor known . . . a blend of forest fragrance, pungent wood smoke, sweet earthen oven. Can you imagine such flavor?

And now, wherever you are, you can enjoy it—that very same woods flavor! In Bean Hole Beans, the first real reproduction of the famous Maine woods beans.

You'll know that Bean Hole Beans are different, at the very first taste. They bring to you that rarest of all things—the experience of a new delightful flavor!

Why not try them for dinner tonight? The family will call for them again—and very soon. Your grocer has them in two sizes, medium, 15c, and large, 25c. Van Camp's, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Bean Hole Beans are the first real reproduction of the famous Maine woods.

BEAN HOLE BEANS

(Continued from Page 170)

ruffled mood when peremptorily fetched, explained the absence of those papers curtly. He was having his attorney look over the mortgage, for reasons of his own. Could the attorney bring the documents to the bank? It was a matter of form, only, but Morrison modestly stated that he was something of a stickler for form. No, the lawyer couldn't be reached. He was out of town. If Morrison didn't want to take the great Mr. Blythe's word for the trifling paper—it was a note for some two thousand dollars—he could do the next best thing. Regretfully Morrison waived the point. He would report the bank—as it was—in sound condition and O. K.

But he did not do so. He meant to, but he didn't. The rules of his department required him to make his report on an examination within ten days of its completion. Two or three times Morrison started the report and put it aside. Finally he wrote it. But he did not mail the inclosing envelope. He put the report in his portfolio. He tried to reason his reluctance out, but failed. He simply couldn't mail that report. And the ninth day arrived.

Sitting in his hotel, after a day spent in examining another bank in the city, Morrison, considering his own dereliction, suddenly saw a familiar figure emerge from a taxicab before the hostelry. It was the figure of the state bank commissioner, who, two weeks before, had made him an examiner. Morrison did not know whether to be frightened at this appearance or not; he terminated speculation by walking straight up to his superior and asking for an interview.

Presently they were seated and Morrison was reporting his progress.

"But I haven't sent in my report on the Blythe bank examination," he said.

"No? Why not?"

"I don't know."

"Anything wrong with the bank?"

"Not a thing. One note missing, while Mr. Blythe's lawyer investigates the accompanying mortgage. But that is a small matter."

"Certainly. I can't see why you don't send in your report."

"Neither can I."

"You'd better hand it to me. I'll take it back to the capital with me."

"That's an easy way out, Mr. Commissioner. But I don't want the report to go in, and I don't know why."

A Report Conveniently Lost

The commissioner began to discuss the somewhat obscure subject of second-sight, hunches, intuitive processes and blind guesses. Almost casually he said:

"Do you know, Morrison, once in a while an examiner's report is lost and the examination has, unfortunately, to be made over again."

"I could lose my portfolio," Morrison suggested.

"You could. Perhaps you have. Do you know where it is now?"

"I know where I left it, but it may be gone."

"I think it is." The commissioner gazed absently out of the window for a space. Then he said: "Morrison, I'll tell you what I believe you'd better do. Seeing that your report on Mr. Blythe's city bank is mislaid, you will have to reexamine. But I wouldn't do it now. I think I'll have you examine his branch banks in the country towns first. Start as soon as you are through with the Planters'. That's an order. I'll write you a letter tonight to that effect and give it to you in the morning."

Morrison, leaving his portfolio uncalled-for in the hotel office, started a day or so later on the branch banks of Mr. Blythe. He called on two of them and found everything in order. At the third he found the manager was an easy and smiling young gentleman without much education or vocabulary, but glib, agreeable, and living very well indeed. This Oakville bank, like the other Blythe institutions, was in perfect order and condition. Its notes, like those of the other two branches, were made for small amounts and signed by responsible men, most of them living in the city where Blythe's main bank flourished. Morrison was informed by the free-and-easy young manager that Mr. Blythe made a practice of distributing his city-made mortgages throughout his chain of country banks; this was proper and safe; there was nothing wrong anywhere.

Operating entirely on a hunch, Morrison asked the young manager if he would object to taking the notes and their accompanying trust deeds into the city for a purely formal check-up. Richards promptly acquiesced; more, he agreed to go in the following day and assist the examiner in the process. Morrison returned to the city and looked up the commissioner.

An Educated Scrawl

"Nothing wrong anywhere," he said. "But I certainly don't have much confidence in Mr. Blythe's Oakville manager, Richards. He is too agreeable, too lighthearted, and considerably too prosperous. More than that, he doesn't look like any banker I ever saw before. He looks a good deal more like a successful gambler."

The bank commissioner was beginning to be impressed by young Morrison's uneasiness regarding the Blythe banking system; after some thought he took a sudden resolution.

"The only way we can really examine Blythe," he said, "is to come down on him with a force large enough to examine all his institutions at once. I'll wire for more men; the first of the week we will round up the entire system. In the meantime go ahead with your inspection of young Richards' Oakville paper."

Three days later the wholesale examination was suddenly begun. The city bank and the eight affiliated banks were taken over at the same hour by state inspectors, operating directly under the supervision of the state commissioner. Again everything appeared to be all right; the only unusual condition reported was that each of the affiliated banks had paper such as was found in Oakville—that is, notes of $1500 to $5000, signed by borrowers in and around the city, and in most instances each bank had identical notes and certified copies of deeds of trust securing sums that represented the total amounts of the several smaller notes. In short, one deed of trust protected all the small notes into which the borrowed sum had been divided at the time the loan was made.

Mr. Blythe, agreeable and cool, explained this circumstance without hesitation.

"My borrowers," he said, "come to my investment and financing office because I always have ready money and I am not a usurer. When a customer borrows $30,000 I take a trust deed for his property and get him to sign eight or ten identical notes for one-eighth or one-tenth of the sum loaned. These notes I farm out to my outside banks, which puts their money to work. Each of the small notes is accompanied by a certified copy of the original trust deed for the total sum, and that original trust deed is kept in my safe. You may examine them at any time you like."

Perfunctorily they examined those securities and found them in perfect order. They appraised some of the property covered and found it first-class security. They were just where they started.

"Your move, Morrison," the state commissioner said.

"The only thing I can think of is to look up the signers of these notes. I don't see what that will accomplish, but it is all I have left to suggest."

So they called in some of the larger borrowers. Several of these satisfied them, acknowledged their signatures on the deeds of trust and on the several notes, and were dismissed. But finally one man, in the middle of telling the same story the others had, paused abruptly.

He held in his hand one of the duplicate notes; he examined the signature carefully.

Then he exclaimed bluntly, "That signature is forged!"

"Forged? But you said a moment ago ——"

"I know I did. At first glance it looks like my signature. But it's too perfect. I scrawl my name. This is a scrawl with a college education. I tell you it is a forgery."

This unexpected announcement took even Morrison's breath away. Patiently he and the bank commissioner went back over the ground already covered. By the next morning they had made sure that all the signatures to the notes were the work of a clever—a too clever—penman. Just before the branch bank at Oakville opened, Morrison and two state policemen arrested the suave and glib Manager Richards.

That afternoon Richards confessed. He had been employed by Banker Blythe shortly after graduating from the penitentiary where he had served a term for check passing; he received a very modest salary from the Oakville branch—one which was calculated to stand the scrutiny of the most critical director or bank examiner—but his share in his principal's juggling activities was handsome enough so that he was looking forward, at thirty-two, to early retirement. He had only one regret—that he had been caught.

Blythe's method was very simple. He told his borrowers what he had told the examiners: That he wanted the notes in small amounts so that he could put them out with his several subordinate banks in exchange for their surplus funds. But he did not send them until Richards had copied the notes and forged the signatures.

"The original notes," Richards confessed, brazenly, "Blythe sold at a discount to customers of his in the Middle West. The faked copies the branch banks accepted, of course, without question. Blythe simply cashed each note twice. When the paper matured he sent checks to us in payment or sent new notes to take their place. He was planning to make a clean-up and skip, and I was going to resign and go to France. . . . Will somebody give me a cigarette?"

They gave him a cigarette and a jail cell, and sent for Mr. Blythe. Blythe blustered, evaded, confessed.

"What I want to know is, how did you catch me?" he asked.

"In the ordinary routine of examination," Commissioner Smith replied. He had no intention of giving away the trade secret that the unimportant absence of one note in the city bank had aroused otherwise groundless suspicions in the mind of Examiner Morrison. It was quite obvious by this time, though, that that particular note had been in Oakville, in the process of duplication by the facile Manager Richards.

Undercover Rescue

Early the next morning trusted citizens were secretly informed of the facts in the case and before noon every piece of property and every security that Blythe owned was attached, together with his bank balance. It required fast thinking and quick work and a maximum amount of undercover operations, but somehow the news did not spread. Another bank, supported by the city clearing-house association, stepped in and took over the Blythe banks. Most of the stolen money was eventually recovered. Blythe and Richards went to jail. The tale was released after all danger of a run was passed, but the banks did not close for one hour.

One of the problems of the bank examiner is to overcome the inertia or the prejudice of old-time bankers and induce them to bring themselves and their institutions up to date. An illustration of what may follow the persistent employment of antiquated methods occurred in a Middle-Western bank controlled by a splendid old man who had the entire confidence of his community, but who did not hold with newfangled ideas about banking. He would

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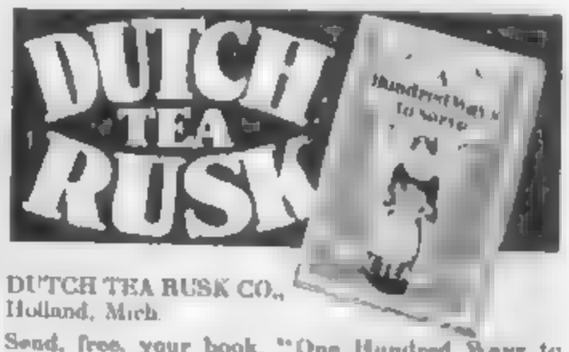

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His bank was solid as a rock, he had ample means of his own, and what had been good enough for thirty years' successful conduct of the institution was good enough for the present and the future.

The national-bank examiners argued and protested in vain. But on one occasion Examiner West—let us say—put his foot down because none of Banker Hawkins' employes were bonded.

"Suppose one of them should go wrong," he demanded.

The Breach in the Wall

"They won't. They're all honest boys; most of them have been with me for years. And two of them are my nephews—my own flesh and blood. Do you think I'm going to have their folks think that I doubt them?"

"They might make mistakes."

"I'd catch 'em."

"But supposing one of them did turn out badly."

"I'd make the wrong right out of my own pocket."

West challenged him. "To satisfy the department," he said, "will you write a letter to the Comptroller of the Currency to that effect?"

"Certainly. You write it and I'll sign it."

West had to be content with that document.

Less than four months later one of the bank's employes, on a Friday noon before a double week-end holiday, got leave of absence until the following Tuesday to go upstate to a football game. Tuesday morning Mr. Hawkins found he could not open the bank's vaults. The time lock, it developed, had been set sometime Friday for eighty-four hours. At noon it was opened.

The vault was empty of everything but a few bags of silver, too heavy to carry! The missing employe was President Hawkins' favorite nephew!

Immediately Hawkins made good the loss of approximately $40,000, and presently he was requiring bonds of all his clerks. This breach in his wall of prejudice admitted other improvements. For the purposes of this narrative it is sufficient to record that he capitulated entirely when once he had this change of heart, and it is important to add that, some two years later, when financial stringency ruined several banks in that region, Hawkins went through with flying colors and a sound, progressive, modern banking machinery and business.

Indirectly here, too, the bank examiner kept the bank's doors open.

Always the bank examiner is alert to lock the financial stable before the treasury horse is stolen. In very few cases is he considered, latterly, a prying individual with trouble-making proclivities and a pessimistic nature; generally speaking, bankers have come to realize that the Comptroller of the Currency is motivated only by a desire to aid, steady, coöperate and give the soundest advice available. The examiners are his field agents. True, charges are often heard of political machinations and activities on the part of the department or of individuals therein, and there are occasional allegations of partisanship, favoritism, persecutions, high-handed methods and tyranny. But speaking by and large, the national banking department, and most state departments, are free of political influence to a surprising extent.

Two Systems Coöperate

Sound financing is the foundation of all business, whether it be that of a necktie shop or of a nation's industry and commerce. The ideal of the Government is an adequate and easily available supply of money and credit for the conduct of financial affairs; the Federal Reserve System aims at keeping the supply fluid and constant; the aim of the Comptroller of the Currency is to maintain the innumerable banks—the money marts of the country—in healthy condition. The one seeks to keep the bank's vaults supplied; the other to keep the bank's doors always, and successfully and profitably, open.

PARK AVENUE

(Continued from Page 62)

some treatments that couldn't be interrupted. . . . Yes, everything was perfect.

That night Landin wrote Dorothea a letter. Three days later he wrote her another and then, after an interval, a third. But she did not reply, so his third letter was his last. After a time he knew no reply was ever going to come. He shrugged his shoulders then and reflected that it was lucky he had plenty of work to do. He had, and he waded into it. The Follis brothers looked at each other and were very pleased.

Within three or four months Landin had put Dorothea pretty well out of his life. His daily routine left no place for her. During working hours he concentrated solely upon the designing and building of buildings. Out of working hours he played golf and drove his car, and now he was taking up tennis again after a lapse of years. He was beginning to feel as fit as a steam locomotive. He was putting on beef, which was what his doctor wanted. The lines were ironing themselves out of his face. The Western sun had browned him to a deep ruddy tan. It was only late at night that he had time to think of Dorothea, and then he tried not to. But some nights he couldn't help himself; still, clear nights with the stars spangling a sky of deepest velvet blue; nights with the soft fragrance of flowers stealing in through his wide-flung casements; nights so silent that the pound and swish of the surf upon the distant beach seemed to be beating upon his very eardrums an insistent, inexorable command to rouse himself, to go forth, to take ship if necessary, to fly if need be, but in any case to seize back to himself the woman who belonged to him.

It was after one of those nights that Christopher Landin came down to breakfast to find Dorothea sitting at the table. The Japanese servant was bowing apologetically. But there were two places at the table and Dorothea was at one of them.

Landin caught hold of the door jamb and stood there weakly. He blinked rapidly, as if to clear his eyes of a hallucination. There she sat, looking straight at him, a faint smile just touching her lips. She was lovely—unbelievably lovely—though it seemed to her husband that her face was thinner than in the picture his heart had been carrying.

It was Dorothea who broke the silence. She said conversationally: "Chris, you're perfectly handsome. I'd hardly have known you."

He had to control his voice. What he managed to say was: "You couldn't be any prettier, Dolly, or I'd say the same thing about you."

"Bunk," said Dorothea with a widening smile. "My skin's a sight and my hair's nothing but cinders. If I can't get a facial and a shampoo in this place I'll die."

Landin said, "That sounds familiar." Then: "How did you get here?"

"On the train, naturally. My goodness, I had to get up at five o'clock!" She laughed. "My taxi drove up behind the milkman." Now she fell silent, observing Landin, and then she rose slowly to her feet, a trim, slim figure in her crisp, short traveling dress. She took a step toward him. "Honestly, Chris, I'm not going to bite you. Aren't you even going to kiss me once?"

Standing where he was, he shook his head. "I—I think I'd better not," he muttered.

She shrugged indifferently and turned to the open window, where she began to hum. Over her shoulder she said: "That really is an adorable view. I don't blame you for being in love with it." Then she wheeled sharply. "Do you really think I'll like it here?" she demanded.

"You'd love it."

"Well, I'm glad of that," said Dorothea lightly, "because I've come to stay. That is," she caught herself—"that is, unless there's already some more beautiful siren ——"

Christopher Landin dropped his hand from the door jamb. He stared at her, his mouth open. With what sounded like sudden gruffness, he said stoutly, "There's nobody more beautiful than you, Dolly."

Now she laughed aloud, perhaps a trifle too shrilly.

"Oh, please don't say that, Chris. I mean, I love to hear you, but don't. So many men have said it these last few months. Second-rate men, cheap men. You know, like buzzards or whatever those terrible birds are they have in the south. I mean, they swarmed around as if I were something unclean. Oh, Chris, that was the first blow—the kind of men who tried to flirt with me! And then the women—Rosamonde Mottis, Kate Perry, Eloise—all the girls I thought were my friends—I could feel them laughing at me. Nasty little digs—you know. As if I were a pariah. Isn't it a pariah that everybody treats funny?"

Landin said:

"A pariah's an outcast. You weren't that, ever."

"Oh, but I was! It got home to me, got under my skin. It was terrible, Chris. A married woman on the loose is always an outcast. All women distrust her, and so do nice men. It's—you have no idea. I got panicky, Chris. I couldn't come to you—I mean, I wouldn't—so I ran to Terry. I didn't realize till then how done a man can be with a woman he's done with. I mean, I thought he would help. Chris, he told me I was no good. Told me I was selfish, spoiled. Told me I was a rotter. I talked back to him, of course, but when I got away I ran and hid. I went up to Lake Placid all alone and took a cottage and hid. Hid from everybody. I was frightened. And then, Chris, I began to want you. I mean, I'd wanted you all the time, but now I began to want you terribly. Just you. I didn't care about anything. All I wanted was you."

He said incredulously, "You mean, you love me, Dolly?"

"Oh, yes! Yes, yes. I love you, Chris. I never realized it before—I mean how much. I mean, I sort of took you for granted, I guess. But I don't any more." Inch by inch she had moved closer to him. Her fingers were twisting and untwisting themselves. Her eyes were wide and piteous. And now she just whispered, "I can't live without you, Chris."

It was then that Christopher Landin stepped forward and caught her in his arms.

Ten minutes later he was saying deliriously, "You'll love it here—you'll love it." Then, remembering abruptly, he slapped his knee with delight. "By golly, we'll start you off right. I just thought of it. There's a tea fight at the club this afternoon for Prince George—you know, the younger brother of the Prince of Wales."

Dorothea, her eyes dreamy, ran her fingers absently through her husband's hair. She smiled happily. "I suppose you'll think I'm crazy," she confessed, "but I'm sort of fed up with princes, Chris. You know, all that sort of thing. Just for today couldn't we get in the car and go off somewhere by ourselves?"

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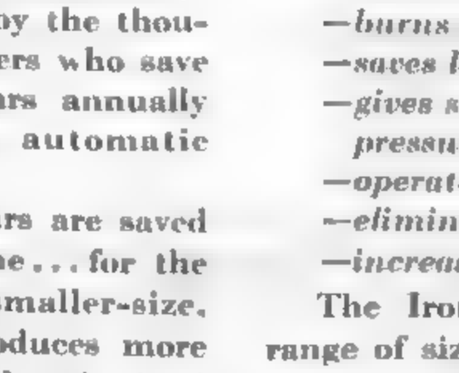

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Wood's BIG FIST

Shovels - Spades - Scoops

HARDEST, TOUGHEST SHOVEL IN ITS PRICE CLASS

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BLACK SAND

(Continued from Page 47)

"I bet I got thirty pounds of it in my shebang right this minute. That ain't so bad fer fifteen days' work—two pounds a day."

"Boys, she's the best pay I ever struck, and I been through all of it from Port Wine to Yankee Hill."

There was gold and plenty of it in nearly every cabin in Payday Flat, but coin was mighty scarce. Nobody had given much thought to the safety of his treasure until the coroner's jury brought in its verdict about Jake Willis:

"Whoever shot Jake robbed him too."

"Greasers, like as not, or else some of these prowlin' Chilenos. He was a fool fer packin' his dust around with him. Why couldn't he have left it in a tin can in his cabin like everybody else?"

Almost overnight the practice of letting accumulated wealth lie around in tin cans was abandoned. Payday Flat lost its air of security; and within a day or two, in spite of the Jake Willis example, every man wore his dust in a buckskin belt. Nobody could tell what might happen, leaving the treasure stored in tin cans inside the ramshackle structures in the camp.

"What we need in this camp is cash money. This dust is mighty awkward compared to gold coins."

"Trouble is, those gold coins skin you. The Pacific Company ten-dollar pieces are short of eight dollars. The Mormon stuff is mighty light weight. A man never knows what he's got with that stuff."

"Uncle Sam has got lots of good gold. You can't beat eagles any place in the world. What we need in this camp is about half a ton of Uncle Sam's gold."

"We need a bank mighty bad too. It's a wonder them express folks wouldn't start a bank."

"The best thing to do is to send somebody out with what we got. My ribs are all stove in now, luggin' around forty or fifty pounds of gold."

There seemed to be common sense in this idea, and that night at the Shamrock interest in the project of exporting the accumulated treasure was renewed.

"We could send a dozen men out with five or six pack mules over to Hangtown, where they have a bank, and after that a man could sleep at night without dreamin' about gittin' his throat cut."

"That's a first-class idea, except a big gang that way would likely run into more trouble than one good man. The minute you start a treasure train over the mountains, about four thousand shootin' folks rallies around it like flies around honey."

"He's right. A good man could take the treasure through single-handed faster and safer than any other way. Just as soon's you git a posse organized to pack the gold out, some mess of road agents twice that size would meet them."

After a prolonged argument, the advocates of a one-man treasure train won out. Their cause had been helped in no small degree by the booming voice of Alcalde Houlahan.

The decision was by no means unanimous. When the time came to ship the accumulated treasure out of Payday Flat a good many of the camp's old-timers hung back, but enough gold was brought in to make a two-hundred-pound cargo.

"Jim Summers knows the trail as well as anybody else," said Payday Flat after the messenger had left. "He'll git that stuff stored safe in the Hangtown bank before tomorrow night."

"A man can bet his last cent on Jim Summers."

A bet on Jim Summers would have been a losing bet, for within half an hour after his sunrise departure from Payday Flat Jim Summers lay dead alongside the trail through Hawkins Canyon. The news was brought into Payday Flat by six men who had found the body on their way up from Clipper Crick.

"Roust out the camp, boys. Whoever done it, we got him treed in a cave down the gulch."

"We must of run on him less than a minute after he got you boys' messenger. They was a couple of shots, and the next thing somebody was shootin' at us from behind the big bowlder where the trail opens into the Flat. Roust out the camp and we'll git him sure as shootin'."

"Bound to git him. He's hidin' in that little washed-out place in the canyon where there's only one way out. He can't git out alive, because Dan Logan is standin' guard with his rifle. A man can git by an army a damn sight easier than he can git by Dan Logan."

When the posse edged through the brush to where Dan Logan was on guard they found him dead. After half an hour of vociferous declamation, two of the bolder members of the avenging crew ventured to cross the little creek at the bottom of the canyon; and here, after a brief halt, impelled by the insistent inquiries of their more conservative associates, they resolved upon a search of the rock sanctuary wherein the murderer might still be concealed.

The cave was hardly more than a dent in the canyon wall, worn out by centuries of high-water currents. The shelving rock which formed its roof was within three feet of a strand of damp sand which lay along the margin of the little stream. Here in this sand the two adventurous members of the posse found the trail of their man, but the cave was empty.

"He went up through the brush till he hit the trail."

"There's the print of his hand where he raised himself up—sightin' his gun, prob'ly, at Dan."

"That's where the toe of his boot stuck in the sand. He must of been kneeling to steady his aim when he shot. . . . Well, I'm a son of a gun! Looka there!"

The speaker pointed to four words written in the sand: "Drinks for the crowd"—and to an arrow scratched in the sand, pointing to the little watercourse.

"That's rubbin' it in."

"That's pilin' it on too thick. . . . There's where the varmint got away. Tracks leadin' downstream to where he went up the bank."

"They're pointed this way. More likely it's your tracks. You got his trail all messed up walkin' around with your big hoofs. What did you walk around so much for, anyway?"

"I didn't walk around hardly any. Holler for the rest of the posse to come down here and look at that message in the sand."

When the escaped desperado's taunting invitation had been inspected, and after the futility of further pursuit had been realized, the posse withdrew to the Shamrock Saloon, where drinks for the crowd and much loud talk occupied the hour.

On the next day, a little while after the coroner's jury had again sat in formal session at the suggestion of Alcalde Houlahan, Payday Flat dug two more graves beside the resting place of Jake Willis. Thereafter the camp began to undergo an unhappy transition.

Civilization had come with three murders. Overnight, Payday Flat had awakened to civic consciousness. The camp realized its entity as a political unit. After some fairly informal voting, the alcalde found himself equipped with a town council and other officeholding assistants. Pay dirt as a topic of conversation gave way to politics, and storekeepers along Main Street put locks on their front doors.

So that criminals might thenceforth get a run for their money, Payday Flat threw out its chest and appointed Mike McGlowd a constable, with powers slightly inferior to those vested in the President of the United States. The McGlowd affair had been promoted by the proprietor of the Shamrock Saloon, and the Houlahan establishment became headquarters for the peace officer at the outset of his official career.

"Now," said Payday Flat, "with Mike McGlowd on watch there will be no more bloodshed—no more trouble."

"The greasers and the Chinks and the Chileno gang better steer clear of this here camp." Constable Mike McGlowd seemed to be mighty careful about newcomers into Payday Flat. "No bandit nor no road agent is goin' to find refuge in this place as long as Mike is on guard."

On the seventh day after the news of Jim Summers' murder had been brought to Payday Flat, and on the seventh day after Dan Logan, guarding the murderer's hiding place, had been killed, a mighty puzzling young man came into Payday Flat.

"He claims that he is a nephew of a Boston man named Forbes. Came out on one of his uncle's ships," Mike McGlowd reported to a group of his admirers in the Shamrock Saloon. "He says he's been workin' at a genteel job, clerkin' in a San Francisco bank up till last week, but the fogs bothered his lungs."

"What did he want to shave his whiskers off for? If I ever saw a horse thief, he's him."

"Naw, sir, that ain't the cut of his jib. Says he ain't a gambler, but he's all rigged up in genteel hifalutin' clothes slicker than a faro dealer."

"What's he done since he come to Payday Flat?"

"Spent most of his time loafin' in here with the alcalde. Tryin' to hornswoggle him out of a high-toned clerk's job, probably. All our alcalde needs is somebody that kin shoot quick when the time comes."

"Don't even need him, now that you're watchin' things."

"What's that new stranger's name?" some man asked.

"Name is Sam Forbes. Claims he comes from Boston."

During the week following his arrival at Payday Flat, Sam Forbes' acquaintanceship branched out until it included all the old-timers in the camp. The verdict on Sam Forbes thenceforth changed.

"He isn't so stuck up as you might imagine. Seems to be a mighty pleasant young boy."

"Yep, mighty genteel and affable. Greenhorn, if there ever was one. I guess it's the first time he ever got away from home."

The greenhorn, according to casual reports circulated around the Shamrock Saloon, was contemplating a business career for himself in the local community.

"Aims to start a grocery store."

"I heard different from that. The boy's uncle is mighty rich in Boston, and the chances are the young lad will open up a bank right here before long."

"We need a bank. I'll bet there's a hunderd thousand dollars' worth of dust bein' lugged around right now by men in this camp who would be mighty glad to have a good bank take care of it."

"Might be a good scheme fer a committee to take the matter up. Hunt up young Sam Forbes and ask him if he knows how to run a bank."

"Where's he at?"

"Prowlin' around some place prob'ly."

The prowler came into Payday Flat two hours later from a trip which had taken him along the trail through Hawkins Canyon. He had been over the Chalk Ridge trail; he had seen the place in Hawkins Canyon where Jim Summers had been shot; he had stood behind the big bowlder which had protected Jim Summers' assassin.

From here Sam Forbes had walked to where Dan Logan had been shot while he was standing guard over the desperado cornered in the cave in Hawkins Canyon. He had inspected the cave and had spent half an hour memorizing every line and curve in what was left of the message that Dan Logan's murderer had written in the wet sand beside the little watercourse: "Drinks for the crowd."

An observer, following Sam Forbes' movements, might have suspected that the young man possessed a morbid curiosity for the matters which engaged him.

"Left-handed — left-handed," he repeated to himself. He went back to the big bowlder in Hawkins Canyon. Standing in its shelter, he tried to visualize the scene which had been played in that environment. "Only a left-handed marksman would have risked it," he decided.

When he returned to Payday Flat he found that another violent chapter had been added to the crime record of the camp.

"Two men this time! Whoever it was that shot 'em robbed both bodies. Two of the Buckeye boys from Ohio that had made their pile and was streakin' out. Got 'em right down near that big bowlder on the trail through Hawkins Canyon, near where Jim Summers was shot when he started out with the Payday treasure."

"Where's Mike McGlowd? Git that constable and let's organize a posse."

"Mike is already on the trail of the killer."

Suppertime brought a lull in the tumult. After supper had been eaten the barroom of the Shamrock Saloon was thronged with an assemblage whose sole thought was action which should end in the capture of the Buckeye boys' murderer.

After seventeen drinks a man in a long black coat jumped up on a faro table and began to orate: "Friends, lend me your ears! Payday Flat needs help. I move and second the motion that the citizens of this camp go into executive session to figger out a plan whereby the life of every honest man in this district will be protected."

Ten feet from the orator, young Sam Forbes listened with thoughtful countenance. To a man beside him, "Propose a set of resolutions," he suggested. There was enough of command in his tone to secure obedience.

The second speaker, prompted by Sam Forbes' suggestion, climbed to a vantage point above the crowd on another card table.

"Feller citizens," he bellowed, "I move and second the motion that this here camp rig up a set of resolutions, and whereas this is moved and seconded, I hope we go into executive session without no dilly-dallyin' around and do something."

"Hooray fer him! Git a sheet of paper! Where's a pen and ink?"

Sam Forbes had edged his way over to the bar; and now, borrowing a pen and a bottle of ink from the proprietor of the Shamrock, he sat into the game.

"Here's pen and ink!" he announced, loud enough to be heard by the immediate circle around him; and when the announcement had been relayed, he found himself seated at one of the card tables near the bar. At the head of a long sheet of blue foolscap, without waiting for instructions, he wrote in a firm hand, without flourishes, Resolutions.

The scribe waited for five minutes thereafter until, out of the parliamentary clamor, there evolved the first phrases of Payday Flat's confession of its inability to terminate the violence which disturbed its civic life.

Sam Forbes wrote five paragraphs, each one beginning with the word "whereas," and then—"That's enough of that whereas business. Git down to cases and start business," some practical reformer suggested.

"Don't write no more whereas in them resolutions," a near-by adviser ordered. "Put in there, 'Be it resolved.' Write it bigger than the rest."

Sam Forbes laid down his pen. "Let's get these resolutions all straight before we write them," he suggested. Thereafter a close observer might have suspected that

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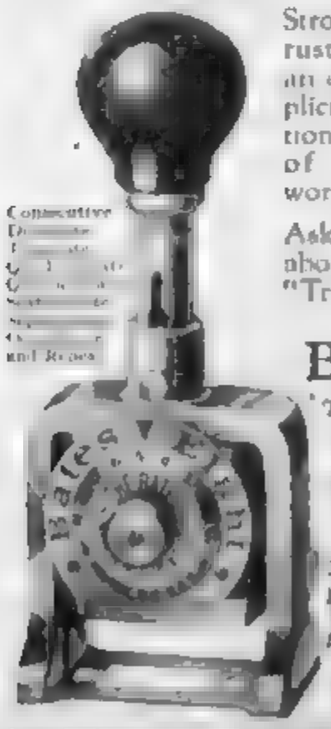

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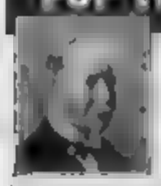

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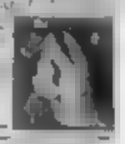

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the scribe had engineered a delay in the proceedings. Another interruption came with the arrival of Mike McGlowd.

For a while the center of a new circle of interest, the constable of Payday Flat reported to its citizens.

"Nary a bit of luck. I found tracks all around the big bowlder," Mike McGlowd announced. "Some feller standin' around there with seventeen hobnails in the heel of his right boot. Sixteen in the left. Whoever it was that shot the Buckeye boys got clean away. It's too dark to track 'em tonight."

"Mike is right—nobody can see in the dark," some hearer commented. "Let's git goin' with them resolutions."

Hearing Mike McGlowd's report, knowing the celerity of Sierra justice, sensing the crowd's eagerness for action, Sam Forbes suffered a momentary thrill of fear for his own safety.

"I must have been near the big bowlder ten minutes before the Buckeye boys were shot. If the killer saw me he's mighty apt to publish his accusation before the night is done. These boots that I've got on right now are the ones that made the tracks that Mike McGlowd saw."

The alcalde and McGlowd stood near Sam Forbes when the latter resumed his writing. When the will of Payday Flat had been recorded, "Sign her, one and all," some man directed. "Sign that document."

Sam Forbes dipped the pen into the ink and handed it to the alcalde. He got up from his chair.

"Sit down, sir, while you sign," he suggested to Pat Houlahan. The alcalde of Payday Flat signed his name.

"Now our constable," Sam Forbes continued, and the alcalde got up and handed the pen to Mike McGlowd. The constable wrote with his left hand.

Sam Forbes stood close beside the constable while that officer wrote his name. When the signature had been completed the young man, standing at Mike McGlowd's shoulder, seemed to lose interest in the proceedings. He walked away from the table about which thronged the signers of the resolution. He made his way to the front entrance of the Shamrock Saloon. He closed this door and dropped the fastening bolt into place across it, and then at a leisurely pace he returned to the table about which milled the citizens of Payday Flat.

Near the table, he edged around until he stood in line with the alcalde and Constable Mike McGlowd. He pulled two light revolvers from his waistband then and lined them fair at Pat Houlahan and the constable.

"Move and I'll kill you," he announced. "I arrest you for murder." In a voice heard only by a dozen men nearest him: "I charge these men with the murder of the two Buckeye boys and Summers and Logan and Willis. McGlowd shot left-handed from behind the big bowlder on the trail through Hawkins Canyon. McGlowd wrote 'Drinks for the crowd' in the sand by the cave. Hold them and tie them fast. You'll probably find the gold they took from the murdered men in Houlahan's room upstairs."

Not a man moved to restrain the two accused men until Pat Houlahan leaped toward young Sam Forbes; but a moment later, when the resulting tumult had quieted, Houlahan and McGlowd fought in vain to free themselves from the improvised bonds which Payday Flat had bestowed upon its two foremost citizens.

"Remember the writing in front of the cave, then look at the dog's signature," Sam Forbes repeated. "The tail of the d swings back ——"

The speaker was interrupted by a yell from the stairway. "The gold is there! Jake Willis' belt is there too—the one he burnt his initials on with the magnifyin' glass."

"And it took a left-handed man to shoot up the trail and stay hid at the same time behind that bowlder in Hawkins Canyon."

Thinking back over the record of that wild night, as nearly as Payday Flat could remember, this was the last public statement made by young Sam Forbes.

Following this, some man called for a miners' court. Before the moon lifted above Chalk Ridge, the alcalde and Mike McGlowd were hanged. Ten minutes after the pair had been strung up young Sam Forbes left Payday Flat. It took him three days to reach San Francisco. The first thing he did after he arrived was to walk directly from the wharf, where the Sacramento steamboat had landed him, to a frame building on the west side of Battery Street between Clay and Pine.

He walked up the stairway to the second floor of this building and was halted by a sentinel who stood on watch at the door. Sam Forbes identified himself with three sentences and was admitted into a large room. At one end of the room was a desk and an armchair which had cost sixty dollars. The secretary of the committee was seated at the desk.

Sam Forbes spoke pleasantly to this gentleman and handed him two documents. "Signed confessions, sir, of the Sydney Shark and of the Iron Bender—Houlahan and Mike McGlowd. They were hanged three nights ago after jury trials at Payday Flat."

The gentleman at the desk opened a record book. He ran down a column of names until he came to those of Pat Houlahan and Mike McGlowd. Through each of these he drew a line with red ink.

"That is a job well done," he said. "They were among the worst."

At the bank when he reported to resume his clerical duties, young Sam Forbes found some letters and a package from his aunt in Boston.

"I am sending you some knit wristlets," she wrote. "Do for mercy's sake protect your health and beware the dreadful fogs."

TREASURES AND SECRETS

(Continued from Page 9)

extremely angry little cannibal, dancing on one leg, screaming and demanding back his precious spear. What sort of white man was this, he asked, who set traps for people's spears, actually stole them from the owners? He wanted his spear at once, and he wanted damages—kerosene or something else from the store; he did not much care what. But his feelings were hurt, his spear was probably spoiled for sticking anything bigger than a cat, and nothing short of a present would set things right!

One is sorry he did not get it; such magnificent impudence deserved reward.

Old gold-field days come back as one writes—days not so very long ago, and yet old indeed as the history of Papua goes—Papua, which was a waste of savages twenty-five years ago, which is now a commercial country of some importance, largely civilized and tamed.

There never was anything on earth, surely, like the hotel of the Lakekamu field, where I stayed, waiting for a launch to take me down the river, during a fortnight or so. It was run by the storekeeper and his wife, a kindly and well-liked pair, both of them as respectable as any couple inhabiting an English cathedral close; although their guests at times were picturesque rather than conventional. The store and hotel were contained in a bark-and-thatch building of two rooms, one room being the bedroom of the host and his wife, the other being the indispensable bar. Meals were served on a log table nailed to the veranda outside. There was no charge for my bedroom, because it was a twelve by fourteen tent and fly, put up outside by my own boys, and no charge for meals, because meals were always free.

(Continued on Page 181)

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(Continued from Page 178)

Men slept in rows on the floor of a bark-and-thatch shed close by, where the storekeeper's goods—tinned meat, flour and rice—were kept. Their own mosquito nets, pillows and blankets made their bedding, and there was no charge for rooms in their case either.

All the same, the hotel did charge for something—whisky and beer—and the amount consumed by the guests was supposed to furnish the entire profits of the establishment. I did not take either, but the host assured me "it was all right anyhow, and I mustn't think of paying anything at all." I have traveled the earth over since then without striking any place that received guests on similar terms.

Less philanthropic, even in those days, was the hotel of Port Moresby, kept by a well-known ex-digger. It had, at the time of my first stay, twenty-one years ago, no other women guests, but there were a large number of miners and a few government officials and storekeepers. These were sorted out—by what process I cannot venture to guess—into two different tables, known respectively as the "gents'" table and the "blokes'" table. I was honored by a seat at the former, but it had its disadvantages, like most honorable positions, since the "blokes," unhampered by convention, and seated nearer the kitchen, had the strategic advantage over us, and used it to intercept most of the best bits on their way to the superior and more highly paid table of the "gents." If a fowl had wings or breast, none of us ever knew it; legs were our only portion; and as for a chop or an egg, when such rare delicacies appeared they never survived the raking fire from even the first half of the "blokes'" lucky table.

An Unwilling Landlady

With all my odd experiences, I never expected to keep a hotel—and a free one—myself; but that was what it came to, in Port Moresby, in 1912, the year of the Lakekamu gold rush, which ended so disastrously for most of those engaged in it. I had been lodging for some time, owing to the lack of other accommodation, in the half-built upper story of a hotel which had been begun by some hopeful builder and afterward abandoned. There was a caretaker who let the few existing rooms, and so collected the rents, it was supposed, for his own benefit alone. Unfortunately, he was drowned by the natives of Kapa-Kapa—or so it was supposed—when landing near that village with a large sum of money in his possession, and no one came to take his place. The other inhabitants of the strange deserted building drifted away; at last I only was left. Since I had nowhere else to go, I stayed on rent-free, happy and solitary, until the flotsam and jetsam of the Lakekamu rush began to appear.

After that there was more company than I wanted. At least a hundred miners were camping all over the deserted hotel, and every one of them persisted in regarding me as the landlady. Clad in the rough, worn khaki clothes of the fields, they would come to my room and politely ask if they might stop. I abandoned all attempts at explanation before long, and merely gave the permission asked for. At nights, down in the grassy space below the unfinished first floor, where someone had meant to build a dining room and bar, the gold miners hung their hammocks, stretched their blankets and fixed up their nets. They lit fires and cooked suppers; they played cards by the light of hurricane lamps. They sat, not round the fires but as far away from them as they could get—for it was terribly hot—and told one another yarns of all the gold fields in all the world, and all the odd mates who had died there. They were a rough wild crowd, the worst of Australian fields for the most part, though some were of a better class. And I lived with them in the ruined, unbuilt hotel for many weeks, and they were as quiet and as well-behaved as a Sunday school out on a prolonged country treat. Afterward I heard that, persistently regarding me as the titular owner of the place, they had agreed among themselves I was not to be annoyed, and an inviolable rule was made that anyone who wished to get drunk must go and do it elsewhere, not returning till he was entirely sober.

Giving With a Purpose

Heavy squalls that came late at night were a feature of that hot season; at times the huge, crazy place, set on its impossible stilt legs, rocked so violently that most of us used to get up and come out of our rooms, holes and hiding places into the safer open. Often we expected the whole structure to fall in ruins, but somehow it never did.

"I reckoned it would not," said, one stormy night, an old gray man who had seen strange things in many parts of the world. "I was pretty sure it wouldn't. You see, some months ago that fellow who used to have the place before you, lent it to the town for a dance on the upper floor. Everyone was a bit surprised, because he never lent anything he could help. But when the dance was over—and they did dance, too—he said, 'Good night, and thank you all; now I know that top floor will hold, and that's what I wanted to know and didn't.'"

By twos and threes the disappointed miners drifted away. The camp was empty; and now, where they used to play cards and yarn by the glow of hurricane lamps, the guests of a modern hotel dine under electric light, with fans humming overhead, and ice tinkling in the glasses, and the orchestra of a picture show playing outside. And I do not suppose that I shall ever again, voluntarily or involuntarily, keep hotel for the alleged riffraff of a gold field. But if I did, I should undertake it without any apprehension. For I know the gold miner.

Papua has kept her many secrets well in years past, but the past few months, at time of writing, have seen a change. The splendid work of the Australian Royal Air Force and of an American commercial company has together done much toward opening up unknown parts and providing future explorers with a rough idea of what their work will be, before it is begun.

"Still-and-all," as they say in Ulster, the country will keep its doors shut for many a long day. No ordinary plane can descend in the dense forest that blankets almost all inland Papua. For the present, hydroplanes have to do the work, landing on the rivers, or here and there where air-force surveys have marked out lake country. All that is in between—and that is a very great deal—can be looked at only, not touched, as yet.

Inland exploring will be carried out, in future, with a definite idea of what is to be found; even if the finding is very hard and dangerous work. But Papua, still, must be handled with gloved fingers. She can bite. Every airman takes his life in his hands when he flies over a country that would swallow up his plane, in case of accident, as utterly as the sea; that, in some places, would swallow himself, not figuratively, but literally, if it had the chance. And the man who has nothing to do with planes—about 99 per cent of the population—cannot go inland more freely than before. Nor has the steamship service to Australia improved with passing years.

Time does march, however. Never again, one supposes, will the chief liner running between Papua and Australia find itself in the strait that troubled the Cooktown schooner, thirty years ago. They had no engine, it was the southeast season, and head winds kept them back. The little ship's company, including several passengers of both sexes, ran short of water. Beer only, which in those days never ran short, was left.

"We drank beer for morning tea, for breakfast, for lunch and tea and dinner," one of the survivors told me. "We washed in beer; it was dreadfully sticky. We had nothing else for a week. . . . No, it wasn't done when we sighted Cooktown, but we were almost getting tired of it—for washing, I mean."

Animals From Fairy Books

There are secrets still untouched in the heart of New Guinea—more gold to be found, more oil; rivers to be traced, unconquered mountains to be climbed; large areas of unknown country to be visited, where one may discover races and customs unlike anything hitherto known to man. The country is a storehouse of new things. Every now and then a collector, sent out by some rich man or scientific society, finds butterflies and moths that no one has seen before; birds, too, undescribed in any work on ornithology. There are rumors of new animals, and sometimes, as in the case of the tree-climbing kangaroo, rumor justifies itself. Again, the legend persists unsubstantiated through generation after generation. The devil pig, many sizes larger than the common wild boar, has been seen by natives, but the white man has only come upon its tracks. There are tales of an iguana larger than the largest six-foot specimen known to hunters and collectors; a creature with the fierceness of an alligator, much feared by inland tribes, who declare that it chases them even up trees, and tears them to pieces. It

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A Group of Papuan Men at Port Moresby, British New Guinea

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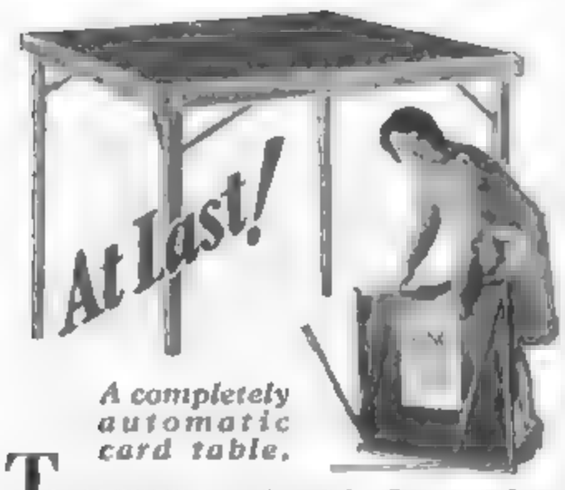

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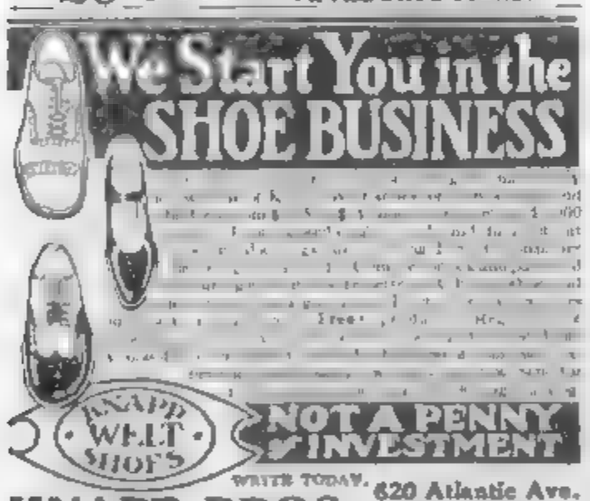

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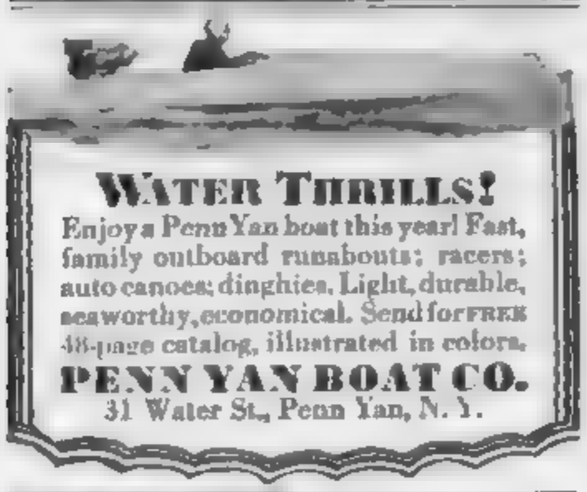

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may exist or it may not, but since the discovery of the Komodo dragons, in Malaya, the former supposition has become more probable. Tailed men are said by the natives to exist somewhere inland. Detailed accounts are offered of their anatomy and their ways, but the explorer, pressing day by day into the unknown, finds, day by day, that the tailed man ever eludes him. Invariably the Papuan with a tail "all same doggy-dog" is just over the next range.

Veiled women wearing the full costume of an Eastern lady, eyeholes and all, have been found by explorers in the heart of a country where, as a general rule, short grass kilts or nothing is the custom.

A government expedition, some years ago, was confronted by men in armor; it is true the armor was made of iron-hard split cane instead of metal, but it was complete, and not at all unlike the medieval patterns worn by our own ancestors.

There was—is—a place where an expedition, starved out, had to turn back; where no one has ventured since. At that place a look-out cut on the top of a mountain shows the explorers a distant view of something that recalled the wildest tales of Edgar Allan Poe. For many miles the whole country sloped and tilted downward toward one central place, as the water in a basin slopes when the plug is withdrawn. In the middle of all there seemed to be a gigantic funnel. Where it leads to and what it is, no one knows. It is not the common volcano formation; the place is said to look as if "the country had turned inside out and fallen through." Some day another expedition will go a little farther and the secret will be told.

Outside the settlement of Samarai, a pretty island town, another of Papua's mysteries lurks beneath the waters of a narrow strait. There, at a depth of some twenty-five fathoms, there is a giant octopus living in an extinct submarine crater. It has been seen by quite a number of divers; the strait is a well-known pearl fishery and both shell and pearls in large quantities have been obtained from it in past times. Now the place is fished out; nothing remains but the masses of magnificent shell that crust the neighborhood of the giant octopus. The depth is great, but divers might venture, if it were not for "her," as the creature is called. "She" has been described to me by one Silva, a diver, as possessed of eyes two feet in diameter and tentacles longer than the masts of an island schooner. It was proposed at one time to get "her" with the aid of an electrically exploded dynamite charge, but that necessitated careful placing of the charge, and no one could be found who fancied the job. Since the war, more than one person has talked of depth bombs; but depth bombs are not stocked by the stores, and anyhow, as an islander callously stated, no one has any particular use for "her," even if "she" were blown out of her hole.

The Secret Village on the Sepik

One supposes, all the same, that the chance of securing genuine pieces of one of the rare elusive octopoda or decapoda may in time inspire some scientific society to look the matter up. The strait known to be inhabited by "her" is a very narrow strip of water, only a few hundred yards across, separating the island of Gesila from the mainland of Papua. Mail steamers call within two miles. Small octopoda are very common about the edges of the strait, which seems to suggest that Gesila is a place specially suited to the octopus family.

Sea serpents have been seen off the coast of Papua, and one of them enjoyed the unusual distinction of being vouched for by a high dignitary of the Catholic Church, the late Archbishop Navarre, who was in his study on Yule Island when an enormous sea beast of form unknown rose out of the ocean and terrified everyone on the shore so much that the people rushed inland and shut themselves up in houses; even the native armed police taking part in the general flight. The archbishop saw the animal, and calmly watched it till it sank, after which he went on with his theological treatise.

The tale of a village along the Sepik River is tantalizing to the last degree. All middle-river villages are well supplied with pottery—large ornamented clay pots, used for cooking food and also for boiling heads taken in a raid—and tall, bottle-shaped vessels in which the invaluable sago is stored. No village makes its own; they all come from one source, a hidden town, some miles back from the river bank, into which no white of the few who know Sepik has ever been able to make his way. Even Father Kirschbaum, who knows more about the river and its people than any living man, and who is in the confidence of the head-hunting tribes if anyone is, acknowledges that he has been defeated in all his attempts to find the mysterious village. He has hunted for it in and out of the huge marshes, the tangles of little artificial canals made for canoes, the tributaries of the river, the unknown islets. He knows within a few miles where it is, but at the time of writing he has not found it. Instead, he came across cleverly devised trap roads, well-trodden, and ending suddenly in a swampy lagoon; trick pathways through forests leading to spear pits—but no village.

Cat and Dog

The people of this secret village, whoever and whatever they may be, will hold no commerce with whites; and every head-hunter on the Sepik swears—in the teeth of the fact that his house is full of pottery from the unknown town—that he doesn't know where it is and that no one else does. The New Guinea native is a past master in the art of hiding his dwelling place. I think he will keep his secret on the Sepik a little longer. Head-hunters, like thieves, hang together.

Some of the cooking pots are enormous—as large as hip baths—others are graduated down to the size of saucepans. All are cleverly decorated in various patterns of raised waving lines and chains; most have odd, fanciful representations of human faces. The sago jars are also fancifully decorated and excellently shaped—one and all the work of no mean craftsman.

Until a very few years ago it was supposed that native life ceased at seven or eight thousand feet, the higher and colder regions being inhabited only by wild dogs and mountain pigs. But it occurred to someone to go and test this theory, with astonishing result. Up to ten thousand feet wild men were found, unacquainted even with the existence of white people. They are a miserable and degraded race, who suffer considerably from the cold of the nights, since they have no clothes and no blankets of any kind; and it never seems to have occurred to them that if they migrated a few thousand feet downward, cold need never trouble them again.

Lately, Champion and Karius, the famous young explorers, saw a creature on Mount Victoria that had the body of a black-and-white dog and the head and face of a cat! No one so far has succeeded in shooting or capturing a specimen.

There is plenty of interest and excitement to be had out of Papua and its neighboring countries for the most blasé traveler; plenty of profit, too, for those who have some money to spend. Lately, an American sugar research party, in a few weeks' work, aided by a fine plane and capable airmen, found fourteen new kinds of sugar cane, growing semiwild in native gardens, and worth their weight in jewels for the sugar plantations of the United States. The search for oil goes on; any day may send the first big strike soaring toward heaven. Gold is transforming the territory that was once German; there again millions are to be spent on road-making, and many thousands have already been spent just to find the gold.

Luck may attend anyone who journeys through the little-known parts of the interior. Interest is certain to do so, and adventure may. But no one need suppose that it is a matter, in any case, of a trip between steamer and steamer, and the spending of a few pounds extra. Money and time are wanted; plenty of both. On the coasts and about the nearer inland places, one can see and enjoy a good deal. Close to the settled districts, in the native towns about the coast line here and there, that were savage not so many years ago, the traveler can find much to interest. Amazing native art and architecture, wonderful dances, astonishing dresses, curious intriguing native customs, beautiful scenery, the loveliest bird life in the world, tropically splendid flowers and butterflies—all these lie within easy reach. There may be a local boat going down the coast; if there is not, it will be necessary to hire a launch and crew. Food must be brought from the ports. Travel of this kind is not so very expensive; it is safe and it is wonderful.

Up in the interior you must have your carriers—a score or more—you must bring their food and your own, and tents and firearms for yourself and your licensed shooting boys, to insure a supply of game. A few days' tramp inland takes you far from all traces of white influence, except the wholesome repute and fear of "govamen." Here you can see the little men of the ranges, practically dwarfs, and their incredible houses bracketed onto needle-shaped peaks; you can witness dances still more wonderful than those of the coast, hear strange savage music, see mountain scenery that no words can picture or pictures represent. You can touch primitive man, living still in the Stone Age; you can, perhaps, sleep in villages of cannibal tribes, and find them good fellows, and friendly; though they will interpose an iron wall of reserve between themselves and any inquisitive questions about their man-eating ways. You may know the strange experience of looking, as over a precipice, down the long, long rise that your race has mounted, step by step; you can learn things that you will never impart, because there are no words in white men's tongues to represent them. You touch mystery here; adventure hangs upon your steps.

The Price of Adventure

Risk? Yes, to some degree. In the borderland, where little-known almost meets unknown, the tribes may show treachery; friendship may turn in a day, in an hour, to something else. It is more likely that nothing of the kind will happen; still, the chance is there. Much more immediate is the chance of trouble from fever. There is plenty of malaria; most people suffer from it more or less. If it happens to be "more," and if the attack takes place very far inland, there may be grave difficulty in getting back, or there may be no getting back at all. But, again one must repeat, this is only possible, not likely.

The crossing of flooded rivers and the adventuring of rapids in launches or canoes is the greatest danger of the back country; it is one that cannot be avoided. Your carriers may run away, taking the stores with them; that is a serious trouble, as you may be starved or reduced to such a low state for want of proper food that you cannot resist the attack of the always present malaria. Still, government patrol officers and a few good missionaries encounter these risks year by year and survive them. Also, they encounter the risks of snake bite, of attack from alligators, of accident, slight or serious, on the precipitous mountain tracks, and very seldom come to grief. The pleasure, to anyone in good health and condition, and not afraid of roughing it, is well worth any risks there may be. The cost is another matter. You must have a few loose hundreds lying round if you want to travel right into the interior and make camp at various places for some months—less is scarcely worth while.

Real exploring is for the very few, the supremely fit; for the strongest man at his best, and for those who have funds running into thousands. It means months of desperate exertion, danger of every kind that New Guinea can show. It has killed many a good man in the history of the country, some directly, others indirectly. African

(Continued on Page 186)

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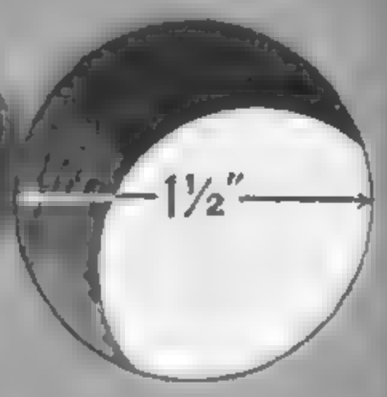
While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index

"Van Dorn" Portable Electric Hammers

Will Reduce Expenses and Increase Your Profits

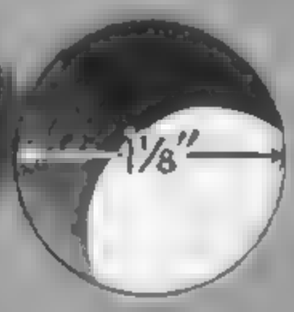
EH-600
Weight, 23 lbs.
2900 blows per minute

Actual size hole this hammer will drill in brick or concrete.



FH-400
Weight, 15 lbs.
2300 blows per minute

Actual size hole this hammer will drill in brick or concrete.



FH-200
Weight, 9 lbs.
3300 blows per minute

Actual size hole this hammer will drill in brick or concrete.

Just a Few of the More Common Jobs You Can do with Them

- Erecting Signs
- Awning Work
- Plumbing and Heating Work
- Electrical Contracting
- Theatre Seat Installation
- Knocking Holes in Walls
- Razing Buildings
- Installing Grill Work
- Putting up Traffic Signals
- Fastening down Machinery
- Driving Shot Holes
- Mortising Heavy Timbers
- Chipping Castings
- Driving Holes for Anchor Bolts
- Surfacing Concrete
- Seam Work on Brick and Stone

Van Dorn Electric Hammers are easy to use because they are light in weight, well balanced, and there is practically no recoil to fatigue the operator.

No cumbersome hose—no transformers or auxiliary apparatus to bother with—merely plug into any ordinary electric light socket and you are "ready to go."

As Van Dorn Portable Electric Hammers have universal motors they will operate on either Direct or Alternating Current—a very important advantage when they are to be taken out on jobs in different localities.

(Can be supplied for 110 or 220 volts.)

Each hammer is packed in a serviceable carrying case, which has an extra compartment for the various tools, chucks, turning wrenches, etc.

(No additional charge for carrying case.)

THE VAN DORN ELECTRIC TOOL COMPANY
CLEVELAND, OHIO

Please send me copy of your new bulletin describing the Van Dorn Portable Electric Hammers, also your complete 1929 Catalog of Van Dorn Electric Tools, for which it is understood there is no charge.

Also, I shall be glad to have the names of the supply houses in my vicinity who carry Van Dorn Electric Hammers in stock.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

"One Schick Blade a Week . . without Stropping!"

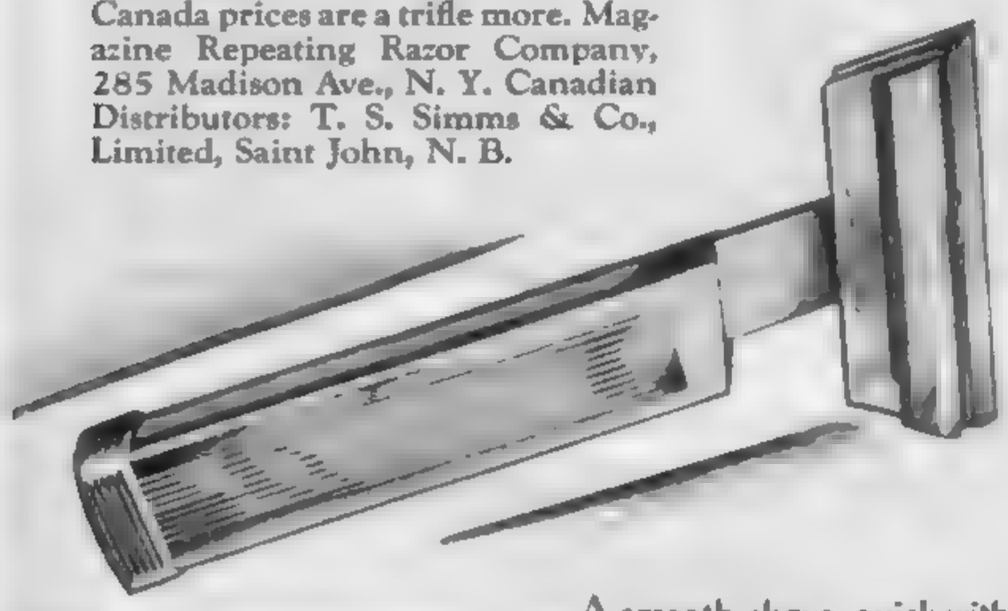
HERE is the keenest, most durable shaving edge men have ever known—thanks to the metal, Schick Steel. Most men use one Schick blade a whole week and no stropping.

This superkeen edge has given the Schick Repeating Razor its fast growing reputation—"A smooth shave, quick, with a Schick."

Schick's best salesmen are men who use it every day. Who boast about it. Who say to their friends, "Now I've got the shaving problem licked. I use a Schick Razor."

Shave one week with a Schick and you will never go back to old-fashioned shaving equipment. You'll find more than marvelous shaves in the Schick. You'll find a beautifully balanced razor with a clip of 20 blades hid in the handle—a new blade in position to shave at a pull and a push of the plunger.

Ask your dealer for Schicks (20 blades included) from $5 to $50. Extra blades, 75c per clip of 20. In Canada prices are a trifle more. Magazine Repeating Razor Company, 285 Madison Ave., N. Y. Canadian Distributors: T. S. Simms & Co., Limited, Saint John, N. B.



A smooth shave, quick with a

Schick Repeating Razor

(Continued from Page 182)

exploration is a mere flapper's game compared with the difficulties of Papuan travel, where there can be no carrying in litters, no use of any pack animal save man; where much of the way is sheer torrent and precipice, and the terrors of the limestone country almost daunt the hardy explorers of the government themselves.

People who think of settling in the country are advised to bring with them as much capital as they can raise—not less than two or three thousand—youth if possible, health certainly and a disposition to make the best of things in general.

There are possibilities in the way of coffee planting, coconuts, cacao, and several minor cultures. Rubber has made money; at present, the rubber planters are losing heavily.

Land is practically free, on ninety-nine years' lease. Labor is not dear or difficult to get. In a recent report the lieutenant governor expressed surprise at the lack of response to the fine opportunities now offered for planters. These chances are, perhaps, more for companies than for the solitary planter.

No one should go to any part of the island continent of New Guinea in the hope of making a fortune. Fortunes are not made by individuals in the tropics. Other things, it is true, are to be found there, almost as desirable to some, as fortunes. There is freedom. In the Western Pacific a man may do almost as he likes, live cheaply or dearly, as he chooses, spend his money on the things that he fancies, rather than on the things that a million neighbors think he ought to fancy. He can choose his friends, far away from the hen-witted mass of bridge-playing, party-going folk, the people who take committees as a drug addict takes cocaine, the people who, without waiting for death, have miraculously contrived to be "dust and shadows" while they still live. He can take up his own land at a smaller cost than would be possible in any other country, work it by colored labor, and taste the joys of making and growing things without hard, personal toil. He can build beautiful houses of bush material for the cost of a bathroom "Down South." He can recruit a crew of native sailors and captain his own boat. If he can raise the money for a plantation, he should be able to feed himself and his family on it well and cheaply, and he will, with fair luck, be able to make a decent living out of it. For a single man there is something to be done yet in honest trading, up and down the coasts. Work at a salary is not easily found, and pay, in almost every line, is small. The independent man has the best chance.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly) 10c the copy, $1.00 the year (U. S. and Canada), and *The Country Gentleman* (monthly) 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00 (U. S. and Canada). Foreign prices quoted on request.

Don't risk Baby's health by skimping on ICE

WHAT possession is more priceless—what responsibility greater—than a brand new baby?

This message is being written to the parents of the more than three million babies that have arrived in this country within the last two years; and also to the parents of the approximately thirty million other children under the age of fourteen.

First two years important

Child mortality is highest in the earliest years. Then is when foods need to be most carefully selected—and most zealously protected. Then is when ice is most vitally needed—and most fully appreciated for its life-preserving, strength-building value.

Hot weather, so generally dreaded by fond parents, need have no terror for the child that is well nourished and fortified in advance.

Start now for a healthful summer

Baby authorities are in quite thorough agreement that there is nothing more essential than pure, fresh, wholesome milk in building strong, healthy young bodies. And good refrigeration, of course, is a most valuable factor in keeping milk in prime condition, right up to the moment of feeding. Ice has made a great reduction in the mortality of babies.

The trifling cost of ice is a small charge to pay to safeguard Baby's health. And there is no time better than the present to obtain the necessary protection.

Ice-freshened food

Pure foods, so essential to children's health, should be kept in air that is pure as well as cold. The air in a good ice refrigerator is automatically and continuously cleaned and cooled. And when foods are properly placed in a good ice refrigerator, there is no interchange of flavors or odors. They retain their natural juices, their full flavors, their most nutritive food values.

A good Ice Refrigerator pays for itself

Refrigeration can be no better than the refrigerator itself. A good ice refrigerator is a good investment, whether there are children in the family or not. It quickly pays its cost in the food spoilage it prevents. And it pays further big dividends by giving you better tasting meals for years to come. If you don't know where to get a good refrigerator, ask your own ice company.

If you have a baby in the house, send coupon for folder, *Ice—Guardian of Baby's Health*. Or perhaps you have friends to whom you would like to have us send the folder.

FREE FOLDER COUPON

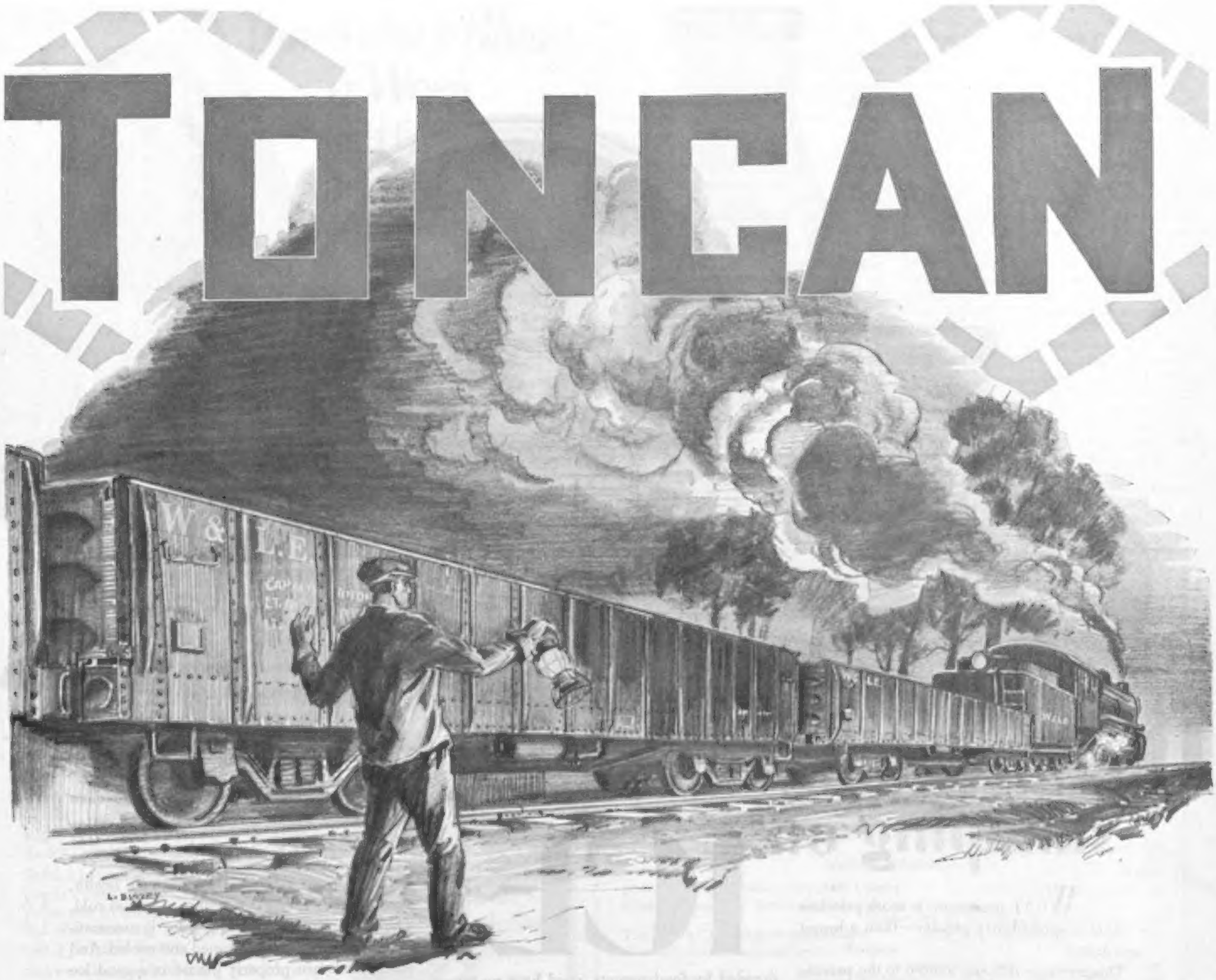
National Association of Ice Industries, (39)
163 West Washington St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send your folder, *Ice—Guardian of Baby's Health*, to

*Name*_____

*Street or Box*_____

*Town and State*_____

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ICE INDUSTRIES



WHEELING *and* LAKE ERIE RAILWAY specifies rust-resisting TONCAN .....

orders floors and sides for 1000 gondola cars

THIS outstanding purchase is simply another recognition of the amazing advantages of Toncan Iron.

Heretofore, in designing gondola cars it has been necessary to provide extra thickness in floors and sides to compensate for rust.

Now, with rust-resisting, corrosion-resisting Toncan, these cars are made lighter and more durable. Thinner plates! No unnecessary weight! No waste cost! Minimum margin for deterioration!

No other ferrous metal carries on more stubbornly against the vicious attacks of the elements than does this scientific alloy of pure iron, copper and molybdenum.

That is why Toncan is used not only for railway cars but for locomotive boilers where the corrosive action is unusually violent—and for culverts, also.

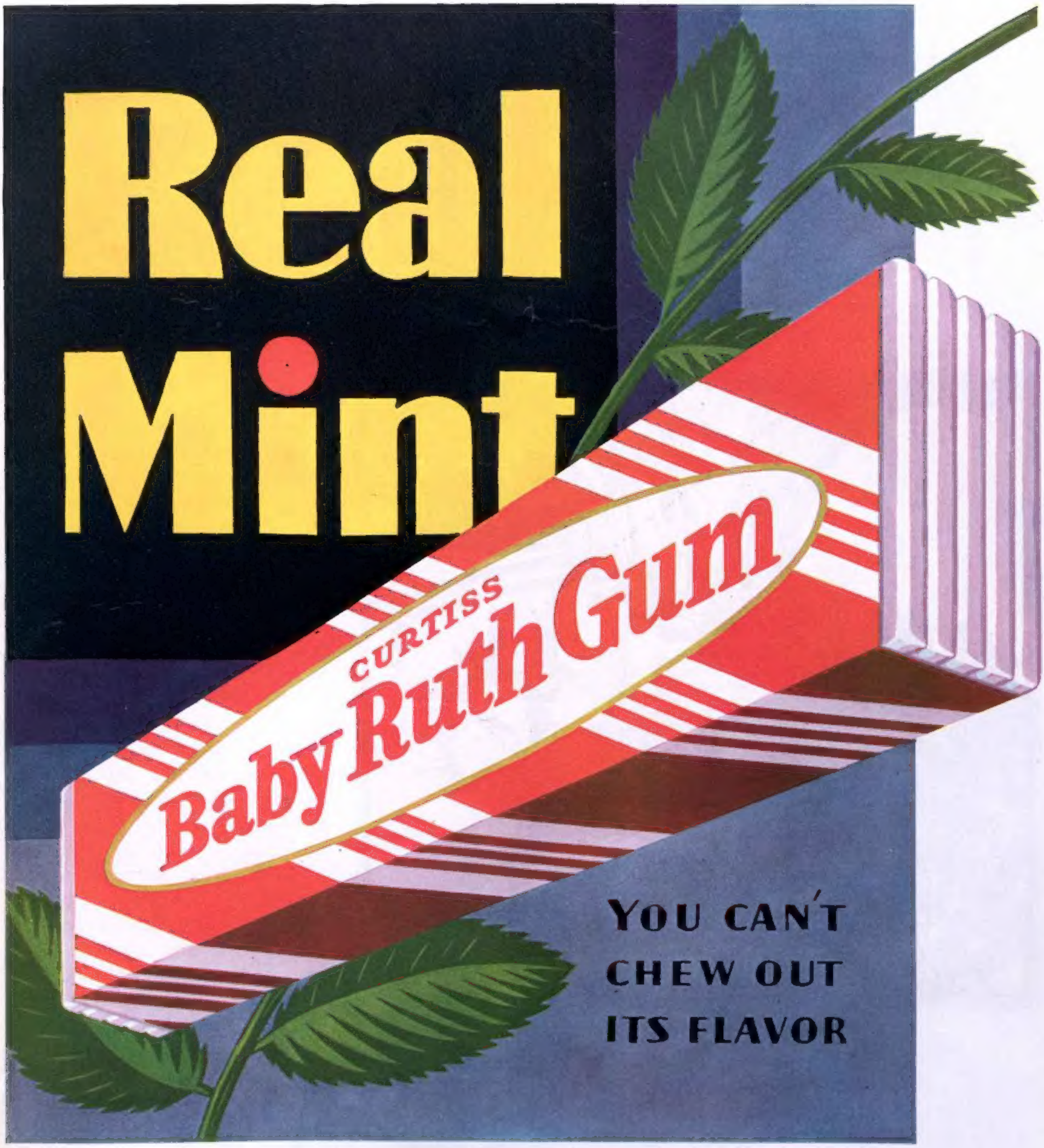
More and more this super iron is being utilized for exposed parts of buildings—seamless pipes—roofs—sinks—washing machines—refrigerators—furnaces—oven linings—and innumerable other things where ordinary metal cannot stand the gaff.

When metal is needed to stand endless exposure, moisture and heat, industry turns to Toncan.

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
TONCAN
COPPER
Mo-lyb-den-um
IRON

CENTRAL ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION
Massillon and Canton, Ohio
World's Largest and Most Highly Specialized Alloy Steel Producers

Real Mint



CURTISS CANDY CO.

OTTO SCHNERING, *President*

ALSO MAKERS OF BABY RUTH CANDY

•••AND CHICOS, THE NEW SPANISH PEANUTS

Dance
to the sparkling rhythms of Broadway

The world's great artists are Victor artists—**NAT SHILKRET AND THE VICTOR ORCHESTRA, GEORGE OLSEN, WARING'S PENNSYLVANIANS, COON-SANDERS, TED WEEMS, JEAN GOLDKETTE . . . . . .**

THE grill-room of a smart hotel, somewhere in the Roaring Forties. Smartly gowned women and their immaculate escorts. A hand-picked dance-band . . . trumpets agleam in the refracted light. Music, of a sort to empty the tables and fill the dance-floor.

Gaiety . . . spontaneous, effervescent! The Orthophonic Victrola has caught the very essence of it. You can enjoy those tantalizing rhythms of America's greatest dance-organizations right in your own living-room . . . with all of the original tone and verve.

This and all other types of music are yours to command when you own one of these incomparable instruments. The new Victrola gives so much and asks so little, every home should have one. Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J.

Model Nine-fifty-four, Victor Automatic Electrola Radiola—$1350, list, with Radiotron.

The Automatic Orthophonic

Victrola

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"